

THE
WORKS

Traces OF *Author*

JAMES THOMSON.

Edina Hall. 1813.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CONTAINING,

THE SEASONS,

LIBERTY,

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

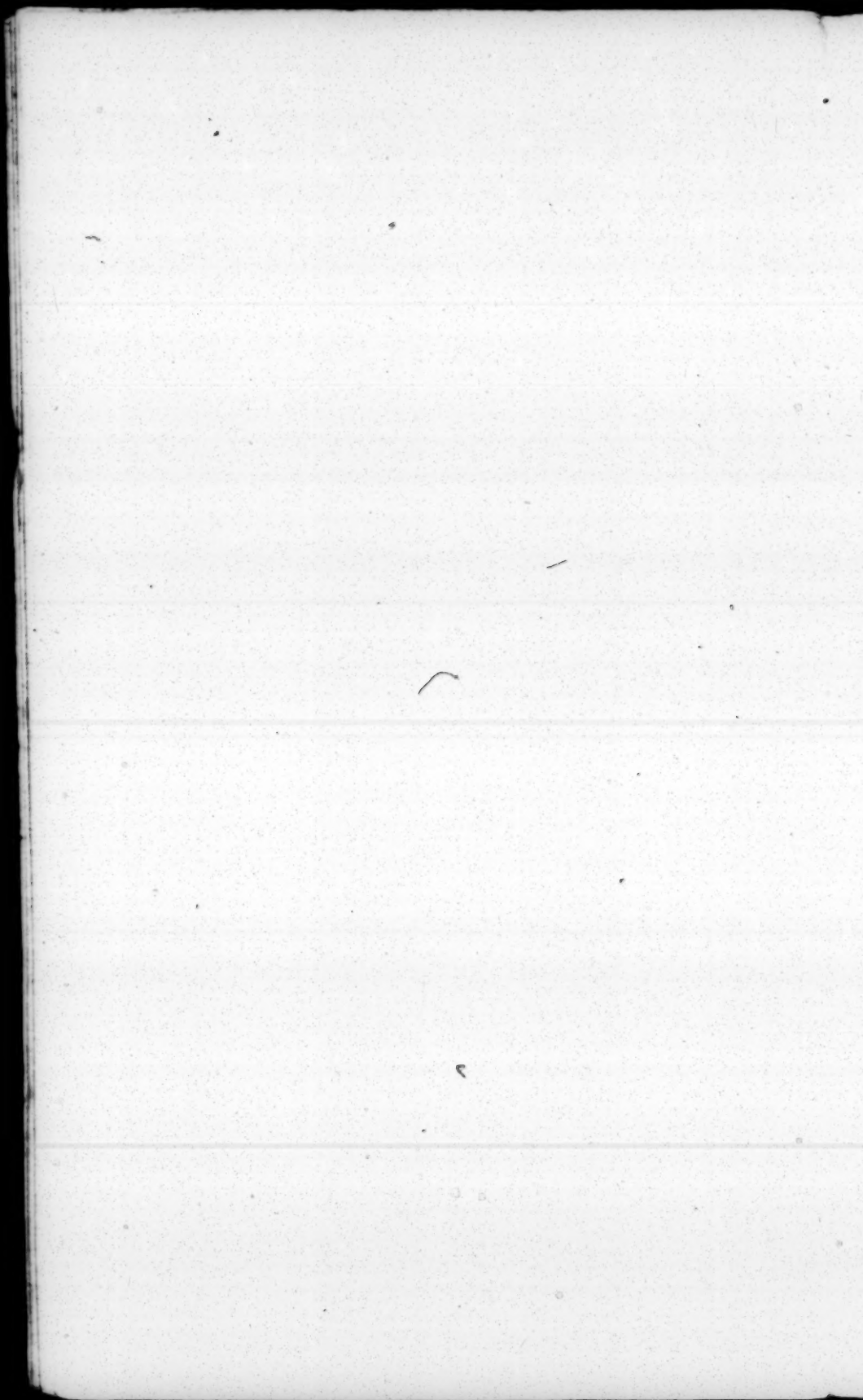
AND

POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

D U B L I N :

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M.DCC.LI,



TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCE OF WALES,

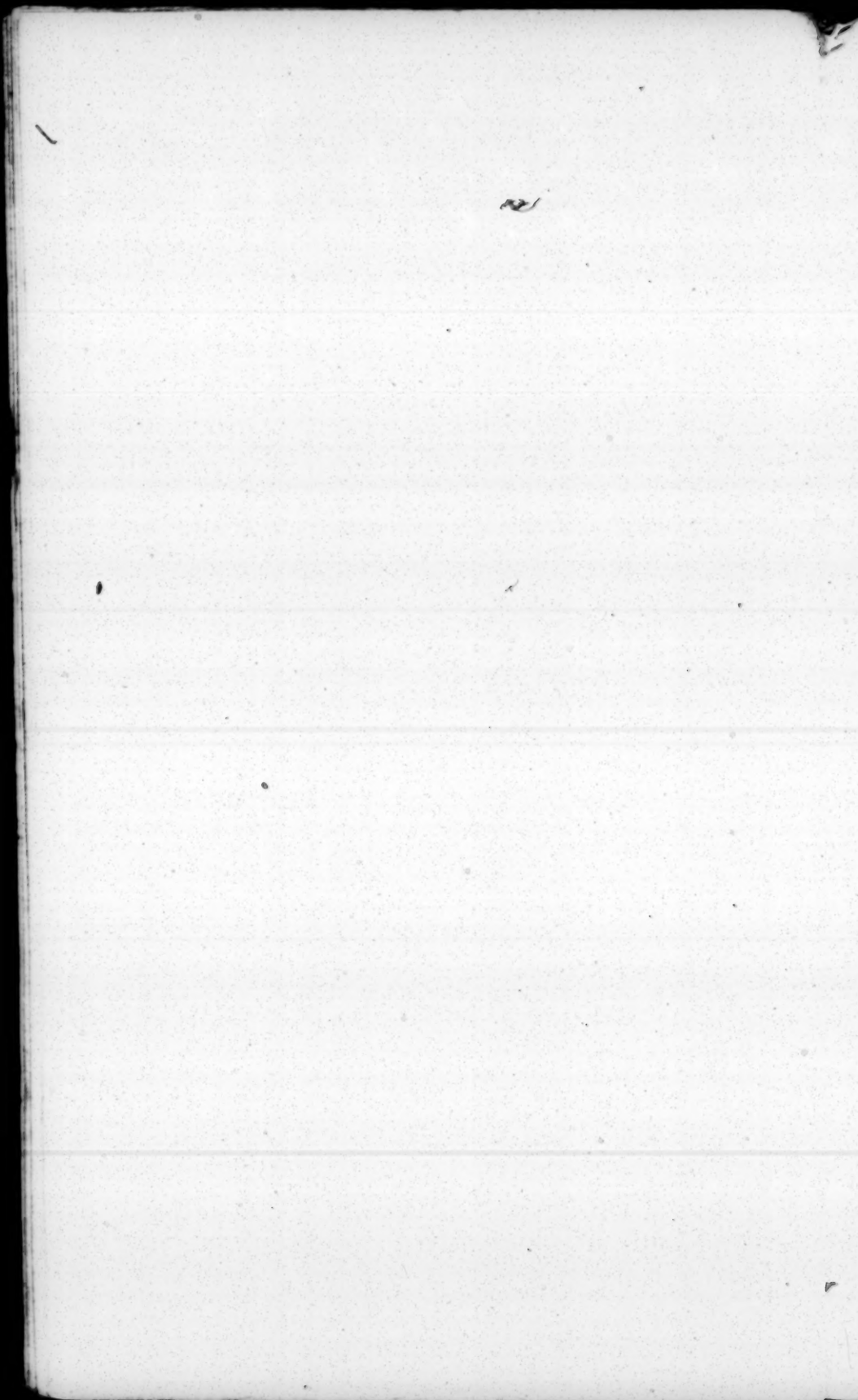
THIS COMPLETE AND CORRECT
EDITION OF ALL THE WORKS
OF THE LATE

MR. THOMSON,

AGREEABLY TO HIS INTENTION

WHEN LIVING,

IS MOST HUMBL Y INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

THIS edition of Mr. THOMSON's works was designed by him, and must be considered by the reader, as a collection of such of his works as he thought worth preserving, corrected and amended. If therefore any detached poems of his have appeared in other collections, or are to be found in manuscript in private hands, they are such as his judgment rejected; and the publication of them in any future edition of his works, or otherwise, would be contrary to his will, and prejudicial to his memory.

It is hoped, that all his writings will appear much more advantageously in their present form, (many redundancies being pruned away, and many faults of diction corrected) than they did in their first publication.

S P R I N G.

B 4

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various Parts of Nature, ascending from the Lower to the Higher; and mixed with Digressions arising from the Subject. Its Influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a Dissuasive from the wild and irregular Passion of Love, opposed to That of a pure and happy Kind.



SPRING.

I. Ridge Sculp.

S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, Ethereal Mildness, come,
And from the Bosom of yon dropping Cloud,
While Music wakes around, veil'd in a Shower
Of shadowing Roses, on our Plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in Courts 5
With unaffected Grace, or walk the Plain
With Innocence and Meditation join'd
In soft Assemblage, listen to my Song,
Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all
Is blooming, and benevolent, like thee. 10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,
Far to the North, and calls his ruffian Blasts :
His Blasts obey, and quit the howling Hill,
The shatter'd Forest, and the ravag'd Vale ;
While softer Gales succeed, at whose kind Touch, 15
Dissolving Snows in livid Torrents lost,
The Mountains lift their green Heads to the Sky.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfirm'd,
And WINTER oft at Eve resumes the Breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving Sleet 20
Deform the Day delightful : so that scarce
The Bittern knows his Time, with Bill ingulph'd,
To shake the sounding Marsh ; or from the Shore
The Plovers when to scatter o'er the Heath,
And sing their wild Notes to the listening Waste. 25

At last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous Sun,
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more

Th' expansive Atmosphere is cramp'd with Cold ;
 But, full of Life and vivifying Soul,
 Lifts the light Clouds sublime, and spreads them thin, 30
 Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid Airs ; and unconfin'd,
 Unbinding Earth, the moving Softness strays.
 Joyous, th' impatient Husbandman perceives
 Relenting Nature, and his lusty Steers 35
 Drives from their Stalls, to where the well-us'd Plow
 Lies in the Furrow, loosen'd from the Frost.
 There, unrefusing to the harness'd Yoke,
 They lend their Shoulder, and begin their Toil,
 Chear'd by the simple Song and soaring Lark. 40
 Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining Share,
 The Master leans, removes th' obstructing Clay,
 Winds the whole Work, and sidelong lays the Glebe.

WHITE, thro' the neighbouring Fields the Sower stalks,
 With measur'd Step; and, liberal, throws the Grain 45
 Into the faithful Bosom of the Ground.

The Harrow follows harsh, and shuts the Scene.

BEGRACIOUS, HEAVEN! for now laborious Man
 Has done his Part. Ye fostering Breezes, blow!
 Ye softening Dews, ye tender Showers, descend! 50
 And temper all, thou world-reviving Sun,
 Into the perfect Year! Nor, ye, who live
 In Luxury and Ease, in Pomp and Pride,
 Think these lost Themes unworthy of your Ear:
 Such Themes as these the *rural* MARO sung 55
 To wide imperial *Rome*, in the full Height
 Of Elegance and Taste, by *Greece* refin'd.
 In antient Times, the sacred Plow employ'd
 The Kings, and awful Fathers of Mankind:
 And Some, with whom compar'd, your Insect-Tribes 60
 Are but the Beings of a Summer's Day,
 Have held the Scale of Empire, rul'd the Storm
 Of mighty War; then, with victorious Hand,

Disdaining

S P R I N G

11

Disdaining little Delicacies, seiz'd
The Plow, and greatly independant scorn'd 65
All the vile Stores Corruption can bestow.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the Plow!
And o'er your Hills, and long withdrawing Vales,
Let Autumn spread his Treasures to the Sun,
Luxuriant, and unbounded! As the Sea, 70
Far thro' his azure turbulent Domain,
Your Empire owns, and from a thousand Shores
Wafts all the Pomp of Life into your Ports;
So with superior Boon may your rich Soil,
Exuberant, Nature's better Blessings pour 75
O'er every Land, the naked Nations cloath,
And be th' exhaustless Granary of a World!

NO R only thro the lenient Air this Change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative Sun,
His Force deep darting to the dark Retreat 80
Of Vegetation, sets the steaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant Earth,
In various Hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!
Thou smiling Nature's universal Robe!
United Light and Shade! where the Sight dwells 85
With growing Strength, and ever-new Delight.

FROM the moist Meadow to the wither'd Hill,
Led by the Breeze, the vivid Verdure runs,
And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd Eye.
The Hawthorn whitens; and the juicy Groves 90
Put forth their Buds, unfolding by Degrees,
'Till the whole leafy Forest stands display'd,
In full Luxuriance, to the sighing Gales;
Where the Deer rustle thro the twining Brake,
And the Birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95
In all the Colours of the flushing Year,
By Nature's swift and secret-working Hand,
The Garden glows, and fills the liberal Air
With lavish Fragrance; while the promis'd Fruit

Lies

Lies yet a little Embryo, unperceiv'd, 100
 Within its crimson Folds. Now from the Town
 Buried in Smoke, and Sleep, and noisom Damps,
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy Fields,
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling Drops
 From the bent Bush, as thro the verdant Maze 105
 Of Sweet-briar Hedges I pursue my Walk ;
 Or taste the Smell of Dairy ; or ascend
 Some Eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy Plains,
 And see the Country, far-diffus'd around,
 One boundless Blush, one white-empurpled Shower 110
 Of mingled Blossoms ; where the raptur'd Eye
 Hurries from Joy to Joy, and, hid beneath
 The fair Profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

I F, brush'd from *Russian* Wilds, a cutting Gale
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid Wings 115
 The clammy Mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe
 Untimely Frost ; before whose baleful Blast
 The full-blown Spring thro all her Foliage shrinks,
 Joyless, and dead, a wide-dejected Waste.
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy North, 120
 Myriads on Myriads, Insect-Armies waft
 Keen in the poison'd Breeze ; and wasteful eat,
 Thro Buds and Bark, into the blacken'd Core,
 Their eager Way. A feeble Race ! yet oft
 The sacred Sons of Vengeance ! on whose Course 125
 Corrosive Famine waits, and kills the Year.
 To check this Plague the skilful Farmer Chaff,
 And blazing Straw, before his Orchard burns ;
 Till, all involv'd in Smoke, the latent Foe
 From every Cranny suffocated falls : 130
 Or scatters o'er the Blooms the pungent Dust
 Of Pepper, fatal to the frosty Tribe :
 Or, when th'envenom'd Leaf begins to curl,
 With sprinkled Water drowns them in their Nest :

Nor,

Nor, while they pick them up with busy Bill, 135
The little trooping Birds unwisely scares.

Be patient, Swains; these cruel-seeming Winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,
Those deepening Clouds on Clouds, surcharg'd with Rain,
That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140
In endless Train, would quench the Summer-Blaze,
And, cheerless, drown the crude unripen'd Year.

THE North-East spends his Rage, and now, shut up
Within his iron Caves, th' effusive South
Warms the wide Air, and o'er the Void of Heaven 145
Breathes the big Clouds with vernal Showers distent.

At first a dusky Wreath they seem to rise,
Scarce staining Ether; but by fast Degrees,
In Heaps on Heaps, the doubling Vapour sails
Along the loaded Sky, and mingling deep 150
Sits on th' Horizon round a settled Gloom.

Not such as wintry Storms on Mortals shed,
Oppressing Life, but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every Hope and every Joy,
The Wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the Breeze, 155
Into a perfect Calm; that not a Breath

Is heard to quiver thro' the closing Woods,
Or rustling turn the many-twinkling Leaves
Of Aspin tall. Th' uncurling Floods, diffus'd
In glassy Breadth, seem thro' delusive Lapse 160
Forgetful of their Course. 'Tis Silence all,

And pleasing Expectation. Herds and Flocks
Drop the dry Sprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling Verdure. Hush'd in short Suspense,
The plummy People streak their Wings with Oil, 165
To throw the lucid Moisture trickling off;

And wait th' approaching Sign to strike, at once,
Into the general Choir. Even Mountains, Vales,
And Forests seem, impatient, to demand

The promis'd Sweetness. Man superior walks 170
Amid

Amid the glad Creation, musing Praise,
 And looking lively Gratitude. At last,
 The Clouds consign their Treasures to the Fields,
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled Pool
 Prelusive Drops, let all their Moisture flow, 175
 In large Effusion o'er the freshen'd World.
 The stealing Shower is scarce to patter heard,
 By such as wander thro the Forest-Walks,
 Beneath th' umbrageous Multitude of Leaves.
 But who can hold the Shade, while Heaven descends 180
 In universal Bounty, shedding Herbs,
 And Fruits, and Flowers, on Nature's ample Lap?
 Swift Fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
 And, while the milky Nutriment distills,
 Beholds the kindling Country colour round. 185

T H U S all day long the full-distended Clouds
 Indulge their genial Stores, and well-shower'd Earth
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable Life;
 Till, in the western Sky, the downward Sun
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the Flush 190
 Of broken Clouds, gay-shifting to his Beam.
 The rapid Radiance instantaneous strikes
 Th' illumin'd Mountain, thro the Forest streams,
 Shakes on the Floods, and in a yellow Mist,
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable Plain, 195
 In twinkling Myriads lights the dewy Gems.
 Moist, bright, and green, the Landskip laughs around.
 Full swell the Woods; their every Musick wakes,
 Mix'd in wild Concert with the warbling Brooks
 Increas'd, the distant Bleatings of the Flocks, 200
 The hollow Lows responsive from the Vales,
 Whence blending all the sweeten'd Zephyr springs.
 Meantime refracted from yon eastern Cloud,
 Bestriding Earth, the grand ethereal Bow
 Shoots up immense; and every Hue unfolds, 205
 In fair Proportion running from the Red,

T o

To where the Violet fades into the Sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving Clouds
 Form, fronting on the Sun, thy showery Prism;
 And to the sage-instructed Eye unfold 210
 The various Twine of Light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling Maze. Not so the Swain,
 He wondering views the bright Enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant Fields, and runs
 To catch the falling Glory; but amaz'd 215
 Beholds th' amusive Arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away. Still Night succeeds,
 A soften'd Shade, and saturated Earth
 Awaits the Morning-Beam, to give to Light,
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different Plastic Tubes, 220
 The balmy Treasures of the former Day.

THE N spring the living Herbs, profusely wild,
 O'er all the deep-green Earth, beyond the Power
 Of Botanist to number up their Tribes:
 Whether he steals along the lonely Dale, 225
 In silent Search; or thro' the Forest, rank
 With what the dull Incurious Weeds account,
 Bursts his blind Way; or climbs the Mountain-Rock,
 Fir'd by the nodding Verdure of its Brow.
 With such a liberal Hand has Nature flung 230
 Their Seeds abroad, blown them about in Winds,
 Innumerable mix'd them with the nursing Mold,
 The moistening Current, and prolifick Rain.

BUT who their Virtues can declare? Who pierce
 With Vision pure, into these secret Stores 235
 Of Health, and Life, and Joy? The Food of Man,
 While yet he liv'd in Innocence, and told
 A Length of golden Years, unblest in Blood,
 A Stranger to the savage Arts of Life,
 Death, Rapine, Carnage, Surfeit and Disease, 240
 The Lord, and not the Tyrant of the World.

THE

THE first fresh Dawn then wak'd the gladden'd Race
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred Beam.
 For their light Slumbers gently fum'd away ; 245
 And up they rose as vigorous as the Sun,
 Or to the Culture of the willing Glebe,
 Or to the chearful Tendance of the Flock.
 Meantime the Song went round ; and Dance and Sport
 Wisdom and friendly Talk, successive stole 250
 Their Hours away. While in the rosy Vale
 Love breath'd his infant Sighs, from Anguish free,
 And full replete with Bliss ; save the sweet Pain,
 That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
 Nor yet injurious Act, nor surly Deed, 255
 Was known among these happy Sons of HEAVEN ;
 For Reason and Benevolence were Law.
 Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on,
 Clear shone the Skies, cool'd with eternal Gales,
 And balmy Spirit all. The youthful Sun 260
 Shot his best Rays, and still the gracious Clouds
 Drop'd Fatness down ; as, o'er the swelling Mead,
 The Herds and Flocks, commixing, play'd secure.
 This when, emergent from the gloomy Wood,
 The glaring Lion saw, his horrid Heart 265
 Was mecken'd, and he join'd his sullen Joy.
 For Musick held the whole in perfect Peace :
 Soft sigh'd the Flute ; the tender Voice was heard,
 Warbling the vary'd Heart ; the Woodlands round
 Apply'd their Quire ; and Winds and Waters flow'd 270
 In consonance. Such were those Prime of Days.

BUT now those white unblemish'd Minutes, whence
 The fabling Poets took their golden Age,
 Are found no more amid these iron-Times,
 These Dregs of Life ! Now the distemper'd Mind 275
 Has lost that Concord of harmonious Powers,
 Which forms the Soul of Happiness ; and all

Is off the Poise within : the Passions all
 Have burst their Bounds ; and Reason half extinct,
 Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280
 The foul Disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
 Convulsive Anger storms at large ; or pale,
 And silent, settles into fell Revenge.
 Base Envy withers at another's Joy,
 And hates that Excellence it cannot reach. 285
 Desponding Fear, of feeble Fancies full,
 Weak, and unmanly, loosens every Power.
 Even Love itself is Bitterness of Soul,
 A pensive Anguish pining at the Heart :
 Or, sunk to sordid Interest, feels no more 290
 That noble Wish, that never-cloy'd Desire,
 Which, selfish Joy disdaining, seeks, alone,
 To bless the dearer Object of its Flame.
 Hope sickens with Extravagance, and Grief,
 Of Life impatient, into Madness swells ; 295
 Or in dead Silence wastes the weeping Hours.
 These, and a thousand mix'd Emotions more,
 From ever-changing Views of Good and Ill,
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the Mind
 With endless Storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows
 The partial Thought, a listless Unconcern, 301
 Cold, and averting from our Neighbour's Good ;
 Then dark Disgust, and Hatred, winding Wiles,
 Coward Deceit, and ruffian Violence.
 At last, extinct each social Feeling, fell 305
 And joyless Inhumanity pervades,
 And petrifies the Heart. Nature disturb'd
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her Course.
 HENCE, in old dusky Time, a Deluge came :
 When the deep-cleft disparting Orb, that arch'd 310
 The central Waters round, impetuous rush'd,
 With universal Burst, into the Gulph,

And

And o'er the high-pil'd Hills of fractur'd Earth
Wide-dash'd the Waves, in Undulation vast ;
Till, from the Center to the streaming Clouds, 315
A shoreless Ocean tumbled round the Globe.

THE Seasons since have, with severer Sway,
Oppress'd a broken World : the Winter keen
Shook forth his Waste of Snows ; and Summer shot
His pestilential Heats. Great Spring, before, 320
Green'd all the Year ; and Fruits and Blossoms blush'd,
In social Sweetness, on the self-same Bough.
Pure was the temperate Air ; an even Calm
Perpetual reign'd, save what the Zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue Expanse : for then nor Storms 325
Were taught to blow, nor Hurricanes to rage ;
Sound slept the Waters ; no sulphureous Glooms
Swell'd in the Sky, and sent the Lightning forth ;
While sickly Damps, and cold autumnal Fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the Springs of Life. 330
But now, of turbid Elements the Sport,
From Clear to Cloudy tost, from Hot to Cold,
And Dry to Moist, with inward-eating Change,
Our drooping Days are dwindled down to Nought,
Their Period finish'd ere 'tis well begun. 335

AND yet the wholesome Herb neglected dies ;
Tho with the pure exhilarating Soul
Of Nutriment and Health, and vital Powers,
Beyond the Search of Art, 'tis copious blest.
For, with hot Ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd Man 340
Is now become the Lion of the Plain,
And worse. The Wolf, who from the nightly Fold
Fierce drags the bleating Prey, ne'er drunk her Milk,
Nor wore her warming Fleece : nor has the Steer,
At whose strong Chest the deadly Tyger hangs, 345
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With Hunger stung, and wild Necessity,
Nor lodges Pity in their shaggy Breast.

But

But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder Clay,
 With every kind Emotion in his Heart, 350
 And taught alone to weep; while from her Lap
 She pours ten thousand Delicacies, Herbs,
 And Fruits, as numerous as the Drops of Rain
 Or Beams that gave them Birth: shall he, fair Form!
 Who wears sweet Smiles, and looks erect on Heaven, 355
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling Herd;
 And dip his Tongue in Gore? The Beast of Prey,
 Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed: but you, ye Flocks,
 What have you done; ye peaceful People, What,
 To merit Death? You, who have given us Milk 360
 In luscious Streams, and lent us your own Coat
 Against the Winter's Cold? And the plain Ox,
 That harmless, honest, guileless Animal,
 In What has he offended? He, whose Toil,
 Patient and ever-ready, clothes the Land 365
 With all the Pomp of Harvest; shall he bleed,
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel Hands
 Even of the Clowns he feeds? And That perhaps,
 To swell the Riot of th' autumnal Feast,
 Won by his Labour? This the feeling Heart 370
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough,
 In this late Age, adventurous, to have touch'd
 Light on the Numbers of the *Samian* Sage.
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous Strain,
 Whose wisest Will has fix'd us in a State 375
 That must not yet to pure Perfection rise.
 Besides, who knows, how *rais'd* to higher Life,
 From Stage to Stage, the *Vital Scale ascends*?
 Now when the first foul Torrent of the Brooks,
 Swell'd with the vernal Rains, is ebb'd away; 380
 And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd Stream
 Descends the billowy Foam: now is the Time,
 While yet the dark-brown Water aids the Guile,
 To tempt the Trout. The well dissembled Fly,

The

The Rod fine-tapering with elastic Spring, 385
 Snatch'd from the hoary Steed the floating Line,
 And all thy slender watry Stores prepare.
 But let not on thy Hook the tortur'd Worm,
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing Folds ;
 Which, by rapacious Hunger swallow'd deep, 390
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding Breast
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining Wretch,
 Harsh Pain and Horror to the tender Hand.
 W H E N, with his lively Ray, the potent Sun
 Has pierc'd the Streams, and rous'd the finny Race, 395
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy Sport repair ;
 Chief should the Western Breezes curling play,
 And light o'er Ether bear the shadowy Clouds.
 High to their Fount, this Day, amid the Hills,
 And Woodlands warbling round, trace up the Brooks ;
 The Next, pursue their rocky-channell'd Maze, 401
 Down to the River, in whose ample Wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious Point, where with the Pool
 Is mix'd the trembling Stream, or where it boils 405
 Around the Stone, or from the hollow'd Bank,
 Reverted, plays in undulating Flow,
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive Fly ;
 And, as you lead it round in artful Curve,
 With Eye attentive mark the springing Game. 410
 Strait as above the Surface of the Flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by Hunger leap,
 Then fix, with gentle Twitch, the barbed Hook :
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy Bank,
 And to the shelving Shore, slow-dragging some, 415
 With various Hand proportion'd to their Force.
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless Prey scarce bends your pliant Rod,
 Him, piteous of his Youth, and the short Space
 He has enjoy'd the vital Light of Heaven, 420
 Soft

Soft disengage, and back into the Stream
 The speckled Infant throw. But should you lure
 From his dark Haunt, beneath the tangled Roots
 Of pendant Trees, the Monarch of the Brook,
 Behoves you then to ply your finest Art. 425
 Long time he, following cautious, scans the Fly;
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
 The dimpled Water speaks his jealous Fear.
 At last, while haply o'er the shaded Sun
 Passes a Cloud, he desperate takes the Death, 430
 With sullen Plunge. At once he darts along,
 Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd Line;
 Then seeks the farthest Ooze, the sheltering Weed,
 The cavern'd Bank, his old secure Abode;
 And flies aloft, and flounces round the Pool, 435
 Indignant of the Guile. With yielding Hand,
 That feels him still, yet to his furious Course
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
 Across the Stream, exhaust his idle Rage:
 Till floating broad upon his breathless Side, 440
 And to his Fate abandon'd, to the Shore
 You gaily drag your unresisting Prize.

Thus pass the temperate Hours: but when the Sun
 Shakes from his Noon day Throne the scattering Clouds,
 Even shooting listless Languor thro the Deep; 445
 Then seek the Bank where flowering Elders croud,
 Where scatter'd wild the Lily of the Vale
 Its balmy Effence breathes, where Cowslips hang
 The dewy Head, where purple Violets lurk,
 With all the lowly Children of the Shade: 450
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading Ash,
 Hung o'er the Steep; whence, borne on liquid Wing,
 The sounding Culver shoots; or where the Hawk,
 High, in the beetling Cliff, his Airy builds.
 There let the Classic Page thy Fancy lead 445
 Thro rural Scenes; such as the *Mantuan* Swain

Paints

Paints in the matchless Harmony of Song:
 Or catch thy self the Landskip, gliding swift
 Athwart Imagination's vivid Eye:
 Or by the vocal Woods and Waters lull'd, 460
 And lost in lonely Musing, in a Dream,
 Confus'd, of careless Solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandering Images of Things,
 Soothe every Gust of Passion into Peace,
 All but the Swellings of the soften'd Heart, 465
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil Mind.

BEHOLD yon breathing Prospect bids the Muse
 Throw all her Beauty forth. But who can paint
 Like Nature? Can Imagination boast,
 Amid its gay Creation, Hues like Hers? 470
 Or can it mix them with that matchless Skill,
 And lose them in each other, as appears
 In every Bud that blows? If Fancy then
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing Task;
 Ah what shall Language do? Ah where find Words
 Ting'd with so many Colours; and whose Power, 476
 To Life approaching, may perfume my Lays
 With that fine Oil, those aromatic Gales,
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?

YET tho' successless, will the Toil delight. 480
 Come then, ye Virgins, and ye Youths, whose Hearts
 Have felt the Raptures of refining Love;
 And thou, AMANDA, come, Pride of my Song!
 Form'd by the Graces, Loveliness itself!
 Come with those downcast Eyes, sedate and sweet, 485
 Those Looks demurè, that deeply pierce the Soul;
 Where with the Light of thoughtful Reason mix'd,
 Shines lively Fancy and the feeling Heart:
 Oh come! and while the rosy footed May
 Steals blushing on, together let us tread 490
 The Morning-Dews, and gather in their Prime
 Fresh-blooming Flowers, to grace thy braided Hair,
 And

And thy lov'd Bosom that improves their Sweets.

SEE, where the winding Vale its lavish Stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the Lily drinks 495

460 The latent Rill, scarce oozing thro' the Grass,
Of Growth luxuriant; or the humid Bank,
In fair Profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the Breeze blows from yon extended Field
Of blossom'd Beans. *Arabia* cannot boast 500

465 A fuller Gale of Joy than, liberal, thence
Breathes thro the Sense, and takes the ravish'd Soul.
Nor is the Mead unworthy of thy Foot,
Full of fresh Verdure, and unnumber'd Flowers,
The Negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild; 505

470 Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads
Unbounded Beauty to the roving Eye.
Here their delicious Task the fervent Bees,
In swarming Millions, tend. Around, athwart,
Thro the soft Air, the busy Nations fly, 510

ords
er, 476 Cling to the Bud, and, with inserted Tube,
Suck its pure Essence, its ethereal Soul.
And oft, with bolder Wing, they soaring dare
The purple Heath, or where the Wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luscious Spoil. 515

480 At length the finish'd Garden to the View
Hearu Its Vistas opens, and its Alleys green.
Snatch'd thro' the verdant Maze, the hurried Eye
Distracted wanders; now the bowery Walk
Of Covert close, where scarce a speck of Day 520

et, 48; Falls on the lengthen'd Gloom, protracted sweeps;
Now meets the bending Sky, the River now
Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled Lake,
The Forest darkening round, the glittering Spire,
Th' ethereal Mountain, and the distant Main. 525

490 But why so far excursive? when at Hand,
Along these blushing Borders, bright with Dew,
And in yon mingled Wilderness of Flowers,

Fair-

And

Fair-handed Spring unbofoms every Grace :
 Throws out the Snow-drop, and the Crocus firft ; 530
 The Daisy, Primrofe, Violet darkly blue,
 And Polyanthus of unnumber'd Dyes ;
 The yellow Wall-Flower, ftain'd with iron Brown ;
 And lavish Stock that fcents the Garden round.
 From the foft Wing of vernal Breezes fhed, 535
 Anemonies ; Auriculas, enrich'd -
 With fhining Meal o'er all their velvet Leaves ;
 And full Ranunculas, of glowing Red.
 Then comes the Tulip-Race, where Beauty plays
 Her idle Freaks : from Family diffus'd 540
 To Family, as flies the Father Duft,
 The varied Colours run ; and, while they *break*
 On the charm'd Eye, th' exulting Florift marks,
 With fecret Pride the Wonders of his Hand.
 No gradual Bloom is wanting ; from the Bud, 545
 Firft-born of Spring, to Summer's mufty Tribes :
 Nor Hyacinths, of pureft virgin White,
 Low bent, and blufhing inward ; nor Jonquils,
 Of potent Fragrance ; nor Narciffus fair,
 As o'er the fabled Fountain hanging ftill : 550
 Nor broad Carnations ; nor gay spotted Pinks ;
 Nor, shower'd from every Bufh, the Damask-rose.
 Infinite Numbers, Delicacies, Smells,
 With Hues on Hues Expreffion cannot paint,
 The Breath of Nature, and her endlefs Bloom. 555
 Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL
 Of Heaven and Earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail
 To THEE I bend the Knee ; to THEE my Thoughts,
 Continual, climb ; who, with a Mafter-hand,
 Haft the great Whole into Perfection touch'd. 560
 By THEE the various vegetative Tribes,
 Wrapt in a filmy Net, and clad with Leaves,
 Draw the live Ether, and imbibe the Dew.
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial Soils,

S P R I N G.

23

Stands each attractive Plant, and sucks, and swells 565

The juicy Tide; a twining Mass of Tubes.

At THY Command the vernal Sun awakes

The torpid Sap, detruded to the Root

By wintry Winds, that now in fluent Dance,

And lively Fermentation, mounting, spreads 570

All this innumeros-colour'd Scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable World

My Theme ascends, with equal Wing ascend,

My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the Woods

Invite you forth in all your gayest Trim. 575

Lend me your Song, ye Nightingales! oh pour

The mazy-running Soul of Melody

Into my varied Verse! while I deduce,

From the first Note the hollow Cuckoo sings,

The Symphony of Spring, and touch a Theme 580

Unknown to Fame, *the Passion of the Groves.*

W H E N first the Soul of Love is sent abroad,

Warm thro the vital Air, and on the Heart

Harmonious seizes, the gay Troops begin,

In gallant Thought, to plume the painted Wing; 585

And try again the long-forgotten Strain,

At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows

The soft Infusion prevalent, and wide,

Than, all alive, at once their Joy o'erflows

In Musick unconfin'd. Up-springs the Lark, 590

Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the Messenger of Morn;

Ere yet the Shadows fly, he mounted sings

Amid the dawning Clouds, and from their Haunts

Calls up the tuneful Nations. Every Copse

Deep tangled, Tree irregular, and Bush 595

Bending with dewy Moisture, o'er the Heads

Of the coy Quiristers that lodge within,

Are prodigal of Harmony. The Thrush

And Wood-lark, o'er the kind contending Throng

Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest Length 600

V O L. I.

B

Of

Of Notes ; when listening *Philomela* deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in Thought
 Elate, to make her Night excel their Day.
 The Black-bird whistles from the thorny Brake ;
 The mellow Bullfinch answers from the Grove : 605
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering Furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to These
 Innumerable Songsters, in the freshening Shade
 Of new-sprung Leaves, their Modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw, 610
 And each harsh Pipe discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full Concert : while the Stock-dove breathes
 A melancholy Murmur thro the whole.

'Tis Love creates their Melody, and all
 This Waste of Music is the Voice of Love ; 615
 That even to Birds, and Beasts, the tender Arts
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind
 Try every winning way inventive Love
 Can dictate, and in Courtship to their Mates
 Pour forth their little Souls. First, wide around, 620
 With distant Awe, in airy Rings they rove,
 Endeavouring by a thousand Tricks to catch
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted Glance
 Of their regardless Charmer. Should she seem
 Softening the least Approvance to bestow, 625
 Their Colours burnish, and by Hope inspir'd,
 They brisk advance ; then, on a sudden struck,
 Retire disorder'd ; then again approach ;
 In fond rotation spread the spotted Wing,
 And shiver every Feather with Desire. 630

CONNUBIAL Leagues agreed, to the deep Woods
 They haste away, all as their Fancy leads,
 Pleasure, or Food, or secret Safety prompts ;
 That NATURE's great Command may be obey'd,
 Nor all the sweet Sensations they perceive 635
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the Holly-Hedge

Nestling

Nestling repair, and to the Thicket some ;
 Some to the rude Protection of the Thorn
 Commit their feeble Offspring. The cleft Tree
 Offers its kind Concealment to a Few, 640
 Their Food its Insects, and its Moss their Nests.
 Others apart far in the grassy Dale,
 Or roughening Waste, their humble Texture weave.
 But most in woodland Solitudes delight,
 In unfrequented Glooms, or shaggy Banks, 645
 Steep, and divided by a babbling Brook,
 Whose Murmurs soothe them all the live-long Day,
 When by kind Duty fix'd. Among the Roots
 Of Hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive Stream,
 They frame the first Foundation of their Domes ; 650
 Dry Sprigs of Trees, in artful Fabrick laid,
 And bound with Clay together. Now 'tis nought
 But restless Hurry thro the busy Air,
 Beat by unnumber'd Wings. The Swallow sweeps
 The slimy Pool, to build his hanging House 655
 Intent. And often, from the careless Back
 Of Herds and Flocks, a thousand tugging Bills
 Pluck Hair and Wool ; and oft, when unobserv'd,
 Steal from the Barn a Straw : till soft and warm,
 Clean, and compleat, their Habitation grows. 660
 As thus the patient Dam assiduous sits,
 Not to be tempted from her tender Task,
 Or by sharp Hunger, or by smooth Delight,
 Tho the whole loosen'd Spring around Her blows,
 Her sympathizing Lover takes his Stand 665
 High on th' opponent Bank, and ceaseless sings
 The tedious Time away ; or else supplies
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
 To pick the scanty Meal. Th' appointed Time
 With pious Toil fulfill'd, the callow Young, 670
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect Life,
 Their brittle Bondage break, and come to Light,

A helpless Family, demanding Food
 With constant Clamour. O what Passions then,
 What melting Sentiments of kindly Care, 675
 On the new Parents seize! Away they fly
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear
 The most delicious Morsel to their Young,
 Which equally distributed, again
 The Search begins. Even so a gentle Pair, 680
 By Fortune sunk, but form'd of generous Mold,
 And charm'd with Cares beyond the vulgar Breast,
 In some lone Cott amid the distant Woods,
 Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant Train, 685
 Check their own Appetites and give them all.

NOR Toil alone they scorn: exalting Love,
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,
 Gives instant Courage to the *fearful* Race,
 And to the *simple* Art. With stealthy Wing, 690
 Should some rude Foot their woody Haunts molest,
 Amid a neighbouring Bush they silent drop,
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
 Th' unfeeling School-Boy. Hence, around the Head
 Of wandering Swain, the white-wing'd Plover wheels
 Her sounding Flight, and then directly on 696
 In long Excursion skims the level Lawn,
 To tempt him from her Nest. The Wild-Duck, hence,
 O'er the rough Moss, and o'er the trackless Waste
 The Heath-Hen flutters, (pious Fraud!) to lead 700
 The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray.

B E not the Muse asham'd, here to bemoan
 Her Brothers of the Grove, by tyrant Man
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow Cage
 From Liberty confin'd, and boundless Air. 705
 Dull are the pretty Slaves, their Plumage dull,
 Ragged, and all its brightening Lustre lost;
 Nor is that sprightly Wildness in their Notes,

Which

Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the Beech.
 Oh then, ye Friends of Love and Love-taught Song,
 Spare the soft Tribes, this barbarous Art forbear ! 711
 If on your Bosom Innocence can win,
 Music engage, or Piety persuade.

B u t let not chief the Nightingale lament
 Her ruin'd Care, too delicately fram'd 715
 To brook the harsh Confinement of the Cage.
 Oft when, returning with her loaded Bill,
 Th' astonish'd Mother finds a vacant Nest,
 By the hard Hand of unrelenting Clowns
 Robb'd, to the Ground the vain Provision falls ; 720
 Her Pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce
 Can bear the Mourner to the poplar Shade ;
 Where, all abandon'd to Despair, she sings
 Her Sorrows thro the Night ; and, on the Bough,
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying Fall 725
 Takes up again her lamentable Strain
 Of winding Woe ; till wide around the Woods
 Sigh to her Song, and with her Wail resound.

B u t now the feather'd Youth their former Bounds,
 Ardent, disdain ; and, weighing oft their Wings, 730
 Demand the free Possession of the Sky.

This one glad Office more, and then dissolves
 Parental Love at once, now needless grown.
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.
 'Tis on some Evening, funny, grateful, mild, 735

When nought but Balm is breathing thro the Woods,
 With yellow Lustre bright, that the new Tribes
 Visit the spacious Heavens, and look abroad
 On Nature's Common, far as they can see,
 Or wing, their Range, and Pasture. O'er the Boughs 740
 Dancing about, still at the giddy Verge
 Their Resolution fails ; their Pinions still,
 In loose Libration stretch'd, to trust the Void
 Trembling refuse : till down before them fly

The Parent-Guides, and chide, exhort, command, 745
 Or push them off. The surging Air receives
 The plummy Burden; and their self-taught Wings
 Winnow the waving Element. On Ground
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening Flight; 750
 'Till vanish'd every Fear, and every Power
 Rouz'd into Life and Action, light in Air
 Th' acquitted Parents see their soaring Race,
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the Summit of a craggy Cliff, 755
 Hung o'er the Deep, such as amazing frowns
 On utmost * *Kilda's* Shore, whose lonely Race
 Refign the setting Sun to *Indian* Worlds,
 The royal Eagle draws his vigorous Young,
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal Fire. 760
 Now fit to raise a Kingdom of their own,
 He drives them from his Fort, the towering Seat,
 For Ages, of his Empire; which, in Peace,
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a League to sea
 He wings his Course, and preys in distant Isles. 765

SHOULD I my Steps turn to the rural Seat,
 Whose lofty Elms, and venerable Oaks,
 Invite the Rook, who high amid the Boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy City builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd, 770
 I might the various Polity survey
 Of the mixt Household-Kind. The careful Hen
 Calls all her chirping Family around,
 Fed, and defended by the fearless Cock,
 Whose Breast with ardour flames, as on he walks, 775
 Graceful, and crows Defiance. In the Pond,
 The finely-checker'd Duck, before her Train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing Swan
 Gives out his snowy Plumage to the Gale;

And An

* *The farthest of the Western Islands of Scotland.*

S P R I N G.

31

- 45 And, arching proud his Neck, with oary Feet 780
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his Osier-Isle,
 Protective of his Young. The Turkey nigh,
 Loud-threatening, reddens ; while the Peacock spreads
 His every-colour'd Glory to the Sun,
 50 And swims in radiant Majesty along. 785
 O'er the whole homely Scene, the cooing Dove
 Flies thick in amorous Chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing Eye, and turns the changeful Neck.
 W H I L E thus the gentle Tenants of the Shade
 755 Indulge their purer Loves, the rougher World 790
 Of Brutes, below, rush furious into Flame,
 And fierce Desire. Thro all his lassy Veins
 The Bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging Passion feels.
 Of Pasture sick, and negligent of Food,
 760 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow Broom, 795
 While o'er his ample Sides the rambling Sprays
 Luxuriant shoot ; or thro the mazy Wood
 Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing Bud
 Crops, tho it presses on his careless Sense.
 765 And oft, in jealous madning Fancy wrapt, 800
 He seeks the Fight ; and, idly-butting, seigns
 His Rival gor'd in every knotty Trunk.
 Him should he meet, the bellowing War begins ;
 Their Eyes flash Fury ; to the hollow'd Earth,
 770 Whence the Sand flies, they mutter bloody Deeds, 805
 And groaning deep th' impetuous Battle mix :
 While the fair Heifer, balmy-breathing, near,
 Stands kindling up their Rage. The trembling Steed,
 With this hot Impulse seiz'd in every Nerve,
 775 Nor heeds the Rein, nor hears the sounding Thong ; 810
 Blows are not felt ; but tossing high his Head,
 And by the well-known Joy to distant Plains
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away ;
 O'er Rocks, and Woods, and craggy Mountains flies ;
 And And, neighing, on the aërial Summit takes 815
 Th' ex-

Th' exciting Gale ; then, steep-descending, cleaves
 The headlong Torrents foaming down the Hills,
 Even where the Madness of the straiten'd Stream
 Turns in black Eddies round : such is the force
 With which his frantick Heart and Sinews swell. 820

N O R undelighted, by the boundless Spring,
 Are the broad Monsters of the foaming Deep :
 From the deep Ooze and gelid Cavern rous'd,
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy Joy.
 Dire were the Strain, and dissonant, to sing 825
 The cruel Raptures of the Savage Kind :
 How by this Flame their native Wrath sublim'd,
 They roam, amid the Fury of their Heart,
 The far-resounding Waste in fiercer Bands,
 And growl their horrid Loves. But this the Theme 830
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,
 Forbids, and leads me to the Mountain-brow,
 Where sits the Shepherd on the grassy Turf,
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending Sun.
 Around him feeds his many-bleating Flock, 835
 Of various Cadence ; and his sportive Lambs,
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,
 Their Frolicks play. And now the sprightly Race
 Invites them forth ; when swift, the Signal given,
 They start away, and sweep the massy Mound 840
 That runs around the Hill ; the Rampart once
 Of iron War, in ancient barbarous Times,
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,
 Lost in eternal Broil : ere yet she grew
 To this deep-laid indissoluble State, 845
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden Head ;
 And, o'er our Labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,
 Impartial, watch, the Wonder of a World !

W H A T is this *mighty Breath*, ye Curious, say,
 That, in a powerful Language, felt not heard, 850
 Instructs the Fowls of Heaven ; and thro their Breast

Their

These Arts of Love diffuses? What, but G O D ?

Inspiring G O D ! who boundless Spirit all,

And unremitting Energy, pervades,

Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the Whole.

855

He ceaseless works *alone*, and yet *alone*

Seems not to work ; with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex stupendous Scheme of Things.

But, tho conceal'd, to every purer Eye

Th' informing Author in his Works appears :

860

Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft Scenes,

The SMILING GOD is seen ; while Water, Earth,

And Air attest his Bounty ; which exalts

The Brute-Creation to this finer Thought,

And annual melts their undesigning Hearts

865

Profusely thus in Tendernefs and Joy.

S T I L L let my Song a nobler Note assume,

And sing th' infusive Force of Spring on Man ;

When Heaven and Earth, as if contending vye

To raise his Being, and serene his Soul.

870

Can he forbear to join the general Smile

Of Nature ? Can fierce Passions vex his Breast,

While every Gale is Peace, and every Grove

Is Melody ? Hence ! from the bounteous Walks

Of flowing Spring, ye sordid Sons of Earth,

875

Hard, and unfeeling of another's Woe,

Or only lavish to yourselves ; away !

But come, ye generous Minds, in whose wide Thought,

Of all his Works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns,

With warmest Beam ; and on your open Front,

880

And liberal Eye, sits, from his dark Retreat,

Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd,

Can restless Goodness wait ; your active Search

Leaves no cold wintry Corner unexplor'd ;

Like silent working HEAVEN, surprizing oft

885

The lonely Heart with unexpected Good.

For you the roving Spirit of the Wind

B 5

Blows

Blows Spring abroad ; for you the teaming Clouds
 Descend in gladſome Plenty o'er the World ;
 And the Sun ſheds his kindeſt Rays for you, 890
 Ye Flower of human Race !—In theſe green Days,
 Reviving Sickneſs lifts her languid Head ;
 Life flows afreſh ; and young-ey'd Health exalts
 The whole Creation round. Contentment walks
 The funny Glade, and feels an inward Blifs 895
 Spring o'er his Mind, beyond the Power of Kings
 To purchaſe. Pure Serenity apace
 Induces Thought, and Contemplation ſtill.
 By ſwift degrees the Love of Nature works,
 And warms the Boſom ; till at laſt ſublim'd 900
 To Rapture, and entuſiaſtic Heat,
 We feel the preſent DEITY, and taſte
 The Joy of GOD to ſee a happy World !

THESE are the Sacred Feelings of thy Heart,
 Thy Heart inform'd by Reaſon's purer Ray, 905
 O LYTTLETON, the Friend ! thy Paſſions thus
 And Meditations vary, as at large,
 Courting the Muſe, thro HAGLEY-PARK you ſtray,
 Thy *Britiſh Tempe* ! There along the Dale,
 With Woods o'er-hung, and ſhag'd with moſſy Rocks,
 Whence on each hand the guſhing Waters play, 911
 And down the rough Cascade white-daſhing fall,
 Or gleam in lengthen'd Viſta thro the Trees,
 You ſilent ſteal ; or fit beneath the Shade
 Of ſolemn Oaks, that tuſt the ſwelling Mounts 915
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs Hand,
 And pensive liſten to the various Voice
 Of rural Peace : the Herds, the Flocks, the Birds,
 The hollow-whiſpering Breeze, the Plaint of Rills,
 That, purling down amid the twiſted Roots 920
 Which creep around, their dewy Murmurs ſhake
 On the ſooth'd Ear. From theſe abſtracted oſt,
 You wander thro the Philoſophic World ;

Where

Where in bright Train continual Wonders rise,
 Or to the curious or the pious Eye. 925
 And oft, conducted by Historic Truth,
 You tread the long Extent of backward Time:
 Planning, with warm Benevolence of Mind,
 And honest Zeal unwarp'd by Party-Rage,
 BRITANNIA'S Weal; how from the venal Gulph 930
 To raise her Virtue, and her Arts revive.
 Or, turning thence thy View, these graver Thoughts
 The Muses charm: while, with sure Taste refin'd,
 You draw th' inspiring Breath of antient Song;
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own. 935
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy Walk,
 With Soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all
 Wears to the Lover's Eye a Look of Love;
 And all the Tumult of a guilty World,
 Tost by ungenerous Passions, sinks away. 940
 The tender Heart is animated Peace;
 And as it pours its copious Treasures forth,
 In vary'd Converse, softening every Theme,
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her Eyes,
 Where meeken'd Sense, and amiable Grace, 945
 And lively Sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink
 That nameless Spirit of etherial Joy,
 Inimitable Happiness! which Love,
 Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd Few*!
 Meantime you gain the Height, from whose fair Brow
 The bursting Prospect spreads immense around; 951
 And snatch'd o'er Hill and Dale, and Wood and Lawn,
 And verdant Field, and darkening Heath between,
 And Villages embosom'd soft in Trees,
 And spiry Towns by surging Columns mark'd 955
 Of household Smoak, your Eye excursive roams:
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind Haunt
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,
 To Where the broken Landskip, by Degrees,

Ascending,

Where

Ascending, roughens into rigid Hills ; 960
 O'er which the *Cambrian* Mountains, like far Clouds
 That skirt the blue Horizon, dusky, rise.

FLUSH'D by the Spirit of the genial Year,
 Now from the Virgin's Cheek a fresher Bloom
 Shoots, less and less, the live Carnation round ; 965
 Her Lips blush deeper Sweets ; she breathes of Youth ;
 The shining Moisture swells into her Eyes,
 In brighter Flow ; her wishing Bosom heaves,
 With Palpitations wild ; kind Tumults seize
 Her Veins, and all her yielding Soul is Love. 970
 From the keen Gaze her Lover turns away,
 Full of the dear extatic Power, and sick
 With sighing Languishment. Ah then, ye Fair !
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding Hearts :
 Dare not th' infectious Sigh ; the pleading Look, 975
 Down-cast, and low, in meek Submission dress'd,
 But full of Guile. Let not the fervent Tongue,
 Prompt to deceive, with Adulation smooth,
 Gain on your purpos'd Will. Nor in the Bower,
 Where Woodbines flaunt, and Roses shed a Couch, 980
 While Evening draws her crimson Curtains round,
 Trust your soft Minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring Youth beware of Love,
 Of the smooth Glance beware ; for 'tis too late,
 When on his Heart the Torrent-Softness pours. 985
 Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading Fame
 Dissolves in Air away ; while the fond Soul,
 Wrapt in gay Visions of unreal Bliss,
 Still paints th' illusive Form ; the kindling Grace ;
 Th' enticing Smile ; the modest seeming Eye, 990
 Beneath whose beauteous Beams, belying Heaven,
 Lurk searchless Cunning, Cruelty, and Death :
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated Ear,
 Her syren Voice, enchanting, draws him on,
 To guileful Shores, and Meads of fatal Joy. 995

EVEN present, in the very Lap of Love
 Inglorious laid; while Musick flows around,
 Perfumes, and Oils, and Wine, and wanton Hours;
 Amid the Roses fierce Repentance rears
 Her snaky Crest: a quick-returning Pang 1000
 Shoots thro the conscious Heart; where Honour still,
 And great Design, against th' oppressive Load
 Of Luxury, by Fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic Woes, arrous'd,
 Rage in each Thought, by restless Musing fed, 1005
 Chill the warm Cheek, and blast the Bloom of Life?
 Neglected Fortune flies; and sliding swift,
 Prone into Ruin, fall his scorn'd Affairs.
 'Tis nought but Gloom around. The darken'd Sun
 Loses his Light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1010
 To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright Arch,
 Contracted, bends into a dusky Vault.
 All Nature fades extinct; and she alone
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every Thought,
 Fills every Sense, and pants in every Vein. 1015
 Books are but formal Dulness, tedious Friends;
 And sad amid the social Band he sits,
 Lonely, and unattentive. From the Tongue
 Th' unfinish'd Period falls: while borne away,
 On swelling Thought, his wasted Spirit flies 1020
 To the vain Bosom of his distant Fair;
 And leaves the Semblance of a Lover, fix'd
 In melancholy Site, with Head declin'd,
 And love-dejected Eyes. Sudden he starts,
 Shook from his tender Trance, and restless runs 1025
 To glimmering Shades, and sympathetic Glooms;
 Where the dun Umbrage o'er the falling Stream,
 Romantic, hangs; there thro the pensive Dusk
 Strays, in heart-thrilling Meditation lost,
 Indulging all to Love: or on the Bank 1030
 Thrown, amid drooping Lilies, swells the Breeze

With

With Sighs unceasing, and the Brook with Tears:
 Thus in soft Anguish he consumes the Day,
 Nor quits his deep Retirement, till the Moon
 Peeps thro the Chambers of the fleecy East, 1035
 Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her Train
 Leads on the gentle Hours ; then forth he walks,
 Beneath the trembling Languish of her Beam,
 With soften'd Soul, and wooes the Bird of Eve
 To mingle Woes with his : or while the World 1040
 And all the Sons of Care lie hush'd in Sleep,
 Associates with the midnight Shadows drear ;
 And, fighting to the lonely Taper, pours
 His idly-tortur'd Heart into the Page,
 Meant for the moving Messenger of Love ; 1045
 Where Rapture burns on Rapture, every Line
 With rising Frenzy fir'd. But if on Bed
 Delirious flung, Sleep from his Pillow flies,
 All Night he tosses, nor the balmy Power
 In any Posture finds ; till the grey Morn 1050
 Lifts her pale Lustre on the paler Wretch,
 Exanimate by Love : and then perhaps
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to Rest,
 Still interrupted by distracted Dreams,
 That o'er the sick Imagination rise, 1055
 And in black Colours paint the mimick Scene.
 Oft with th' Enchantress of his Soul he talks ;
 Sometimes in Crouds distress'd ; or if retir'd
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven Bowers,
 Far from the dull Impertinence of Man, 1060
 Just as he, credulous, his endless Cares
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious Love,
 Snatch'd from her yielded Hand, he knows not how,
 Thro Forests huge, and long untravel'd Heaths
 With Desolation brown, he wanders waste, 1065
 In Night and Tempest wrapt ; or shrinks aghast,
 Back, from the bending Precipice ; or wades

The turbid Stream below, and strives to reach
 The farther Shore ; where succourless, and sad,
 She with extended Arms his Aid impløres, 1070
 But strives in vain ; borne by th' outrageous Flood
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy Wave,
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling Eddy sinks.
 These are the charming Agonies of Love,
 Whose Misery delights. But thro the Heart 1075
 Should Jealousy its Venom once diffuse,
 'Tis then delightful Misery no more,
 But Agony unmix'd, incessant Gall,
 Corroding every Thought, and blasting all
 Love's Paradise. Ye fairy Prospects, then, 1080
 Ye Beds of Roses, and ye Bowers of Joy,
 Far wel! Ye Gleamings of departed Peace,
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging Plague
 Internal Vision taints, and in a Night
 Of livid Gloom Imagination wraps. 1085
 Ah then instead of love-enliven'd Cheeks,
 Of sunny Features, and of ardent Eyes
 With flowing Rapture bright, dark Looks succeed,
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender Fire,
 A clouded Aspect, and a burning Cheek, 1090
 Where the whole poison'd Soul, malignant, sits,
 And frightens Love away. Ten thousand Fears
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic Views
 Of horrid Rivals, hanging on the Charms
 For which he melts in Fondness, eat him up 1095
 With servent Anguish, and consuming Rage.
 In vain Reproaches lend their idle Aid,
 Deceitful Pride, and Resolution frail,
 Giving false Peace a Moment. Fancy pours,
 Afresh, her Beauties on his busy Thought, 1100
 Her first Endearments, twining round the Soul,
 With all the Witchcraft of ensnaring Love.
 Strait the fierce Storm involves his Mind anew,
 The Flames

Flames thro the Nerves, and boils along the Veins ;
 While anxious Doubt distracts the tortur'd Heart ; 1105
 For even the sad Assurance of his Fears
 Were Peace to what he feels. Thus the warm Youth,
 Whom Love deludes into his thorny Wilds,
 Thro flowery-tempting Paths, or leads a Life
 Of fever'd Rapture, or of cruel Care ; 1110
 His brightest Aims extinguish'd all, and all
 His lively Moments running down to waste.

B u t happy they ! the happiest of their Kind !
 Whom gentler Stars unite, and in one Fate
 Their Hearts, their Fortunes, and their Beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser Tie of human Laws, 1116
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the Mind,
 That binds their Peace, but Harmony itself,
 Attuning all their Passions into Love ;
 Where Friendship full-exerts her softest Power, 1120
 Perfect Esteem enliven'd by Desire
 Ineffable, and Sympathy of Soul ;
 Thought meeting Thought, and Will preventing Will,
 With boundless Confidence : for nought but Love
 Can answer Love, and render Bliss secure. 1125
 Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
 To bless himself, from sordid Parents buys
 The loathing Virgin, in eternal Care,
 Well-merited, consume his Nights and Days :
 Let barbarous Nations, whose inhuman Love 1130
 Is wild Desire, fierce as the Suns they feel ;
 Let Eastern Tyrants from the Light of Heaven
 Seclude their Bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a meer, lifeless, violated Form :
 While Those whom Love cements in holy Faith, 1135
 And equal Transport, free as Nature live,
 Disdaining Fear. What is the World to them,
 Its Pomp, its Pleasure, and its Nonsense all !
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair

High

High Fancy forms, and lavish Hearts can wish ; 1140
Something than Beauty dearer, should they look
Or on the Mind, or mind-illumin'd Face,
Truth, Goodness, Honour, Harmony, and Love,
The richest Bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.
Mean-time a smiling Offspring rises round, 1145
And mingles both their Graces. By degrees,
The human Blossom blows ; and every Day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new Charm,
The Father's Lustre, and the Mother's Bloom.
Then infant Reason grows apace, and calls 1150
For the kind Hand of an assiduous Care.
Delightful Task ! to rear the tender Thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh Instruction o'er the Mind,
To breathe th' enlivening Spirit, and to fix 1155
The generous Purpose in the glowing Breast.
Oh speak the Joy ! ye, whom the sudden Tear
Surprizes often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your Eye but Sights of Bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the Heart : 1160
An elegant Sufficiency, Content,
Retirement, rural Quiet, Friendship, Books,
Ease and alternate Labour, useful Life,
Progressive Virtue, and approving HEAVEN.
These are the matchless Joys of virtuous Love ; 1165
And thus their Moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring World they roll,
Still find them happy ; and consenting SPRING
Sheds her own rosy Garland on their Heads :
Till Evening comes at last, serene and mild ; 1170
When after the long vernal Day of Life,
Enamour'd more, as more Remembrance swells
With many a Proof of recollected Love,
Together down they sink in social Sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle Spirits fly 1175
To Scenes where Love and Bliss immortal reign.

S U M M E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. An introductory Reflection on the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies; whence the Succession of the Seasons. As the Face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the Progress of the Poem is a Description of a Summer's Day. The Dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects describ'd. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-Day. A woodland Retreat. Groupe of Herds and Flocks. A solemn Grove. How it affects a contemplative Mind. A Cataract, and rude Scene. View of Summer in the torrid Zone. Storm of Thunder and Lightning. A Tale. The Storm over, a serene Afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the Prospect of a rich well-cultivated Country; which introduces a Panegyrick on GREAT-BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer Meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the Praise of Philosophy.

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SUMMER.

J. Ridge Sen

S U M M E R.

FROM brightening Fields of Ether fair disclos'd,
 Child of the Sun, refulgent SUMMER comes,
 In pride of Youth, and felt thro Nature's Depth :
 He comes attended by the sultry *Hours*,
 And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way ; 5
 While, from his ardent Look, the turning SPRING
 Averts her blushful Face ; and Earth, and Skies,
 All-smiling, to his hot Dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood Shade,
 Where scarce a Sun-beam wanders thro the Gloom ; 10
 And on the dark-green Grass, beside the Brink
 Of haunted Stream, that by the Roots of Oak
 Rolls o'er the rocky Channel, lie at large,
 And sing the Glories of the circling Year.

COME, *Inspiration!* from thy Hermit-Seat, 15
 By Mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,
 From thy fix'd serious Eye, and raptur'd Glance
 Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one Look
 Creative of the Poet, every Power
 Exalting to an Ecstasy of Soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early Friend,
 In whom the Human Graces all unite :
 Pure Light of Mind, and Tendernefs of Heart ;
 Genius, and Wisdom ; the gay social Sense,
 By Decency chafis'd ; Goodnefs and Wit, 25
 In seldom-meeting Harmony combin'd ;
 Unblemish'd Honour, and an active Zeal,

For

For BRITAIN's Glory, Liberty, and Man:
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural Song,
 Stoop to my Theme, inspirit every Line, — 30
 And teach me to deserve thy just Applause.

W I T H what an awful world-revolving Power,
 Were first th' unwieldy Planets launch'd along
 Th' illimitable Void! Thus to remain,
 Amid the Flux of many thousand Years, 35
 That oft has swept the toiling Race of Men,
 And all their labour'd Monuments away,
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their Course;
 To the kind-temper'd Change of Night and Day,
 And of the Seasons ever stealing round, 40
 Minutely faithful: Such TH'ALL-PERFECT HAND,
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady Whole.

W H E N now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar Blaze,
 Short is the doubtful Empire of the Night; 45
 And soon, observant of approaching Day,
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of Dews,
 At first faint-gleaming in the dappled East:
 Till far o'er Ether spreads the widening Glow;
 And, from before the Lustre of her Face, 50
 White break the Clouds away. With quicken'd Step,
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny Prospect wide.
 The dripping Rock the Mountain's misty Top
 Swell on the Sight, and brighten with the Dawn. 55
 Blue, thro the Dusk, the smoaking Currents shine;
 And from the bladed Field the fearful Hare
 Limp, aukward: while along the Forest-glade
 The wild Deer trip, and often turning gaze
 At early Passenger. Musick awakes, 60
 The native Voice of undissembled Joy;
 And thick around the woodland Hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the Cock, the soon-clad Shepherd leaves

His

S U M M E R.

47

His mossy Cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;
And from the crouded Fold, in Order, drives
His Flock, to taste the Verdure of the Morn.

65

F A L S E L Y luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, springing from the Bed of Sloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the silent Hour,
To Meditation due, and sacred Song?

70

For is there aught in Sleep can charm the Wise?
To lie in dead Oblivion, losing half
The fleeting Moments of too short a Life?
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd Soul;
Or else to feverish Vanity alive,

75

Wilder'd, and tossing thro distemper'd Dreams?
Who would in such a gloomy State remain,
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse
And every blooming Pleasure wait without,
To bless the wildly devious Morning-walk?

80

B U T yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the East. The lessening Cloud,
The kindling Azure, and the Mountain's Brow
Illum'd with fluid Gold, his near Approach
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,

85

Assant the dew-bright Earth, and colour'd Air,
He looks in boundless Majesty abroad;
And sheds the shining Day, that burnish'd plays
On Rocks, and Hills, and Towers, and wandering Streams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime Chearer Light!
Of all material Beings first, and best!

90

Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent Robe!
Without whose vesting Beauty all were wrapt
In unessential Gloom; and thou, O Sun!
Soul of surrounding Worlds! in whom best seen
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee?

95

"Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive Force,
As with a Chain indissoluble bound,
Thy System rolls entire: from the far Bourn

Of

Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his Round
 Of thirty Years; to *Mercury*, whose Disk
 Can scarce be caught by Philosophic Eye,
 Loft in the near Effulgence of thy Blaze.

100

INFORMER of the planetary Train!
 Without whose quickening Glance their cumbrous Orbs
 Were brute unlovely Mass, inert and dead,
 And not as now the green Abodes of Life!
 How many Forms of Being wait on thee!
 Inhaling Spirit; from th' unfetter'd Mind,
 By thee sublim'd, down to the daily Race,
 The mixing Myriads of thy setting Beam.

106

110

THE vegetable World is also thine,
 Parent of *Seasons*! who the Pomp precede
 That waits thy Throne, as thro thy vast Domain,
 Annual, along the bright Ecliptic-Road,
 In World-rejoicing State, it moves sublime.
 Mean-time th' expecting Nations, circled gay
 With all the various Tribes of foodful Earth,
 Implore thy Bounty, or send grateful up
 A common Hymn: while, round thy beaming Car,
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead in sprightly Dance
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,
 Of Bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,
 And soften'd into Joy the surly *Storms*.
 These, in successive Turn, with lavish Hand,
 Shower every Beauty, every Fragrance shower,
 Herbs, Flowers, and Fruits; till, kindling at thy Touch
 From Land to Land is flush'd the vernal Year.

115

121

125

NOR to the Surface of enliven'd Earth,
 Graceful with Hills and Dales, and leafy Woods,
 Her liberal Tresses, is thy Force confin'd:
 But, to the bowel'd Cavern darting deep,
 The mineral Kinds confess thy mighty Power.
 Effulgent, hence the veiny Marble shines;

130

135

Hence

Hence Labour draws his Tools ; hence burnish'd War
Gleams on the Day ; the nobler Works of Peace 136
Hence bleſs Mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The Round of Nations in a golden Chain.

TH' UNFRUITFUL Rock itſelf impregn'd by thee,
In dark Retirement, forms the lucid Stone. 140

The lively Diamond drinks thy pureſt Rays,
Collected Light, compact ; that poliſh'd bright,
And all its native Luſtre let abroad,
Dares, as it ſparkles on the Fair-one's Breſt,
With vain Ambition emulate her Eyes. 145

At thee the Ruby lights its deepening Glow,
And with a waving Radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid Ether, takes
Its Hue cerulean ; and, of evening Tinct,
The purple ſtreaming Amethyſt is thine, 150

With thy own Smile the yellow Topaz burns.
Nor deeper Verdure dyes the Robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern Gale,
Than the green Emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy Beams ; 155

Or, flying ſeveral from its Surface, form
A trembling Variance of revolving Hues,
As the Site varies in the Gazer's Hand.

THE very dead Creation, from thy Touch,
Aſſumes a mimic Life. By thee refin'd, 160

In brighter Mazes, the relucent Stream
Plays o'er the Mead. The Precipice abrupt,
Projecting Horror on the blacken'd Flood,
Softens at thy return. The Deſart joys

Wildly, thro all his melancholy Bounds. 165

Rude Ruins glitter ; and the briny Deep,
Seen from ſome pointed Promontory's Top,
Far to the blue Horizon's utmoſt Verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating Gleam. But This,

And all the much transported Muſe can ſing, 170

Are to thy Beauty, Dignity, and Use,
 Unequal far, great delegated Source,
 Of Light, and Life, and Grace, and Joy below !

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,
 Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated Light 175
 Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd
 From mortal Eye, or Angel's purer Ken ;
 Whose single Smile has, from the first of Time,
 Fill'd, overflowing, all those Lamps of Heaven,
 That beam for ever thro the boundless Sky : 180
 But, should he hide his Face, th' astonish'd Sun,
 And all th' extinguish'd Stars, would loosening reel
 Wide from their Spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering Tongue of Man,
 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! silent in thy Praise ; 185
 Thy Works themselves would raise a general Voice,
 Even in the Depth of solitary Woods,
 By human Foot untrod, proclaim thy Power,
 And to the Quire celestial THEE resound,
 Th' eternal Cause, Support, and End of all ! 190

To me be Nature's Volume broad-display'd ;
 And to peruse its all-instructing Page,
 Or, haply catching Inspiration thence,
 Some easy Passage, raptur'd, to translate,
 My sole Delight ; as thro the failing Glòoms 195
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising Dawn
 On Fancy's Eagle-wing excursive soar.

Now, flaming up the Heavens, the potent Sun
 Melts into limpid Air the high-rais'd Clouds,
 And morning Fogs, that hover'd round the Hills 200
 In party-colour'd Bands ; till wide unveil'd
 The Face of Nature shines, from where Earth seems,
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending Sphere.

HALF in a Blush of clustering Róses lost,
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the Shade retires ; 205
 There, on the Verdant Turf, or flowery Bed,

By gelid Founts and careless Rills to muse:
While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro the Sky,
With rapid Sway, his burning Influence darts
On Man, and Beast, and Herb, and tepid Stream. 210

Who can unpitying see the flowery Race,
Shed by the Morn, their new-flush'd Bloom resign,
Before the parching Beam? So fade the Fair,
When Fevers revel thro their azure Veins.
But one, the lofty Follower of the Sun, 215
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow Leaves,
Drooping all Night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd Bosom to his Ray.

H O M E, from his morning Task, the Swain retreats;
His Flock before him stepping to the Fold: 220

While the full-udder'd Mother lows around
The chearful Cottage, then expecting Food,
The Food of Innocence, and Health! 'The Daw,
The Rook and Magpie, to the grey-grown Oaks
(That the calm Village in their verdant Arms, 225
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy Flight;
Where on the mingling Boughs they sit embower'd,
All the hot Noon, till cooler Hours arise.

Faint, underneath, the household Fowls convene;
And, in a Corner of the buzzing Shade, 230

The House-Dog, with the vacant Greyhound, lies,
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his Slumbers one
Attacks the nightly Thief, and one exults
O'er Hill and Dale; till waken'd by the Wasp,
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain 235
To let the little noisy Summer-race

Live in her Lay, and flutter thro her Song,
Not mean tho simple: to the Sun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating Fire. 239

W A K ' D by his warmer Ray, the reptile Young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light Air upborn,
Lighter, and full of Soul. From every Chink,

And secret Corner, where they slept away
 The wintry Storms ; or rising from their Tombs,
 To higher Life ; by Myriads, forth at once, 245
 Swarming they pour ; of all the vary'd Hues
 Their Beauty-beaming Parent can disclose.
 Ten thousand Forms ! Ten thousand different Tribes !
 People the Blaze. To sunny Waters some
 By fatal Instinct fly ; where on the Pool 250
 They, sportive, wheel ; or, sailing down the Stream,
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed Trout,
 Or darting Salmon. Thro the green-wood Glade
 Some love to stray ; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
 In the fresh Leaf. Luxurious, others make 255
 The Meads their choice, and visit every Flower,
 And every latent Herb : for the sweet Task,
 'To propagate their Kinds, and where to wrap,
 In what soft Beds, their Young yet undisclos'd,
 Employs their tender Care. Some to the House, 260
 'The Fold, and Dairy, hungry, bend their Flight ;
 Sip round the Pail, or taste the curdling Cheese :
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky Stream
 They meet their Fate ; or, weltering in the Bowl,
 With powerless Wings around them wrapt, expire. 265
 B U T chief to heedless Flies the Window proves
 A constant Death ; where, gloomily retir'd,
 The villain Spider lives, cunning, and fierce,
 Mixture abhorr'd ! Amid a mangled Heap
 Of Carcasses, in eager Watch he sits, 270
 O'erlooking all his waving Snares around.
 Near the dire Cell the dreadful Wanderer oft
 Passes, as oft the Russian shows his Front,
 The Prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,
 With rapid Glide, along the leaning Line ; 275
 And, fixing in the Wretch his cruel Fangs,
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd : the fluttering Wing,
 And shriller Sound declare extreme Distress,

And

S U M M E R.

53

And ask the helping hospitable Hand.

279

R E S O U N D S the living Surface of the Ground :

Nor undelightful is the ceaseless Hum,

To him who muses thro the Woods at Noon ;

Or drowsy Shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,

With half-shut Eyes, beneath the floating Shade

Of Willows grey, close-crouching o'er the Brook. 285

GRADUAL, from These what numerous Kinds def-

Evading even the microscopic Eye ! [cend,

Full Nature swarms with Life ; one wondrous Mass

Of Animals, or Atoms organiz'd,

Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN 290

Shall bid his Spirit blow. The hoary Fen,

In putrid Steams, emits the living Cloud

Of Pestilence. Thro subterranean Cells,

Where searching Sun Beams scarce can find a Way,

Earth animated heaves The flowery Leaf 295

Wants not its soft Inhabitants. Secure,

Within its winding Citadel, the Stone

Holds Multitudes. But chief the Forest-Boughs,

That dance unnumber'd to the playful Breeze,

The downy Orchard, and the melting Pulp 300

Of mellow Fruit, the nameless Nations feed

Of evanescent Insects. Where the Pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating Verdure Millions stray.

Each Liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths, 305

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the Taste,

With various Forms abounds. Nor is the Stream

Of purest Chrystal, nor the lucid Air,

Tho one transparent Vacancy it seems,

Void of their unseen People. These, conceal'd 310

By the kind Art of forming HEAVEN, escape

The grosser Eye of Man : for, if the Worlds

In Worlds inclos'd should on his Senses burst,

From Cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd Bowl,

And

C 3

Ifc

He would abhorrent turn; and in dead Night, 315
When Silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with Noise.

LET no presuming impious Railer tax
CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable Ends.

Shall little haughty Ignorance pronounce 320

His Works unwise, of which the smallest Part
Exceeds the narrow Vision of her Mind?

As if upon a full-proportion'd Dome,
On swelling Columns heav'd, the Pride of Art!
A Critic-Fly, whose feeble Ray scarce spreads 325

An Inch around, with blind Presumption bold,
Should dare to tax the Structure of the Whole.

And lives the Man, whose universal Eye
Has swept at once th' unbounded Scheme of Things;
Mark'd their Dependance so, and firm Accord, 330

As with unfaltering Accent to conclude
That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen
The mighty Chain of Beings lessening down
From INFINITE PERFECTION to the Brink
Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate Abyss! 335

From which astonish'd Thought, recoiling, turns?

Till then alone let zealous Praise ascend,
And Hymns of holy Wonder, to that POWER,
Whose Wisdom shines as lovely on our Minds,
As on our smiling Eyes his Servant-Sun. 340

THICK in yon Stream of Light, a thousand Ways
Upward and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering Nations sport; till, Tempest-wing'd,
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the Face of Day.

Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass 345
An idle Summer-Life in Fortune's Shine,

A Season's Glitter! Thus they flutter on
From Toy to Toy, from Vanity to Vice;
Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
Behind, and strikes them from the Book of Life. 350

S U M M E R.

55

Now swarms the Village o'er the jovial Mead :
 The rustic Youth, brown with meridian Toil,
 Healthful, and strong ; full as the Summer-Rose
 Blown by prevailing Suns, the ruddy Maid,
 Half naked, swelling on the Sight, and all 353
 Her kindled Graces burning o'er her Cheek.
 Even stooping Age is here ; and Infant-Hands
 Trail the long Rake, or, with the fragrant Load
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind Oppression roll.
 Wide flies the tedded Grain ; all in a Row 360
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the Field,
 They spread the breathing Harvest to the Sun,
 That throws refreshful round a rural Smell :
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing Ground,
 And drive the dusky Wave along the Mead, 365
 The russet Hay-cock rises thick behind,
 In order, gay. While heard from Dale to Dale,
 Waking the Breeze, resounds the blended Voice
 Of happy Labour, Love, and social Glee.
 OR rushing thence, in one diffusive Band, 370
 They drive the troubled Flocks, by many a Dog
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running Brook
 Forms a deep Pool : this Bank abrupt and high,
 And That fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.
 Urg'd to the giddy Brink, much is the Toil, 375
 The Clamour much of Men, and Boys, and Dogs,
 Ere the soft fearful People to the Flood
 Commit their woolly Sides. And oft the Swain,
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more, 380
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing Wave,
 And panting labour to the farther Shore.
 Repeated This, till deep the well-wash'd Fleece
 Has drunk the Flood, and from his lively Haunt
 The Trout is banish'd by the fordid Stream ; 385
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy Brow

Slow move the harmless Race: where, as they spread
 Their swelling Treasures to the sunny Ray,
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild
 Outrageous Tumult means, their loud Complaints 390
 The Country fill; and tofs'd from Rock to Rock,
 Incessant Bleatings run around the Hills.
 At last, of snowy White, the gather'd Flocks
 Are in the wattled Pen innumerable press'd,
 Head above Head; and, rang'd in lussy Rows, 395
 The Shepherds sit, and whet the founding Shears.
 The Housewife waits to roll her fleecy Stores,
 With all her gay dress'd Maids attending round.
 One, chief, in gracious Dignity inthron'd,
 Shines o'er the Rest, the pastoral Queen, and rays 400
 Her Smiles, sweet-beaming, on her Shepherd-King;
 While the glad Circle round them yield their Souls
 To festive Mirth, and Wit that knows no Gall.
 Meantime, their joyous Talk goes on apace:
 Some mingling stir the melted Tar, and Some, 405
 Deep on the new-shorn Vagrant's heaving Side,
 To stamp his Master's Cipher ready stand;
 Others th' unwilling Wether drag along,
 And, glorying in his Might, the sturdy Boy
 Holds by the twisted Horns th' indignant Ram. 410
 Behold where bound, and of its Robe bereft,
 By needy Man, that all-depending Lord,
 How meek, how patient, the mild Creature lies!
 What Softness in its melancholy Face,
 What dumb complaining Innocence appears! 415
 Fear not, ye gentle Tribes, 'tis not the Knife
 Of horrid Slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
 No, 'tis the tender Swain's well-guided Shears,
 Who having now, to pay his annual Care,
 Borrow'd your Fléece, to you a cumbrous Load, 420
 Will send you bounding to your Hills again.

A simple Scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees
 Her solid Grandeur rise: hence she commands

Th'

Th' exalted Stores of every brighter Cſſme,
 The Treasures of the Sun without his Rage : 425
 Hence, fervent all, with Culture, Toil, and Arts,
 Wide glows her Land : her dreadful Thunder hence
 Rides o'er the Waves ſublime, and now, even now,
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled Coaſt,
 Hence rules the circling Deep, and awes the World. 430

'Tis raging Noon ; and, vertical the Sun
 Darts on the Head direct his forceful Rays.
 O'er Heaven and Earth, far as the ranging Eye
 Can ſweep, a dazzling Deluge reigns ; and all
 From Pole to Pole is undiſtinguiſh'd Blaze. 435
 In vain the Sight, dejected to the Ground,
 Stoops for Relief ; thence hot aſcending Steams
 And keen Reflection pain. Deep to the Root
 Of Vegetation parch'd, the cleaving Fields
 And ſlippery Lawn an arid Hue diſcloſe, 440
 Blaſt Fancy's Blooms, and wither even the Soul.
 Echo no more returns the chearful Sound
 Of ſharpening Scythe : the Mower ſinking heaps
 O'er him the humid Hay, with Flowers perſum'd ;
 And ſcarce a chirping Graſs-hopper is heard 445
 Thro the dumb Mead. Diſtreſſful Nature pants.
 The very Streams look languid from afar ;
 Or, thro th' unſhelter'd Glade, impatient, ſeem
 To hurl into the Covert of the Grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy Wrath !
 And on my throbbing Temples potent thus 451
 Beam not ſo fierce ! Inceſſant ſtill you flow,
 And ſtill another fervent Flood ſucceeds,
 Pour'd on the Head profuſe. In vain I ſigh,
 And reſtleſs turn, and look around for Night ; 455
 Night is far off ; and hotter Hours approach.
 Thrice happy he ! who on the ſunleſs ſide
 Of a romantic Mountain, foreſt-crown'd,
 Beneath the whole collected Shade reclines :

Or in the gelid Caverns, woodbine-wrought, 460
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting Streams,
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the World without,
 Unsatisfy'd, and sick, tosses in Noon.
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,
 Who keeps his temper'd Mind serene, and pure, 465
 And every Passion aptly harmoniz'd,
 Amid a jarring World with Vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye Shades ! ye bowery Thickets, hail !
 Ye lofty Pines ! ye venerable Oaks !
 Ye Ashes wild, resounding o'er the Steep ! 470
 Delicious is your Shelter to the Soul,
 As to the hunted Hart the sallying Spring,
 Or Stream full flowing, that his swelling Sides
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd Brink.
 Cool, thro' the Nerves, your pleasing Comfort glides ;
 The Heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded Eye 476
 And Ear resume their watch ; the Sinews knit ;
 And Life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd Limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining Brook, that purls along
 The vocal Grove, now fretting o'er a Rock, 480
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy Pool,
 Now starting to a sudden Stream, and now
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid Plain ;
 A various Groupe the Herds and Flocks compose,
 Rural Confusion ! On the grassy Bank, 485
 Some ruminating lie ; while others stand
 Half in the Flood, and often bending sip
 The circling Surface. In the Middle droops
 The strong laborious Ox, of honest Front,
 Which impos'd he shakes ; and from his Sides 490
 The troublous Insects lashes with his Tail,
 Returning still. Amid his Subjects safe,
 Slumbers the Monarch Swain ; his careless Arm
 Thrown round his Head, on downy Moss sustain'd ;
 Here laid his Scrip, with wholesome Viands fill'd : 495
 There

There, listening every Noise, his watchful Dog.

L I G H T fly his Slumbers, if perchance a Flight
Of angry Gad-Flies fasten on the Herd ;
That startling scatters from the shallow Brook,
In search of lavish Stream. Tossing the Foam, 500
They scorn the Keeper's Voice, and scour the Plain,
Thro all the bright Severity of Noon ;
While, from their labouring Breasts, a hollow Moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the Hills.

O F T in this Season too the Horse, provok'd, 505
While his big Sinews full of Spirits swell,
Trembling with Vigour, in the Heat of Blood,
Springs the high Fence ; and, o'er the Field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy Flood, with stedfast Eye,
And Heart estrang'd to Fear : his nervous Chest, 510
Luxuriant, and erect, the Seat of Strength !
Bears down th' opposing Stream : quenchless his Thirst ;
He takes the River at redoubled Draughts ;
And with wide Nostrils, snorting, skims the Wave.

S T I L L let me pierce into the midnight Depth 515
Of yonder Grove, of wildest largest Growth :
That, forming high in Air a woodland Quire,
Nods o'er the Mount beneath. At every Step,
Solemn, and slow, the Shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening Gloom around. 520

T H E S E are the Haunts of Meditation, These
The Scenes where antient Bards th' inspiring Breath,
Extatic, felt ; and, from this World retir'd,
Convers'd with Angels. and immortal Forms,
On gracious Errands bent : to save the Fall 525
Of Virtue struggling on the Brink of Vice ;
In waking Whispers, and repeated Dreams,
To hint pure Thought, and warn the favour'd Soul
For future Trials fated to prepare ;

To prompt the Poet, who devoted gives 530
His Muse to better Themes ; to sooth the Pangs

Of

Of dying Worth, and from the Patriot's Breast,
 (Backward to mingle in detested War,
 But foremost when engag'd) to turn the Death;
 And numberless such Offices of Love,
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

535

S H O O K fudden from the Bosom of the Sky,
 A thousand Shapes or glide athwart the Dusk,
 Or stalk majestick on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
 A sacred Terror, a severe Delight,
 Creep thro my mortal Frame; and thus, methinks,
 A Voice, than Human more, th' abstracted Ear
 Of Fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,
 " Poor kindred Man! thy Fellow-creatures, we
 " From the same PARENT-POWER our Beings drew,
 " The same our Lord, and Laws, and great Pursuit.
 " Once some of us, like thee, thro stormy Life,
 " Toil'd, Tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
 " This holy Calm, this Harmony of Mind,
 " Where Purity and Peace immingle Charms.
 " Then fear not us; but with responsive Song,
 " Amid these dim Recesses, undisturb'd
 " By noisy Folly and discordant Vice,
 " Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's G O D.
 " Here frequent, at the Visionary Hour,
 " When musing Midnight reigns or silent Noon,
 " Angelic Harps are in full Concert heard,
 " And Voices chaunting from the Wood-croan'd Hill,
 " The deepning Dale, or inmost silvan Glade:
 " A Privilege bestow'd by us, alone,
 " On Contemplation, or the hallow'd Ear
 " Of Poet, swelling to seraphic Strain."

540

544

550

555

560

A N D art thou, * STANLEY, of that sacred Band?
 Alas, for us too soon! — Tho rais'd above
 The Reach of human Pain, above the Flight

565

Of

* A Young Lady, well known to the Author, who died
 at the Age of Eighteen, in the Year 1738.

S U M M E R.

61

Of human Joy ; yet, with a mingled Ray 56
 Of sadly-pleas'd Remembrance, must thou feel
 A Mother's Love, a Mother's tender Woe:
 Who seeks Thee still, in many a former Scene ;
 Seeks thy fair Form, thy lovely-beaming Eyes,
 Thy pleasing Converse, by gay lively Sense 570
 Inspir'd : where moral Wisdom mildly shone,
 Without the Toil of Art ; and Virtue glow'd,
 In all her Smiles, without forbidding Pride,
 But, O thou best of Parents ! wipe thy Tears ;
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay 575
 The Tears of grateful Joy, who for a while
 Lent thee this younger Self, this opening Bloom
 Of thy enlighten'd Mind and gentle Worth.
 Believe the Muse : the wintry Blast of Death
 Kills not the Buds of Virtue ; no, they spread, 580
 Beneath the heavenly Beam of brighter Suns,
 Thro endless Ages, into higher Powers.
 T H U S up the Mount, in airy Vision rapt,
 I stray, regardless whither ; till the Sound
 Of a near Fall of Water every Sense 585
 Wakes from the Charm of Thought : swift-shrinking
 I check my Steps, and view the broken Scene. [back,
 S M O O T H to the shelving Brink a copious Flood
 Rolls fair, and placid ; where collected all,
 In one impetuous Torrent, down the Steep 590
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the Country round.
 At first, an azure Sheet, it rushes broad ;
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls, /
 And from the loud-resounding Rocks below
 Dash'd in a Cloud of Foam, it sends aloft 595
 A hoary Mist, and forms a ceaseless Shower.
 Nor can the tortur'd Wave here find Repose :
 But raging still amid the shaggy Rocks,
 Now flathes o'er the scatter'd Fragments, now
 Assant the hollow'd Channel rapid darts ; 600
 And

And falling fast from gradual Slope to Slope,
 With wild infracted Course, and lessen'd Roar,
 It gains a safer Bed, and steals, at last,
 Along the Mazes of the quiet Vale.

— INVITED from the Cliff, to whole dark Brow 605
 He clings, the steep ascending Eagle soars,
 With upward Pinions thro' the Flood of Day ;
 And, giving full his Bosom to the Blaze,
 Gains on the Sun ; while all the tuneful Race,
 Smit by afflictive Noon, disorder'd droop, 610
 Deep in the Thicket ; or, from Bower to Bower
 Responsive, force an interrupted Strain.
 The Stock-Dove only thro the Forest cooes,
 Mournfully hoarse ; oft ceasing from his Plaint,
 Short Interval of weary Woe ! again 615
 The sad Idea of his murder'd Mate,
 Struck from his Side by savage Fowler's Guile,
 Across his Fancy comes ; and then resounds
 A louder Song of Sorrow thro the Grove.

BESIDE the dewy Border let me sit, 620
 All in the Freshness of the humid Air ;
 There on that hollow'd Rock, grotesque and wild,
 An ample Chair Moss-lin'd, and over Head
 By flowering Umbrage shaded ; where the Bee
 Strays diligent, and with th' extracted Balm 625
 Of fragrant Woodbine loads his little Thigh.

Now while I taste the Sweetness of the Shade,
 While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
 Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring Flight,
 And view the Wonders of the *torrid Zone* : 630
 Climes unrelenting ! with whose Rage compar'd
 Yon Blaze is feeble, and yon Skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright effulgent Sun,
 Rising direct, swift chafes from the Sky
 The short-liv'd Twilight ; and with ardent Blaze 635
 Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazling Air :

He mounts his Throne ; but kind before him sends,
 Issuing from out the Portals of the Morn,
 The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his Fire,
 And breathe Refreshment on a fainting World. 640

Great are the Scenes, with dreadful Beauty crown'd
 And barbarous Wealth, that see, each circling Year,
Returning Suns and † *double Seasons* pass :
 Rocks rich in Gems, and Mountains big with Mines,
 That on the high Equator ridgy rise, 645

Whence many a bursting Stream auriferous plays :
 Majestic Woods, of every vigorous Green,
 Stage above Stage, high-waving o'er the Hills ;
 Or to the far Horizon wide diffus'd,
 A boundless deep Immensity of Shade, 650

Here lofty Trees, to ancient Song unknown,
 The noble Sons of potent Heat and Floods
 Prone-rushing from the Clouds, rear high to Heaven
 Their thorny Stems, and broad around them throw
 Meridian Gloom. Here, in eternal Prime 655

Unnumber'd Fruits, of keen delicious Taste
 And vital Spirit, drink amid the Cliffs,
 And burning Sands that bank the shrubby Vales,
 Redoubled Day, yet in their rugged Coats
 A friendly Juice to cool its Rage contain. 660

BEAR me, *Pomona* ! to the Citron-Groves ;
 To where the Lemon and the piercing Lime,

With

* *Which blows constantly between the Tropicks from the East, or the collateral Points, the North-East and South-East caused by the Pressure of the rarefied Air on That before it, according to the diurnal Motion of the Sun from East to West.*

† *In all Places between the Tropics, the Sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual Motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this Effect.*

With the deep Orange, glowing thro the green,
 Their lighter Glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
 Beneath the spreading Tamarind that shakes, 665
 Fann'd by the Breeze, its Fever-cooling Fruit.

Deep in the Night the massy Locust sheds,
 Quench my hot Limbs; or lead me thro the Maze,
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian Fig*;

Or thrown at gayer Ease, on some fair Brow, 670
 Let me behold, by breezy Murmurs cool'd,

Broad o'er my Head the verdant Cedar wave,
 And high Palmetos lift their graceful Shade.

O stretch'd amid these Orchards of the Sun,
 Give me to drain the Cocoa's milky Bowl, 675

And from the Palm to draw its freshening Wine!

More bounteous far than all the frantic Juice

Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender Twigs

Low-bending, be the full Pomegranate scorn'd; 680

Nor, creeping thro the Woods, the gelid Race

Of Berries. Oft in humble Station dwells

Unboastful Worth, above fastidious Pomp.

Witness, thou best Anâna, thou the Pride

Of vegetable Life, beyond whate'er

The Poets imag'd in the golden Age: 685

Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty Coat,

Spread thy ambrosial Stores, and feast with *Jove*!

FROM These the Prospect varies. Plains immense

Lie stretch'd below, interminable Meads,

And vast Savannahs, where the wandering Eye, 690

Unfixt, is in a verdant Ocean lost.

Another *Flora* there, of bolder Hues,

And richer Sweets, beyond our Garden's Pride,

Plays o'er the Fields, and showers with sudden Hand

Exuberant Spring: for oft these Valleys shift 695

Their green-embroider'd Robe to fiery Brown,

And swift to Green again, as scorching Suns,

Or streaming Dews and torrent Rains, prevail.

Along

S U M M E R.

65

Along these lonely Regions, where retir'd,
From little Scenes of Art, great *Nature* dwells 700
In awful Solitude, and nought is seen

But the wild Herds that own no Master's Stall,
Prodigious Rivers roll their fatning Seas :
On whose luxuriant Herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fallen Cedar, far diffus'd his Train, 705
Cas'd in green Scales, the Crocodile extends.

The Flood disparts : behold ! in plaited Mail,
* Behemoth rears his Head. Glanc'd from his Side,
The darted Steel in idle Shivers flies :
He fearless walks the Plain, or seeks the Hills ; 710
Where, as he crops his vary'd Fare, the Herds,
In widening Circle round, forget their Food,
And at the harmless Stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval Trees, that cast
Their ample Shade o'er *Niger's* yellow Stream, 715
And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred Wave ;
Or mid the Central Depth of blackening Woods,

High-rais'd in solemn Theatre around,
Leans the huge Elephant : wisest of Brutes !
O truly wise ! with gentle Might endow'd, 720

Tho powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees
Revolving Ages sweep the changeful Earth,
And Empires rise and fall ; regardless he
Of what the never-resting Race of Men

Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their Guile, 725

Who mine, from cruel Avarice, his Steps ;
Or with his towry Grandeur swell their State,
The Pride of Kings ! or else his Strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal Fray,
Astonish'd at the Madness of Mankind. 730

WIDE o'er the winding Umbrage of the Floods,
Like vivid Blossoms glowing from afar,

Thick-

* *The Hippopotamus, or River Horse.*

Thick swarm the brighter Birds. For Nature's Hand,
 That with a sportive Vanity has deck'd
 The plummy Nations, there her gayest Hues 735
 Profusely pours. * But, if she bids them shine,
 Array'd in all the beauteous Beams of Day,
 Yet frugal still, she humbles them in Song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy Robes they lent
 Proud *Montezuma's* Realm, whose Legions cast 740
 A boundless Radiance waving on the Sun,
 While Philomel is ours, while in our Shades,
 Thro the soft Silence of the listening Night,
 The sober suited Songstrefs trills her Lay.

BUT come, my *Muse*, the Desert Barrier burst, 745
 A wild Expanse of lifeless Sand and Sky :
 And, swifter than the toiling Caravan,
 Shoot o'er the Vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb
 The *Nubian* Mountains, and the secret Bounds
 Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce. 750
 Thou art no *Ruffian*, who beneath the Mask
 Of social Commerce com'st to rob their Wealth ;
 No *holy Fury* Thou, blaspheming HEAVEN,
 With consecrated Steel to stab their Peace,
 And thro the Land, yet red from Civil Wounds, 755
 To spread the purple Tyranny of *Rome*.
 Thou like the harmless Bee, may'st freely range,
 From Mead to Mead bright with exalted Flowers,
 From Jasmine Grove to Grove, may'st wander gay,
 Thro Palmy Shades and Aromatic Woods, 760
 That grace the Plains, invest the peopled Hills,
 And up the more than Alpine Mountains wave.
 There on the breezy Summit, spreading fair,
 For many a League ; or on stupendous Rocks,

That

* In all the Regions of the torrid Zone, the Birds, the more beautiful in their Plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

S U M M E R.

67

nd,

That from the Sun-redoubling Valley lift, 765

735

Cool to the middle Air, their lawny Tops;
Where Palaces, and Fanes, and Villas rise;
And Gardens smile around, and cultur'd Fields;
And Fountains gush; and careless Herds and Flocks
Securely stray; a World within itself, 770

740

Disdaining all Assault: there let me draw
Ethereal Soul, there drink reviving Gales,
Profusely breathing from the spicy Groves,
And Vales of Fragrance; there at distance hear
The roaring Floods, and Cataracts, that sweep 775

745

From disembowel'd Earth the virgin Gold;
And o'er the vary'd Landskip, restless rove,
Fervent with Life of every fairer kind;
A Land of Wonders! which the Sun still eyes
With Ray direct, as of the lovely Realm 780

750

Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the Scene! In blazing Height of Noon,
The Sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest Gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary Twilight round,
Of struggling Night and Day malignant mix'd. 785

755

For to the hot Equator crouding fast,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding Air
Admits their Stream, incessant Vapours roll,
Amazing Clouds on Clouds continual heap'd;
Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty Wind, 790

760

Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,
With the big Stores of steaming Oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid these upper Seas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial Mountain's Brow,
And by conflicting Winds together dash'd, 795

That

The Thunder holds his black tremendous Throne,
From Cloud to Cloud the rendering Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental War
Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated Mass
Unbroken Floods and solid Torrents pours. 800

the

less

T H E

T H E Treasures These, hid from the bounded Search
Of ancient Knowledge ; whence, with annual Pomp,
Rich King of Floods ! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.

From his two Springs, in *Gojam's* sunny Realm,
Pure-welling out, he thro the lucid Lake 805

Of fair *Dambea* rolls his Infant-Stream,
There by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away
His playful Youth, amid the fragrant Isles,
That with unfading Verdure smile around.

Ambitious, thence the manly River breaks ; 810
And gathering many a Flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd Treasures of the Sky,
Winds in progressive Majesty along :

Thro splendid Kingdoms now devolves his Maze,
Now wanders wild o'er solitary Tracts 815
Of Life-deserted Sand ; till, glad to quit
The joyless Defart, down the *Nubian* Rocks
From thundering Steep to Steep, he pours his Urn,
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading Wave.

His Brother *Niger* too, and all the Floods 820
In which the full-form'd Maids of *Afric* lave
Their jetty Limbs ; and all that from the Tract
Of woody Mountains stretch'd thro gorgeous *Ind*
Fall on *Cormandel's* Coast, or *Malabar* ;
From * *Menam's* orient Stream, that nightly shines 825
With Insect-Lamps, to where Aurora sheds
On *Indus'* smiling Banks the rosy Shower :
All, at this bounteous Season, ope their Urns,
And pour untoiling Harvest o'er the Land.

N O R less thy World, COLUMBUS, drinks, refresh'd,
The lavish Moisture of the melting Year. 831

Wide o'er his Isles, the branching *Oronoque*
Rolls a brown Deluge ; and the Native drives

To

* *The River that runs thro Siam ; on whose Banks a
vast Multitude of those Insects called Fire-Flies make a
beautiful Appearance in the Night.*

To dwell aloft on Life-sufficing Trees,
 At once his Dome, his Robe, his Food, and Arms.
 Swell'd by a thousand Streams, impetuous hurl'd 836
 From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends
 The mighty † *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse
 Dares stretch her Wing o'er this enormous Mass
 Of rushing Water, scarce she dares attempt 840
 The Sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread Expanse,
 Continuous Depth, and wondrous Length of Course,
 Our Floods are Rills. With unabated Force,
 In silent Dignity they sweep along,
 And traverse Realms unknown, and blooming Wilds,
 And fruitful Deserts, Worlds of Solitude, 846
 Where the Sun smiles and Seasons teem in vain,
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forfaking these,
 O'er peopled Plains they fair-diffusive flow,
 And many a Nation feed, and circle safe, 850
 In their soft Bosom, many a happy Isle;
 The Seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd
 By christian Crimes and *Europe's* cruel Sons.
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the Deep,
 Whose vanquish'd Tide, recoiling from the Shock, 855
 Yields to this liquid Weight of half the Globe;
 And Ocean trembles for his green Domain.
 But what avails this wondrous Waste of Wealth?
 This gay Profusion of luxurious Bliss?
 This Pomp of Nature? what their balmy Meads, 860
 Their powerful Herbs, and *Ceres* void of Pain?
 By vagrant Birds dispers'd, and wafting Winds,
 What their unplanted Fruits? What the cool Draughts,
 Th' ambrosial Food, rich Gums, and spicy Health,
 Their Forests yield? Their toiling Insects what, 865
 Their silky Pride, and vegetable Robes?
 Ah! what avail their fatal Treasures, hid

Deep

† *The River of the Amazons.*

Deep in the Bowels of th^e pitying Earth,
 Golconda's Gems, and sad *Potosi's* Mines;
 Where dwelt the gentlest Children of the Sun? 870
 What all that *Afric's* golden Rivers roll,
 Her odorous Woods, and shining Ivory Stores?
 Ill-fated Race! the softening Arts of Peace,
 What'er the humanizing Muses teach;
 The godlike Wisdom of the temper'd Breast; 875
 Progressive Truth, the patient Force of Thought;
 Investigation calm, whose silent Powers
 Command the World; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;
 Kind equal Rule, the Government of Laws,
 And all protecting FREEDOM, which alone 880
 Sustains the Name and Dignity of Man:
 These are not theirs. The Parent-Sun himself
 Seems o'er this World of Slaves to tyrannize;
 And, with oppressive Ray, the roseat Bloom
 Of Beauty blasting, gives the gloomy Hue, 885
 And Feature gross: or worse, to ruthless Deeds,
 Mad Jealousy, blind Rage, and fell Revenge,
 Their fervid Spirit fires. Love dwells not there,
 The soft Regards, the Tenderness of Life,
 The Heart shed Tear, th' ineffable Delight 890
 Of sweet Humanity: These court the Beam
 Of milder Climes; in selfish fierce Desire,
 And the wild Fury of voluptuous Sense,
 There lost. The very Brute-Creation there
 This Rage partakes, and burns with horrid Fire. 895
 Lo! the green Serpent, from his dark Abode,
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,
 At Noon forth-issuing, gathers up his Train
 In Orbs immense, then, darting out anew,
 Seeks the Refreshing Fount; by which diffus'd, 900
 He throws his Folds: and while, with threatening Tongue,
 And deathful Jaws erect, the Monster curls
 His flaming Crest, all other Thirst, appall'd,

S U M M E R.

71

Or shivering flies, or check'd at Distance stands,
Nor dares approach. But still more direful He, 905
70 The small close-lurking Minister of Fate,
Whose high-concocted Venom thro the Veins
A rapid Lightning darts, arresting swift
The vital Current. Form'd to humble Man,
This Child of vengeful Nature ! There, sublim'd 910
875 To fearless Lust of Blood, the Savage Race
Roam, licens'd by the shading Hour of Guilt,
And foul Misdeed, when the pure Day has shut
VEN; His sacred Eye. The Tyger darting fierce,
Impetuous on the Prey his Glance has doom'd. 915
880 The lively shining Leopard, speckled o'er
With many a Spot, the Beauty of the Wasse ;
And, scorning all the taming Arts of Man,
The keen Hyena, fellest of the Fell.
These, rushing from th' inhospitable Woods 920
885 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted Isles,
That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* Wild,
Innumerable glare around their shaggy King,
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed Sand ;
And, with imperious and repeated Roars, 925
890 Demand their fated Food. The fearful Flocks
Croud near the guardian Swain ; the nobler Herds,
Where round their lordly Bull, in rural Ease,
They ruminating lie, with Horror hear
The coming Rage. Th' awaken'd Village starts ; 930
895 And to her fluttering Breast the Mother strains
Her thoughtless Infant. From the *Pirate's* Den,
Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant Fang escap'd,
The Wretch half-wishes for his Bonds again :
While, Up roar all the Wilderness resounds, 935
900 From *Atlas* Eastward to the frighted *Nile*.
Tongue, U N H A P P Y he ! who from the first of Joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Or Amid this World of Death. Day after Day, Sad

Sad on the jutting Eminence he sits, 940
 And views the Main that ever toils below ;
 Still fondly forming in the furthest Verge,
 Where the round Ether mixes with the Wave,
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the Clouds,
 At Evening, to the setting Sun he turns 945
 A mournful Eye, and down his dying Heart
 Sinks helpless ; while the wonted Roar is up,
 And Hiss continual thro the tedious Night.
 Yet here, even here, into these black Abodes
 Of Monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*, 950
 And guilty *Cæsar*, LIBERTY retir'd,
 Her CATO following thro *Numidian* Wilds :
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle Plains,
 And all the green Delights *Aufonia* pours ;
 When for them she must bend the servile Knee, 955
 And fawning take the splendid Robber's Boon.
 N O R stop the Terrors of these Regions here.
 Commission'd Demons oft, Angels of Wrath,
 Let loose the raging Elements. Breath'd hot,
 From all the boundless Furnace of the Sky, 960
 And the wide glittering Waste of burning Sand,
 A suffocating Wind the Pilgrim smites
 With instant Death. Patient of Thirst and Toil,
 Son of the Desert ! even the Camel feels,
 Shot thro his wither'd Heart, the fiery Blast. 965
 Or from the black-red Ether, bursting broad,
 Sallies the sudden Whirlwind. Strait the Sands,
 Commov'd around, in gathering Eddies play :
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come ;
 Till with the general all-involving Storm 970
 Swept up, the whole continuous Wilds arise ;
 And by their noonday Fount dejected thrown,
 Or sunk at Night in sad disastrous Sleep,
 Beneath descending Hills, the Caravan
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crouded Streets, 975
 Th

940 Th' impatient Merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca saddens at the long Delay.
B u t chief at Sea, whose every flexile Wave
Obeys the Blast, th' aërial Tumult swells.
In the dread Ocean, undulating wide, 980
945 Beneath the radiant Line that girts the Globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from Point to Point,
Exhausting all the Rage of all the Sky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the Heavens,
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy † Speck 985
950 Compress'd, the mighty Tempest brooding dwells.
Of no Regard, save to the skilful Eye,
Fiery and foul, the small Prognostic hangs
Aloft, or on the Promontory's Brow
Musters its Force. A faint deceitful Calm, 990
955 A fluttering Gale, the Demon sends before,
To tempt the spreading Sail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, descends a mingled Mass
Of roaring Winds, and Flame, and rushing Floods.
In wild Amazement fix'd the Sailor stands. 995
960 Art is too slow. By rapid Fate oppress'd,
His broad-wing'd Vessel drinks the whelming Tide,
Hid in the Bosom of the black Abyss
With such mad Seas the daring ‡ GAMA fought,
For many a Day, and many a dreadful Night, 1000
965 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*;
By bold Ambition led, and bolder Thirst
Of Gold. For then from antient Gloom emerg'd
The rising World of Trade; the *Genius*, then,
Of Navigation, that, in hopeless Sloth, 1005
970 Vol. I. D Had

* Typhon and Ecnephia, *Terms for particular Storms or Hurricanes known only between the Tropics.*

† Called by Sailors the Ox-eye, being in Appearance at first no bigger.

975 ‡ VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round Africa,
Th by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic Deep,
 For idle Ages, starting, heard at last
 The * LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd,
 To Love of useful Glory rous'd Mankind,
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the World. 1010

INCREASING still the Terrors of these Storms,
 His Jaws horrific arm'd with threefold Fate,
 Here dwells the direful Shark. Lur'd by the Scent
 Of steaming Crouds, of rank Disease, and Death,
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny Flood, 1015
 Swift as the Gale can bear the Ship along;
 And, from the Partners of that cruel Trade,
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her Sons,
 Demands his share of Prey, demands themselves.
 The stormy Fates descend: one Death involves 1020
 Tyrants and Slaves; when strait, their mangled Limbs
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple Seas
 With Gore, and riots in the vengeful Meal.

WHEN o'er this World, by Equinoctial Rains
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless Sun, 1025
 And draws the copious Steam: from swampy Fens,
 Where Putrefaction into Life ferments,
 And breathes destructive Myriads; or from Woods,
 Impenetrable Shades, Recesses foul,
 In Vapours rank and blue Corruption wrapt, 1030
 Whose gloomy Horrors yet no desperate Foot
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth
 Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent Disease.
 A thousand hideous Fiends her Course attend,
 Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless Woe, 1035
 And feeble Desolation, casting down
 The towering Hopes and all the Pride of Man.

Such

* DON HENRY, third Son to John the first, King of
 Portugal. His strong Genius to the Discovery of new
 Countries was the chief Source of all the modern Improve-
 ments in Navigation.

Such as, of late, at *Carthagina* quench'd
 The BRITISH Fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw
 The miserable Scene ; you, pitying, saw, 1040
 To Infant-Weakness sunk the Warrior's Arm ;
 Saw the deep-racking Pang, the ghastly Form,
 The Lip pale quivering, and the beamless Eye
 No more with Ardor bright : you heard the Groans
 Of agonizing Ships, from Shore to Shore ; 1045
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the fullen Waves,
 The frequent Corse ; while on each other fix'd,
 In sad Presage, the blank Assistants seem'd,
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.

W H A T need I mention those inclement Skies, 1050
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening City, Plague,
 The fiercest Child of NEMESIS DIVINE,
 Descends ? * From *Ethiopia's* poison'd Woods,
 From stifled *Cairo's* Filth, and fetid Fields
 With Locust-Armies putrefying heap'd, 1055
 This great Destroyer sprung. Her awful Rage
 The Brutes escape. Man is her destin'd Prey,
 Intemperate Man ! and, o'er his guilty Domes,
 She draws a close incumbent Cloud of Death ;
 Uninterrupted by the living Winds, 1060
 Forbid to blow a wholesome Breeze ; and stain'd
 With many a Mixture by the Sun, suffus'd,
 Of angry Aspect. Princely Wisdom, then,
 Dejects his watchful Eye ; and from the Hand
 Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop 1065
 The Sword and Balance : mute the Voice of Joy,
 And hush'd the Clamour of the busy World.
 Empty the Streets, with uncouth Verdure clad ;
 Into the worst of Desarts sudden turn'd
 The chearful Haunt of Men : unless escap'd 1070

D 2

From

* *These are the Causes supposed to be the first Origin of the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant Book on that Subject.*

From the doom'd House, where matchless Horror reigns,
 Shut up by barbarous Fear, the smitten Wretch,
 With Frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to Heaven
 Screaming, the dreadful Policy arraigns,
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen Door, 1075
 Yet uninfected, on its cautious Hinge
 Fearing to turn, abhors Society.

Dependants, Friends, Relations, Love himself,
 Savag'd by Woe, forget the tender Tie,
 The sweet Engagement of the feeling Heart. 1080
 But vain their selfish Care: the circling Sky,
 The wide enlivening Air is full of Fate;
 And, struck by Turns, in solitary Pangs
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
 'Thus o'er the prostrate City black Despair 1085
 Extends her raven Wing; while, to compleat
 The Scene of Desolation, stretch'd around,
 The grim Guards stand, denying all Retreat,
 And give the flying Wretch a better Death.

MUCH yet remains unsung: the Rage intense 1090
 Of brazen-vaulted Skies, of iron Fields,
 Where Drought and Famine starve the blasted Year:
 Fir'd by the 'Torch of Noon to tenfold Rage,
 Th' infuriate Hill that shoots the pillar'd Flame;
 And, rous'd within the subterranean World, 1095
 Th' expanding Earthquake, that resistless shakes
 Aspiring Cities from their solid Base,
 And buries Mountains in the flaming Gulph.
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:
 A nearer Scene of Horror calls thee home. 1100

BEHOLD slow-settling o'er the lurid Grove
 Unusual Darkness broods; and growing gains
 The full Possession of the Sky, furcharg'd
 With wrathful Vapour, from the secret Beds,
 Where sleep the mineral Generations drawn. 1105
 Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery Spume

Of

Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the Day,
 With various-tinctur'd Trains of latent Flame,
 Pollute the Sky, and in yon baleful Cloud,
 A reddening Gloom, a Magazine of Fate, 1110
 Ferment; till, by the Touch etherial rous'd,
 The Dash of Clouds, or irritating War
 Of fighting Winds, while all is calm below,
 They furious spring. A boding Silence reigns,
 Dread thro the dun Expanse; save the dull Sound 1115
 That from the Mountain, previous to the Storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering Earth, disturbs the Flood,
 And shakes the Forest Leaf without a Breath.
 Prone, to the lowest Vale, th' ærial Tribes
 Descend: the Tempest-loving Raven scarce 1120
 Dares wing the dubious Dusk. In rueful Gaze
 The Cattle stand, and on the scouling Heavens
 Cast a deploring Eye; by Man forsook,
 Who to the crouded Cottage hies him fast,
 Or seeks the Shelter of the downward Cave. 1125

'Tis listening Fear, and dumb Amazement all:
 When to the startled Eye the sudden Glance
 Appears far South, eruptive thro the Cloud;
 And following slower, in Explosion vast,
 The Thunder raises his tremendous Voice. 1130
 At first, heard solemn o'er the Verge of Heaven,
 The Tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,
 And rolls its awful Burden on the Wind,
 The Lightnings flash a larger Curve, and more
 The Noise astounds: till over Head a Sheet 1135
 Of livid Flame discloses wide, then shuts
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still
 Expansive, wrapping Ether in a Blaze.
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated Roar,
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, Peal on Peal 1140
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing Heaven and Earth.

Down comes a Deluge of sonorous Hail,

Or prone-descending Rain. Wide-rent, the Clouds,
 Pour a whole Flood; and yet, its Flame unquench'd,
 Th' unconquerable Lightning struggles thro, 1145
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling Balls,
 And fires the Mountains with redoubled Rage.
 Black from the Stroke, above, the smouldring Pine
 Stands a sad shatter'd Trunk; and, stretch'd below,
 A lifeless Grouse the blasted Cattle lie: 1150
 Here the soft Flocks, with that same harmless Look
 They wore alive, and ruminating still
 In Fancy's Eye; and there the frowning Bull,
 And Ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled Cliff,
 The venerable Tower and spiry Fane 1155
 Resign their aged Pride. The gloomy Woods
 Start at the Flash, and from their deep Recess,
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling Inmates shake.
 Amid *Carnarvon's* Mountains rages loud
 The repercussive Roar: with mighty Crush, 1160
 Into the flashing Deep, from the rude Rocks
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the Sky,
 Tumble the smitten Cliffs; and *Snowden's* Peak,
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry Load.
 Far-seen, the Heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze, 1165
 And *Thulè* bellows thro her utmost Isles.

GUILT hears appall'd, with deeply troubled Thought;
 And yet not always on the guilty Head
 Descends the fated Flash. Young *CELADON*
 And his *AMELIA* were a matchless Pair, 1170
 With equal Virtue form'd, and equal Grace,
 The same, distinguish'd by their Sex alone:
 Hers the mild Lustre of the blooming Morn,
 And his the Radiance of the risen Day.

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless Passion was, 1175
 As in the Dawn of Time inform'd the Heart
 Of Innocence, and undissembling Truth.
 'Twas Friendship heighten'd by the mutual Wish,

Th'

Th' enchanting Hope, and sympathetic Glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual Eye. Devoting all 1180
 To Love, each was to each a dearer Self;
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd Power
 Of giving Joy. Alone, amid the Shades,
 Still in harmonious Intercourse they liv'd
 The rural Day, and talk'd the flowing Heart, 1185
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their Life, a clear united Stream,
 By Care unruffled; till, in evil Hour,
 The Tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far, and where its Mazes stray'd, 1190
 While, with each other blest, creative Love
 Still had eternal *Eden* smile around.

Heavy with instant Fate her Bosom heav'd
 Unwonted Sighs, and stealing oft a Look
 Of the big Gloom on CELADON her Eye 1195
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd Cheek.

In vain assuring Love, and Confidence
 In HEAVEN repress'd her Fear; it grew, and shook
 Her Frame near Dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal Conflict, and as Angels look 1200

On dying Saints, his Eyes Compassion shed,
 With Love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,
 " Sweet Innocence! thou Stranger to Offence,
 " And inward Storm! He, who yon Skies involves
 " In Frowns of Darkness, ever smiles on thee, 1205

" With kind Regard. O'er thee the secret Shaft
 " That wastes at Midnight, or the undreaded Hour
 " Of Noon, flies harmless: and that very Voice,
 " Which thunders Terror thro the guilty Heart,
 " With Tongues of Seraphs whispers Peace to thine.

" 'Tis Safety to be near thee sure, and thus 1211
 " To clasp Perfection!" From his void Embrace,
 (Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the Ground,
 A blacken'd Corse, was struck the beauteous Maid.

But who can paint the Lover, as he stood, 1215
 Pierc'd by severe Amazement, hating Life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the Death of Woe!
 So, faint Resemblance, on the Marble-Tomb,
 The well-dissembled Mourner stooping stands,
 For ever silent, and for ever sad. 1220

As from the Face of Heaven the shatter'd Clouds
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable Sky
 Sublimely swells, and o'er the World expands
 A purer Azure. Nature, from the Storm,
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd Air 1225
 A higher Luster and a clearer Calm,
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign
 Of Danger past, a glittering Robe of Joy,
 Set off abundant by the yellow Ray,
 Invests the Fields, yet dropping from Distress. 1230

'Tis Beauty all, and grateful Song around,
 Join'd to the Low of Kine, and numerous Bleat
 Of Flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd Vale.
 And shall the Hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,
 Most-favour'd; who with Voice articulate 1235
 Should lead the Chorus of this lower World?
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the Hand
 That hush'd the Thunder, and serenest the Sky,
 Extinguish'd feel that Spark the Tempest wak'd,
 That Sense of Powers exceeding far his own, 1240
 Ere yet his feeble Heart has lost its Fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder Beam, the sprightly Youth
 Speeds to the well-known Pool, whose crystal Depth
 A sandy Bottom shews. A while he stands
 Gazing th' inverted Landskip, half afraid 1245
 To meditate the blue Profound below;
 Then plunges headlong down the circling Flood.
 His ebon Tresses, and his rosy Cheek
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient Wave,
 At each short breathing by his Lip repell'd, 1250
 With

With Arms and Legs according well, he makes,
 As Humour leads, an easy-winding Path;
 While from his polish'd Sides, a dewy Light
 Effuses on the pleas'd Spectators round.

THIS is the purest Exercise of Health, 1255

The kind Refresher of the Summer-Heats;
 Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening Flood,
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the Brink.

Thus Life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd
 By the bold Swimmer, in the swift Illapse 1260

Of accident disastrous Hence the Limbs
 Knit into Force; and the same *Roman* Arm,
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd Earth,
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the Wave.

Even, from the Body's Purity, the Mind 1265
 Receives a secret sympathetic Aid.

CLOSE in the Covert of an Hazel Copse,
 Where winded into pleasing Solitudes
 Runs out the rambling Dale, young DAMON sat,
 Pensive, and pierc'd with Love's delightful Pangs. 1270

There to the Stream that down the distant Rocks
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive Breeze that play'd
 Among the bending Willows, falsely he
 Of MUSIDORA's Cruelty complain'd.

She felt his Flame; but deep within her Breast, 1275

In bashful Coyness, or in maiden Pride,
 The soft Return conceal'd; save when it stole

In side-long Glances from her downcast Eye,
 Or from her swelling Soul in stifled Sighs.

Touch'd by the Scene, no Stranger to his Vows, 1280

He fram'd a melting Lay, to try her Heart;

And, if an infant Passion struggled there,
 To call that Passion forth. Thrice happy Swain!

A lucky Chance, that oft decides the Fate
 Of mighty Monarchs, then decided thine. 1285

For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,

This cool Retreat his *MUSIDORA* sought :
 Warm in her Cheek the sultry Season glow'd ;
 And, robe'd in loose Array, she came to bathe
 Her fervent Limbs in the refreshing Stream. 1290
 What shall he do ? In sweet Confusion lost,
 And dubious Flutterings he a while remain'd.
 A pure ingenuous Elegance of Soul,
 A delicate Refinement, known to Few,
 Perplex'd his Breast, and urg'd him to retire. 1295
 But Love forbade. Ye Prudes in Virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done ?
 Meantime, this fairer Nymph than ever blest
Arcadian Stream, with timid Eye around
 The Banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous Limbs, 1300
 To taste the lucid Coolness of the Flood.
 Ah then ! not *Paris* on the piny Top
 Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside
 The Rival-Goddeses the Veil divine
 Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their Charms, 1305
 Than, *DAMON*, thou ; as from the snowy Leg,
 And slender Foot, th' inverted Silk she drew ;
 As the soft Touch dissolv'd the virgin Zone ;
 And, thro the parting Robe, the alternate Breast,
 With Youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless Gaze 1310
 In full Luxuriance rose. But desperate Youth,
 How durst thou risque the Soul-distracting View ;
 As from her naked Limbs, of glowing White,
 Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest Hand,
 In Folds loose-floating fell the fainter Lawn ; 1315
 And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,
 With Fancy blushing, at the doubtful Breeze
 Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful Fawn ?
 Then to the Flood she rush'd ; the parted Flood
 Its lovely Guest with closing Waves received ; 1320
 And every Beauty softening, every Grace
 Flushing anew, a mellow Luster shed :

As shines the Lily thro the Crystal mild ;
 Or as the Rose amid the Morning Dew,
 Fresh from *Aurora's* Hand, more sweetly glows. 1325
 While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the Wave
 But ill-conceal'd ; and now with streaming Locks,
 That half-embrac'd Her in a humid Veil,
 Rising again, the latent DAMON drew
 Such madning Draughts of Beauty to the Soul, 1330
 As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd Thought
 With Luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,
 By Love's respectful Modesty, he deem'd
 The Theft profane, if aught profane to Love
 Can e'er be deem'd, and struggling from the Shade, 1335
 With headlong Hurry fled : but first these Lines,
 Trac'd by his ready Pencil, on the Bank,
 With trembling Hand he threw. " Bathe on, my Fair,
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred Eye
 " Of faithful Love. I go to guard thy Haunt, 1340
 " To keep from thy Recess each vagrant Foot,
 " And each licentious Eye." With wild Surprise,
 As if to Marble struck, devoid of Sense,
 A stupid Moment motionless she stood :
 So stands the * Statue that enchants the World, 1345
 So bending tries to veil the matchless Boast,
 The mingled Beauties of exulting *Greece*.
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those Robes
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not ; and, array'd
 In careless Haste, th' alarming Paper snatch'd. 1350
 But, when her DAMON's well-known Hand she saw,
 Her Terrors vanish'd, and a softer Train
 Of mixt Emotions, hard to be describ'd,
 Her sudden Bosom seiz'd : Shame void of Guilt,
 The charming Blush of Innocence, Esteem 1355
 And Admiration of her Lover's Flame,
 By Modesty exalted. Even a Sense

OF

* *The Venus of Medici.*

Of self approving Beauty stole across
 Her busy Thought. At length, a tender Calm
 Hush'd by degrees the Tumult of her Soul ; 1360
 And on the spreading Beech, that o'er the Stream
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan Pen
 Of rural Lovers this Confession carv'd,
 Which soon her DAMON kiss'd with weeping Joy.
 " Dear Youth ! sole Judge of what these Verses mean,
 " By Fortune too much favour'd, but by Love, 1366
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now
 " Discreet : the Time may come you need not fly."
 THE Sun has lost his Rage : his downward Orb
 Shoots nothing now but animating Warmth, 1370
 And vital Lustre ; that, with various Ray,
 Lights up the Clouds, those beauteous Robes of Heaven,
 Incessant roll'd into romantic Shapes,
 The Dream of waking Fancy ! Broad below,
 Cover'd with ripening Fruits, and swelling fast 1375
 Into the perfect Year, the pregnant Earth
 And all her Tribes rejoice. Now the soft Hour
 Of Walking comes : for him who lonely loves
 To seek the distant Hills, and there converse
 With Nature ; there to harmonize his Heart, 1380
 And in pathetic Song to breathe around
 The Harmony to others. Social Friends,
 Attun'd to happy Unison of Soul ;
 To whose exalting Eye a fairer World,
 Of which the Vulgar never had a Glimpse, 1385
 Displays its Charms ; whose Minds are richly fraught
 With Philosophic Stores, superior Light ;
 And in whose Breast, enthusiastic, burns
 Virtue, the Sons of Interest deem Romance ;
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling Day : 1390
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of Woods,
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk ;
 By that kind *School* where no proud Master reigns,
 The

The full free Converse of the friendly Heart,
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the World, 1395
 Sacred to sweet Retirement, Lovers steal,
 And pour their Souls in Transport, which the SIRE
 Of Love approving hears, and *calls it good*.
 Which Way, AMANDA, shall we bend our Course?
 The Choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
 All is the same with Thee. Say, shall we wind 1401
 Along the Streams? or walk the smiling Mead?
 Or court the Forest-Glades? or wander wild
 Among the waving Harvests? or ascend,
 While radiant Summer opens all its Pride, 1405
 Thy Hill, delightful * *Skene*? Here let us sweep
 The boundless Landskip: now the raptur'd Eye,
 Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her Plain,
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where 1410
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his Princely Brow.
 In lovely Contrast to this glorious View,
 Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.
 There let the feasted Eye unweary'd stray: 1415
 Luxurious, there, rove thro the pendant Woods
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's Retreat;
 And, stooping thence to *Ham's* embowering Walks,
 Beneath whose Shades, in spotless Peace retir'd,
 With HER the pleasing Partner of his Heart, 1420
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES;
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
 In *Twit'nam's* Bowers, and for their POPE implore
 The healing God; to royal Hampton's Pile, 1426
 To

* *The old Name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon*
Shining, or Splendor.

† *Highgate and Hampstead.*

To *Clermont's* terrass'd Height, and *Esber's* Groves,
 Where in the sweetest Solitude, embrac'd
 By the soft Windings of the silent *Mole*,
 From Courts and Senates *PELHAM* finds Repose. 1430
 Inchanting Vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of *Achaia* or *Hesperia* sung!

O Vale of Bliss! O softly swelling Hills!

On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,

And joys to see the Wonders of his Toil.

1435

HEAVENS! what a goodly Prospect spreads around,
 Of Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and Lawns, and Spires,
 And glittering Towns, and gilded Streams, till all
 The stretching Landkip into Smoke decays!

Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,
 Inspiring Vigor, LIBERTY abroad

1441

Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest Cotts,

And scatters Plenty with unsparing Hand.

RICH is thy Soil, and merciful thy Clime;
 Thy Streams unfailing in the Summer's Drought; 1445
 Unmatch'd thy Guardian-Oaks; thy Valleys float
 With golden Waves: and on thy Mountains Flocks
 Bleat numberless; while, roving round their Sides,
 Bellow the blackening Herds in lusty Drovers.

Beneath, thy Meadows glow, and rise unquell'd 1450

Against the Mower's Scythe. On every hand,

Thy Villas shine. Thy Country teems with Wealth;

And Property assures it to the Swain,

Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded Toil.

FULL are thy Cities with the Sons of Art; 1455

And Trade and Joy, in every busy Street,

Mingling are heard: even Drudgery himself,

As at the Car he sweats, or dusty hews

The Palace Stone, looks gay. Thy croud'd Ports,

Where rising Masts an endless Prospect yield, 1460

With labour burn, and echo to the Shouts

Of hurry'd Sailor, as he hearty waves

His

His last Adieu, and loosening every Sheet,
 Resigns the spreading Vessel to the Wind.

B O L D, firm, and graceful, are thy generous Youth,
 By Hardship finew'd, and by Danger fir'd, 1466
 Scattering the Nations where they go; and first
 Or in the list'd Plain, or stormy Seas.

Mild are thy Glories too, as o'er the Plans
 Of thriving Peace thy thoughtful Sires preside; 1470
 In Genius, and substantial Learning, high;
 For every Virtue, every Worth, renown'd;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet like the mustering Thunder when provok'd,
 The Dread of Tyrants, and the sole Resource 1475
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,
 In whom the splendor of heroic War,
 And more heroic Peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine; whose hallow'd Name the Virtues saint,
 And *his own* Muses love, the best of *Kings*. 1481
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,
 Names dear to Fame; the First who deep impress'd
 On haughty *Gaul* the Terror of thy Arms,
 That awes her Genius still. In *Statesman* Thou, 1485
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,
 Who, with a generous tho mistaken Zeal,
 Withstood a brutal Tyrant's useful Rage,
 Like CATO -firm, like ARISTIDES just,
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor, 1490
 A dauntless Soul erect, who smil'd on Death:
 Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;
 A DRAKE, who made thee Mistress of the Deep,
 And bore thy Name in Thunder round the World.
 Then flam'd thy Spirit high: but who can speak 1495
 The numerous Worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?
 In RALEIGH mark their every Glory mix'd,
 RALEIGH, the Scourge of *Spain*! whose Breast with all
 The

The Sage, the Patriot, and the Hero burn'd.
 Nor sunk his Vigour, when a Coward-Reign 1500
 The Warrior fetter'd, and at last resign'd,
 To glut the Vengeance of a vanquish'd Foe.
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his Mind
 Explor'd the vast Extent of Ages past,
 And with his Prison-Hours enrich'd the World ; 1505
 Yet found no Times, in all the long Research,
 So glorious, or so base, as Those he prov'd,
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,
 The Plume of War ! with early Laurels crown'd, 1510
 The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay.
 A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious Land,
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting Soul,
 Who stem'd the Torrent of a downward Age
 To Slavery prone, and bade thee rise again, 1515
 In all thy native Pomp of Freedom bold.
 Bright, at his Call ; thy Age of *Men* effulg'd,
 Of Men on whom late Time a kindling Eye
 Shall turn, and Tyrants tremble while they read.
 Bring every sweetest Flower, and let me strew 1520
 The Grave where RUSSEL lies ; whose temper'd Blood
 With calmest Chearfulness for Thee resign'd,
 Stain'd the sad Annals of a giddy Reign ;
 Aiming at lawless Power, tho' meanly sunk
 In loose inglorious Luxury. With him 1525
 His Friend, the * BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled ;
 Of high determin'd Spirit, roughly brave,
 By antient Learning to th' enlighten'd Love
 Of antient Freedom warm'd. Fair thy Renown
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards* : 1530
 Soon as the Light of dawning Science spread
 Her orient Ray, and wak'd the Muses' Song.

Thine

* ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Thine is a BACON, hapless in his Choice ;
 Unfit to stand the civil Storm of State,
 And thro the smooth Barbarity of Courts, 1535
 With firm but pliant Virtue, forward still
 To urge his Course. Him for the studious Shade
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
 Exact, and elegant ; in one rich Soul,
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd. 1540
 The great Deliverer he ! who from the Gloom
 Of cloister'd Monks, and Jargon-teaching Schools,
 Led forth the true Philosophy, there long
 Held in the magic Chain of Words and Forms,
 And Definitions void : he led Her forth, 1545
 Daughter of HEAVEN ! that slow-ascending still,
 Investigating sure the Chain of Things,
 With radiant Finger points to HEAVEN again,
 The generous * ASHLEY thine, the Friend of Man ;
 Who scann'd his Nature with a Brother's Eye, 1550
 His Weakness prompt to shade, to raise his Aim,
 To touch the finer Movements of the Mind,
 And with the *moral Beauty* charm the Heart.
 Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious Search
 Amid the dark Recesses of his Works, 1555
 The great CREATOR sought ? And why thy LOCKE,
 Who made the whole internal World his own ?
 Let NEWTON, *pure intelligence*, whom G O D
 To Mortals lent, to trace his boundless Works
 From Laws sublimely simple, speak thy Fame 1560
 In all Philosophy. For lofty Sense,
 Creative Fancy, and Inspection keen
 Thro the deep Windings of the human Heart,
 Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's Boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse 1565
 Of Classic Ages in thy MILTON met ?
 A Genius Universal as his Theme,

Astonishing

* ANTHONY-ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of Shaftesbury*.

Astonishing as Chaos, as the Bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.
 Nor shall my Verse that elder Bard forget, 1570
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing Son ;
 Who, like a copious River, pour'd his Song
 O'er all the Mazes of enchanted Ground :
 Nor Thee, his antient Master, laughing Sage,
 CHAUCER, whose native Manners-painting Verse, 1575
 Well moraliz'd, shines thro the Gothic Cloud
 Of Time and Language o'er thy Genius thrown.

MAY my Song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I,
 BRITANNIA, hail ! for Beauty is their own,
 The feeling Heart, Simplicity of Life, 1580
 And Elegance, and Taste : the faultless Form,
 Shap'd by the Hand of Harmony ; the Cheek,
 Where the live Crimson, thro the native White
 Soft-shooting, o'er the Face diffuses Bloom,
 And every nameless Grace ; the parted Lip, 1585
 Like the red Rose-bud moist with Morning-Dew,
 Breathing Delight ; and, under flowing Jet,
 Or sunny Ringlets, or of circling Brown,
 The Neck slight shaded, and the swelling Breast ;
 The Look resistless, piercing to the Soul, 1590
 And by the Soul inform'd, when dress'd in Love
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious Eye.

ISLAND of Bliss ! amid the subject Seas,
 That thunder round thy rocky Coasts, set up,
 At once the Wonder, Terror, and Delight, 1595
 Of distant Nations ; whose remotest Shore
 Can soon be shaken by thy Naval Arm,
 Not to be shook thy self, but all Assaults
 Baffling, like thy hoar Cliffs the loud Sea-Wave.

O THOU ! by whose almighty Nod the Scale 1600
 Of Empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the Land,
 In bright patrol : white Peace, and social Love ;

The

The tender-looking *Charity* intent
 On gentle Deeds, and shedding Tears thro Smiles ;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of Mind ; 1606
Courage compos'd, and keen ; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in Heart and Look ; clear *Chastity*
 With Blushes reddening as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep Regard she draws ; 1610
 Bough *Industry* ; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious Life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant Front, superior shines
 That first paternal Virtue, *publick Zeal*,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide Survey, 1615
 And, ever musing on the common Weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great Design.

L o w walks the Sun, and broadens by degrees,
 Just o'er the Verge of Day. The shifting Clouds
 Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous Train, 1620
 In all their Pomp attend his setting Throne.
 Air, Earth and Ocean smile immense. And now,
 As if his weary Chariot fought the Bowërs
 Of *Amphitritè*, and her tending Nymphs,
 (So *Grecian* Fable sung) he dips his Orb ; 1625
 Now half-immers'd ; and now a golden Curve
 Gives one bright Glance, then total disappears.

F o r ever running an enchanted Round,
 Passes the Day, deceitful, vain, and void ;
 As fleets the Vision o'er the formful Brain, 1630
 This Moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd Soul,
 The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,
 The Dreamer of this Earth, an idle Blank :
 A Sight of Horror to the cruel Wretch,
 Who all day long in sordid Pleasure roll'd, 1635
 Himself an useless Load, has squander'd vile,
 Upon his scoundrel Train, what might have chear'd
 A drooping Family of modest Worth
 But to the generous still-improving Mind,

That

'That gives the hopeless Heart to sing for Joy, 1640
 Diffusing kind Beneficence around,
 Boastless, as now descends the silent Dew;
 To him the long Review of order'd Life
 Is inward Rapture, only to be felt.

CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd Clouds,
 All Ether softening, sober *Evening* takes 1646
 Her wonted Station in the middle Air;
 A thousand *Shadows* at her Beck. First *This*
 She sends on Earth; then *That* of deeper Dye
 Steals soft behind; and then a *Deeper* still, 1650
 In Circle following Circle, gathers round,
 To close the Face of Things. A fresher Gale
 Begins to wave the Wood, and stir the Stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy Gust the Fields of Corn;
 While the Quail clamours for his running Mate. 1655
 Wide o'er the thistly Lawn, as swells the Breeze,
 A whitening Shower of vegetable Down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial Care
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest Sons, and clothe the coming Year, 1660
 From Field to Field the feather'd Seeds she wings.

HIS folded Flock secure, the Shepherd home
 Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy Milk-Maid of her brimming Pail;
 The Beauty whom perhaps his witless Heart, 1665
 Unknowing what the Joy-mixt Anguish means,
 Sincerely loves, by that best Language shewn
 Of cordial Glances and obliging Deeds.
 Onward they pass, o'er many a panting Height,
 And Valley sunk, and unfrequented; where 1670
 At Fall of Eve the Fairy People throng,
 In various Game, and Revelry to pass
 The Summer-Night, as Village-Stories tell.
 But far about they wander from the Grave
 Of him, whom his ungentle Fortune urg'd 1675
 Against

Against his own sad Breast to lift the Hand
Of impious Violence. The lonely Tower
Is also shun'd ; whose mournful Chambers hold,
So night struck Fancy dreams, the yelling Ghost. 1679

A M O N G the crooked Lanes, on every Hedge,
The Glow-Worm lights his Gem ; and, thro the Dark,
A moving Radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields
The World to *Night* ; not in her Winter-Robe
Of massy Stygian Woof, but loose array'd

In Mantle dun. A faint erroneous Ray, 1685

Glanc'd from th' imperfect Surfaces of Things,
Flings half an Image on the straining Eye ;
While wavering Woods, and Villages, and Streams,
And Rocks, and Mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th' ascending Gleam, are all one swimming Scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to Heaven 1691

Thence weary Vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent Hours of Love, with purest Ray
Sweet *Venus* shines ; and from her genial Rise,
When Day-Light sickens till it springs afresh, 1795
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest Lamp of Night.

As thus th' Effulgence tremulous I drink,
With cherish'd Gaze, the lambent Lightnings shoot
Across the Sky ; or horizontal dart,

In wondrous Shapes : by fearful murmuring Crouds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant Orbs, 1701

That more than deck, that animate the Sky,
The Life-infusing Suns of other Worlds ;
Lo ! from the dread Immentity of Space
Returning with accelerated Course, 1705

The rushing Comet to the Sun descends ;
And as he sinks below the shading Earth,
With awful 'Train project'd o'er the Heavens,
The guilty Nations tremble. But, above
Those superstitious Horrors that enslave 1710
The fond sequacious Herd, to mystic Faith

And

And blind Amazement prone, th' enlighten'd Few,
 Whose Godlike Minds Philosophy exalts,
 The glorious Stranger hail. They feel a Joy
 Divinely great ; they in their Powers exult, 1715
 That wondrous Force of Thought, which mounting
 This dusky Spot, and measures all the Sky : [spurns
 While, from his far Excursion thro the Wilds
 Of barren Ether, faithful to his Time,
 They see the blazing Wonder rise anew, 1720
 In seeming Terror clad, but kindly bent
 To work the Will of all-sustaining L O V E :
 From his huge vapoury Train perhaps to shake
 Reviving Moisture on the numerous Orbs,
 Thro which his long Ellipsis winds ; perhaps 1725
 To lend new Fuel to declining Suns,
 To light up Worlds, and feed th' eternal Fire.

W I T H Thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with Thee,
 And thy bright Garland, let me crown my Song!
 Effusive Source of Evidence, and Truth ! 1730
 A Lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled Mind,
 Stronger than Summer-Noon ; and pure as That,
 Whose mild Vibrations sooth the parted Soul,
 New to the Dawning of celestial Day.
 Hence thro her nourish'd Powers, enlarg'd by thee,
 She springs aloft with elevated Pride, 1736
 Above the tangling Mafs of low Desires,
 'That bind the fluttering Croud ; and, Angel-wing'd,
 'The Heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
 Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,
 Or in the starry Regions, or th' Abyfs, 1741
 'To Reason's and to Fancy's Eye display'd :
 'The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary Void,
 The Chain of Causes and Effects to H I M,
 The World-producing E S S E N C E, who alone 1745
 Possesses Being ; while the *Last* receives
 The whole Magnificence of Heaven and Earth,

And

And every Beauty, delicate or bold,
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier Sense,
 Diffusive painted on the rapid Mind. 1750

T U T O R'D by thee, hence P O E T R Y exalts
 Her Voice to Ages ; and informs the Page
 With Music, Image, Sentiment, and Thought,
 Never to die ! the Treasure of Mankind !
 Their highest Honour, and their truest Joy ! 1755

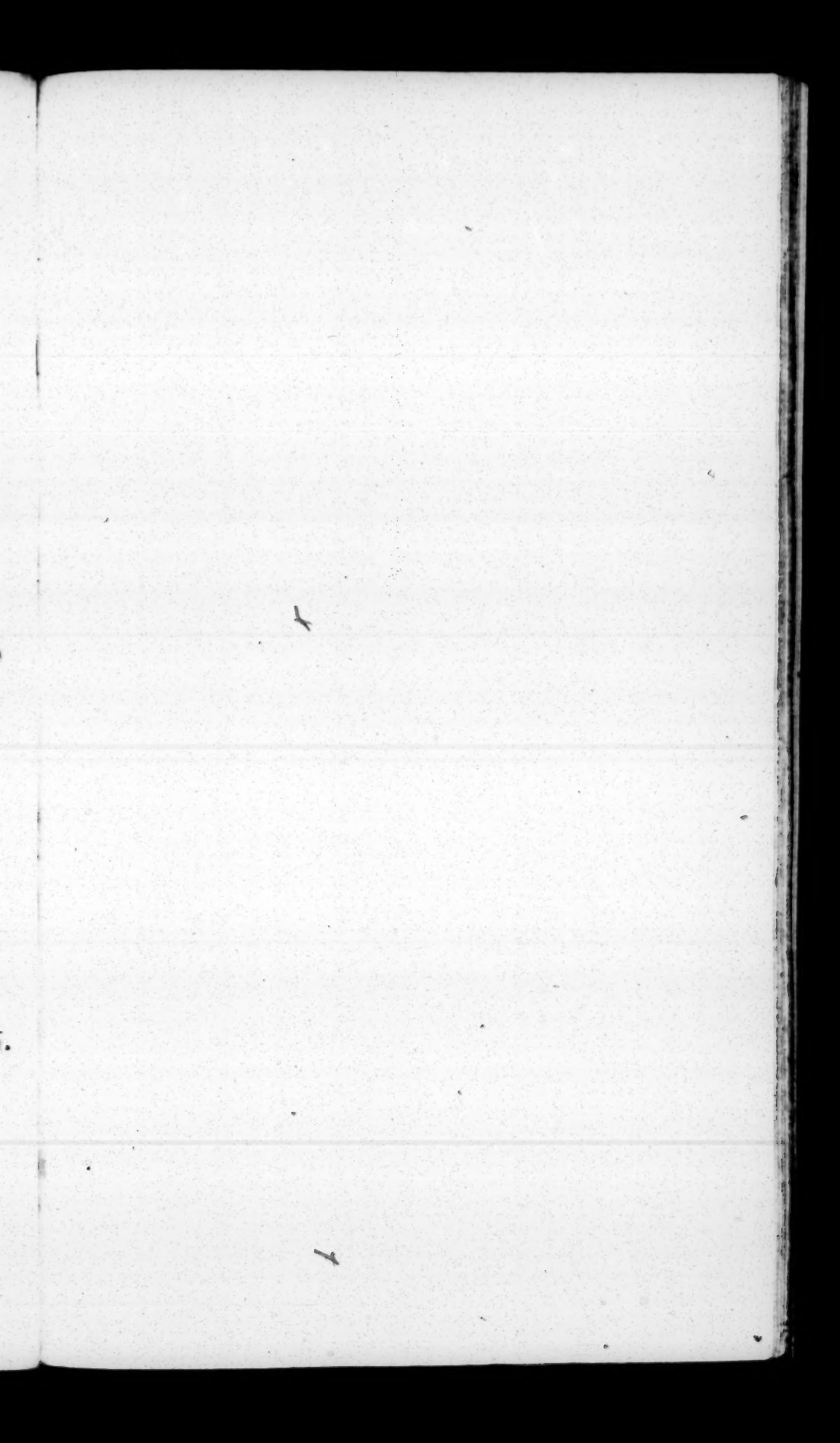
W I T H O U T thee what were unenlighten'd Man ?
 A Savage roaming thro the Woods and Wilds,
 In quest of Prey ; and with th' unfashion'd Furr
 Rough clad ; devoid of every finer Art,
 And Elegance of Life. Nor Happiness 1760
 Domestic, mix'd of Tendernefs and Care,
 Nor moral Excellence, nor social Blifs,
 Nor guardian Law were his ; nor various Skill
 To turn the Furrow, or to guide the Tool
 Mechanic ; nor the Heaven-conducted Prow 1765
 Of Navigation bold, that fearless braves
 The burning Line or dares the wintry Pole,
 Mother severe of infinite Delights !
 Nothing, save Rapine, Indolence, and Guile,
 And Woes on Woes, a still revolving Train ! 1770
 Whose horrid Circle had made human Life
 Than Non-existence worse : but, taught by Thee,
 Ours are the Plans of Policy, and Peace ;
 To live like Brothers, and conjunctive all
 Embellish Life. While thus laborious Crouds 1775
 Ply the tough Oar, P H I L O S O P H Y directs
 The ruling Helm ; or like the liberal Breath
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the Sail
 Swells out, and bears th' inferior World along.

N O R to this evanescent Speck of Earth 1780
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant Tracts on high
 Are her exalted Range ; intent to gaze
 Creation thro ; and, from that full Complex

Of

Of never-ending Wonders, to conceive
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*, 1785
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,
 Thence on th' ideal Kingdom swift she turns
 Her Eye; and instant, at her powerful Glance,
 Th' obedient Phantoms vanish or appear;
 Compound, divide, and into Order shift, 1790
 Each to his Rank, from plain Perception up
 To the fair Forms of Fancy's fleeting Train;
 To Reason then, deducing Truth from Truth;
 And Notion quite abstract; where first begins
 The World of Spirits, Action all, and Life 1795
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the Cloud,
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.
 Enough for us to know that this dark State,
 In wayward Passions lost, and vain Pursuits,
 This Infancy of Being, cannot prove 1800
 The final Issue of the Works of God,
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,
 And ever rising with the rising Mind.

AUTUMN.





AUTUMN. *J. Ridge Sculp*

A U T U M N.

Vol. I.

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THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject propos'd. Address'd to Mr. ONSLOW. A Prospect of the Fields ready for Harvest. Reflexions in praise of Industry rais'd by that View. Reaping. A Tale relative to it. A Harvest Storm. Shooting and Hunting, their Barbarity. A ludicrous Account of Fox-hunting. A View of an Orchard. Wall-Fruit. A Vineyard. A Description of Fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a Digression, enquiring into the Rise of Fountains and Rivers. Birds of Season considered, that now shift their Habitation. The prodigious Number of them that cover the northern and western Isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a View of the Country. A Prospect of the discoloured, fading Woods. After a gentle dusky Day, Moon-light. Autumnal Meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a calm, pure, Sun-shiny Day, such as usually shuts up the Season. The Harvest being gathered in, the Country dissolv'd in Joy. The whole concludes with a Panegyric on a Philosophical Country Life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the Sickle, and the wheaten Sheaf,
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow Plain,
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* Reed once more,
 Well pleas'd, I tune. —Whate'er the wintry Frost
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd Spring 5
 Put in white Promise forth; and Summer-Sons
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to View,
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious Theme.

ON SLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy Name,
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her Song, 10
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle Ear
 A while engage. Thy noble Cares she knows,
 The Patriot Virtues that distend thy Thought,
 Spread on thy Front, and in thy Bosom glow;
 While listening Senates hang upon thy Tongue, 15
 Devolving thro the Maze of Eloquence
 A Rowl of Periods, sweeter than her Song.
 But she too pants for public Virtue, she,
 Tho weak of Power yet strong in ardent Will,
 Whene'er her Country rushes on her Heart, 20
 Assumes a bolder Note, and fondly tries
 To mix the Patriot's with the Poet's Flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous Days,
 And *Libra* weighs in equal Scales the Year;
 From Heaven's high Cope the fierce Effulgence shook 25
 Of parting Summer, a serener Blue,
 With golden Light enliven'd wide invests

The happy World. Attemper'd Suns arise,
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro lucid Clouds
 A pleasing Calm; while broad, and brown, below 30
 Extensive Harvests hang the heavy Head.
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a Gale
 Rolls its light Billows o'er the bending Plain;
 A Calm of Plenty! till the ruffled Air
 Falls from its Poise, and gives the Breeze to blow. 35
 Rent is the fleecy Mantle of the Sky;
 The Clouds fly different; and the sudden Sun
 By Fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd Field,
 And black by Fits the Shadows sweep along.
 A gayly-checker'd Heart-expanding View, 40
 Far as the circling Eye can shoot around,
 Unbounded tossing in a Flood of Corn.

THESE are thy Blessings, INDUSTRY! rough Power!
 Whom Labour still attends, and Sweat, and Pain;
 Yet the kind Source of every gentle Art, 45
 And all the soft Civility of Life:
 Raiser of Human Kind! by Nature cast,
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the Woods,
 And Wilds, to rude inclement Elements;
 With various Seeds of Art deep in the Mind 50
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around
 Materials infinite; but-idle all.
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious Breast,
 Slept the lethargic Powers; Corruption still,
 Voracious, swallow'd what the liberal Hand 55
 Of Bounty scatter'd o'er the savage Year:
 And still the sad Barbarian, roving, mix'd
 With Beasts of Prey; or for his Acorn-Meal
 Fought the fierce tusky Boar; a shivering Wretch!
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak North, 60
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd Tempest fly,
 Hail, Rain, and Snow, and bitter-breathing Frost:
 Then to the Shelter of the Hut he fled;

And

And the wild Season, fordid, pin'd away.
 For Home he had not ; Home is the Resort 65
 Of Love, of Joy, of Peace and Plenty, where,
 Supporting and supported, polish'd Friends,
 And dear Relations mingle into Blifs.
 But this the rugged Savage never felt,
 Even desolate in Crouds ; and thus his Days 70
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along :
 A Waste of Time ! till INDUSTRY approach'd,
 And rous'd him from his miserable Sloth :
 His Faculties unfolded ; pointed out,
 Where lavish Nature the directing Hand 75
 Of Art demanded ; shew'd him how to raise
 His feeble Force by the mechanic Powers,
 To dig the Mineral from the vaulted Earth,
 On what to turn the piercing Rage of Fire,
 On what the Torrent, and the gather'd Blast ; 80
 Gave the tall antient Forest to his Ax ;
 Taught him to chip the Wood, and hew the Stone,
 Till by Degrees the finish'd Fabric rose ;
 Tore from his Limbs the Blood-polluted Fur,
 And wrapt them in the woolly Vestment warm, 85
 Or bright in glossy Silk, and flowing Lawn ;
 With wholesome Viands fill'd his Table, pour'd
 The generous Glas around, inspir'd to wake
 The Life-refining Soul of decent Wit :
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare Necessity ; 90
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,
 To Pomp, to Pleasure, Elegance, and Grace ;
 And, breathing high Ambition thro his Soul,
 Set Science, Wisdom, Glory, in his View,
 And bad him be the Lord of all below. 95

THEN gathering Men their natural Powers combin'd
 And form'd a Public ; to the general Good
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
 For This the Patriot-Council met, the full,

The free, and fairly represented *Whole* ; 100
 For this they plann'd the holy Guardian-Laws,
 Distinguish'd Orders, animated Arts,
 And with joint Force *Oppression* chaining, set
Imperial Justice at the Helm ; yet still
 To them accountable : nor slavish dream'd 105
 That toiling Millions must resign their Weal,
 And all the Honey of their Search, to such
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every Form of cultivated Life
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110
 Into Perfection wrought. Uniting all,
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,
 And happy. Nurse of Art ! the City rear'd
 In beauteous Pride her Tower-encircled Head ;
 And, stretching Street on Street, by Thousands drew, 115
 From twining woody Haunts, or the tough Yew
 To Bows strong-straining, her aspiring Sons.

THEN Commerce brought into the public Walk
 The busy Merchant ; the big Ware-house built ; 119
 Rais'd the strong Crane ; choak'd up the loaded Street
 With foreign Plenty, and thy Stream, O THAMES,
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, King of Floods !
 Chose for his grand Resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintry Forest, Groves of Masts
 Shot up their Spires ; the bellying Sheet between 125
 Possess'd the breezy Void ; the footy Hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on ; the splendid Barge along
 Row'd, regular, to Harmony ; around,
 The Boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary Wings ;
 While deep the various Voice of servent Toil 130
 From Bank to Bank increas'd ; whence ribb'd with Oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,
 The roaring Vessel rush'd into the Main.

THEN too the pillar'd Dome, magnific, heav'd
 Its ample Roof ; and Luxury within 135
 Pour'd

Pour'd out her glittering Stores: the Canvas smooth,
 With glowing Life protuberant, to the View
 Embodied rose; the Statue seem'd to breathe,
 And soften into Flesh, beneath the Touch
 Of forming Art, Imagination flush'd. 140

A L L is the Gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders Life
 Delightful. Pensive Winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social Fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded Tempest idly rave along; 145
 His harden'd Fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
 Without him Summer were an arid Waste;
 Nor to th' autumnal Months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable Stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wandering Song. 150

* S O O N as the Morning trembles o'er the Sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading Day;
 Before the ripen'd Field the Reapers stand,
 In fair Array; each by the Lads he loves,
 To bear the rougher Part, and mitigate 155
 By nameless gentle Offices her Toil.

At once they stoop and swell the lusty Sheaves;
 While thro' their cheerful Band the rural Talk,
 The rural Scandal and the rural Jest
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious Time, 160
 And steal unfelt the sultry Hours away.

Behind the Master walks, builds up the Shocks;
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every Side
 His fated Eye, feels his Heart heave with Joy.
 The Gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165
 Spike after Spike, their sparing Harvest pick.

Be not too narrow, Husbandmen! but fling
 From the full Sheaf, with charitable Stealth,
 The liberal Handful. Think, oh grateful think!
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you; 170
 Who pours Abundance o'er your flowing Fields;

While these unhappy Partners of your Kind
 Wide-hover round you, like the Fowls of Heaven,
 And ask their humble Dole. The various Turns
 Of Fortune ponder ; that your Sons may want 175
 What now, with hard Reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had Friends ;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her Birth.
 For in her helpless Years depriv'd of all,
 Of every Stay, save Innocence and HEAVEN, 180
 She with her widow'd Mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a Cottage, far retir'd
 Among the Windings of a woody Vale ;
 By Solitude and deep surrounding Shades,
 But more by bashful Modesty, conceal'd. 185
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel Scorn
 Which Virtue, sunk to Poverty, would meet
 From giddy Fashion and low-minded Pride :
 Almost on Nature's common Bounty fed,
 Like the gay Birds that sung them to Repose, 190
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's Fare.
 Her Form was fresher than the Morning-Rose,
 When the Dew wets its Leaves ; unstain'd, and pure,
 As is the Lily, or the Mountain Snow.
 The modest Virtues mingled in her Eyes, 195
 Still on the Ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid Beams into the blooming Flowers
 Or when the mournful Tale her Mother told,
 Of what her faithless Fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her Thought, they, like the dewy Star
 Of Evening, shone in Tears. A native Grace 201
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd Limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple Robe, their best Attire,
 Beyond the Pomp of Dress ; for Loveliness
 Needs not the foreign Aid of Ornament, 205
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of Leauty, she was Beauty's Self,

Recluse

Recluse amid the close-embowering Woods,
 As in the hollow Breast of *Appennine*,
 Beneath the Shelter of encircling Hills, 210
 A Myrtle rises, far from human Eye,
 And breathes its balmy Fragrance o'er the Wild ;
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA ; till, at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme Command, 215
 With smiling Patience in her Looks, she went
 To glean PALEMON's Fields. The Pride of Swains
 PALEMON was, the Generous, and the Rich,
 Who led the rural Life in all its Joy,
 And Elegance, such as *Arcadian* Song 220
 Transmits from antient uncorrupted Times ;
 When tyrant Custom had not shackled Man,
 But free to follow Nature was the Mode.
 He then, his Fancy with autumnal Scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his Reaper-Train 225
 To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his Eye ;
 Unconscious of her Power, and turning quick
 With unaffected Blushes from his Gaze :
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half
 The Charms her down-cast Modesty conceal'd. 230
 That very Moment Love and chaste Desire
 Sprung in his Bosom, to himself unknown ;
 For still the World prevail'd, and its dread Laugh,
 Which scarce the firm Philosopher can scorn,
 Should his Heart own a Gleaner in the Field : 235
 And thus in secret to his Soul he sigh'd.

/ " WHAT pity ! that so delicate a Form,
 " By Beauty kindled, where enlivening Sense,
 " And more than vulgar Goodness seem to dwell,
 " Should be devoted to the rude Embrace 240
 " Of some indecent Clown ? She looks, methinks,
 " Of old ACASTO's Line ; and to my Mind
 " Recals that Patron of my happy Life,

" From whom my liberal Fortune took its Rise ;
 " Now to the Dust gone down ; his Houses, Lands,
 " And once fair spreading Family dissolv'd. 246
 " 'Tis said that in some lone obscure Retreat,
 " Urg'd by Remembrance sad, and decent Pride,
 " Far from those Scenes which knew their better Days,
 " His aged Widow and his Daughter live, 250
 " Whom yet my fruitless Search could never find.
 " Romantic Wish, would this the Daughter were ! "

W H E N, strict enquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the Daughter of his Friend,
 Of bountiful A C A S T O ; who can speak 255
 The mingled Passions that surpriz'd his Heart,
 And thro his Nerves in shivering Transport ran ?
 Then blaz'd his smother'd-Flame, avow'd, and bold ;
 And as he view'd Her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, Gratitude, and Pity wept at once. 360
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden Tears,
 Her rising Beauties flush'd a higher Bloom,
 As thus P A L E M O N, passionate, and just,
 Pour'd out the pious Rapture of his Soul.

" A N D art thou then A C A S T O's dear Remains ?
 " She, whom my restless Gratitude has sought, 266
 " So long in vain ? Oh yes ! the very same,
 " The soften'd Image of my noble Friend,
 " Alive, his every Feature, every Look,
 " More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring ! 270
 " Thou sole surviving Blossom from the Root,
 " That nourish'd up my Fortune, say, ah where,
 " In what sequester'd Desert, hast thou drawn
 " The kindest Aspect of delighted Heaven ?
 " Into such Beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275
 " Tho Poverty's cold Wind, and crushing Rain,
 " Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender Years ?
 " O let me now, into a richer Soil,
 " Transplant thee safe ! where vernal Suns, and Showers,
 " Diffuse

" Diffuse their warmest, largest Influence ; 280
 " And of my Garden be the Pride, and Joy !
 " It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits
 " ACASTO's Daughter, his whose open Stores,
 " Tho vast, were little to his ampler Heart,
 " The Father of a Country, thus to pick 285
 " The very Refuse of those Harvest-Fields,
 " Which from his bounteous Friendship I enjoy.
 " Then throw that shameful Pittance from thy Hand,
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged Task ;
 " The Fields, the Master, all, my Fair, are thine ; 290
 " If to the various Blessings which thy House
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that Bliss,
 " That dearest Bliss, the Power of blessing Thee !"

H E R E ceas'd the Youth : yet still his speaking Eye
 Express'd the sacred Triumph of his Soul, 295
 With conscious Virtue, Gratitude, and Love,
 Above the vulgar Joy divinely rais'd.

Nor waited he Reply. Won by the Charm
 Of Goodness irresistible, and all

In sweet Disorder lost, she blush'd Consent. 300

The News immediate to her Mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious Thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely Moments for LAVINIA's Fate ;
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd Veins, and one bright Gleam
 Of setting Life shone on her Evening-Hours : 306

Not less enraptur'd than the happy Pair ;
 Who flourish'd long in tender Bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous Offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the Grace of all the Country round. 310

D E F E A T I N G oft the Labours of the Year,
 The sultry South collects a potent Blast.

At first, the Groves are scarcely seen to stir
 Their trembling Tops ; and a still Murmur runs
 Along the soft-inclining Fields of Corn :

315
 But

But as th' aërial Tempest fuller swells,
 And in one mighty Stream, invifible,
 Immenfe, the whole excited Atmosphere,
 Impetuous rushes o'er the founding World ;
 Strain'd to the Root, the ftooping Forest pours 320
 A ruffling Shower of yet untimely Leaves.
 High-beat, the circling Mountains eddy in,
 From the bare Wild, the diffipated Storm,
 And fend it in a Torrent down the Vale.
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmoft Rage, 325
 Thro all the Sea of Harveft rolling round,
 The billowy Plain floats wide ; nor can evade,
 Tho pliant to the Blast, its feizing Force ;
 Or whirl'd in Air, or into vacant Chaff
 Shook wafte. And fometimes too a Burft of Rain, 330
 Swept from the black Horizon, broad, descends
 In one continuous Flood. Still over head
 The mingling Tempest weaves its Gloom, and ftill
 The deluge deepens ; till the Fields around
 Lie funk, and flatted, in the fordid Wave. 335
 Sudden, the Ditches fwell ; the Meadows swim.
 Red, from the Hills, innumerable Streams
 Tumultuous roar ; and high above its Banks
 The River lift ; before whose rushing Tide,
 Herds, Flocks, and Harvefts, Cottages, and Swains,
 Roll mingled down ; all that the Winds had spar'd, 340
 In one wild Moment ruin'd, the big Hopes,
 And well-earn'd Treafures of the painful Year.
 Fled to fome Eminence, the Husbandman,
 Helplefs beholds the miferable Wreck 345
 Driving along ; his drowning Ox at once
 Descending, with his Labours fcatter'd round,
 He fees ; and instant o'er his shivering Thought
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a Train
 Of clamant Children dear. Ye Mafters, then, 350
 Be miadful of the rough laborious Hand,

That

That sinks you soft in Elegance and Ease ;
 Be mindful of those Limbs in Ruffet clad,
 Whose Toil to yours is Warmth, and graceful Pride ;
 And oh be mindful of that sparing Board, 355
 Which covers yours with Luxury profuse,
 Makes your Glass sparkle, and your Sense rejoice !
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep Rains,
 And all-involving Winds have swept away.

HERE the rude Clamour of the Sportsman's Joy,
 The Gun fast-thundering, and the winded Horn, 361
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game* :
 How, in his Mid-career, the Spaniel struck,
 Stiff, by the tainted Gale, with open Nose,
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full, 365
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent Prey ;
 As in the Sun the circling Covey bask
 Their varied Plumes, and watchful every way
 Thro the rough Stubble turn the secret Eye.
 Caught in the meshy Snare, in vain they beat 370
 Their idle Wings, intangled more and more :
 Nor on the Surges of the boundless Air,
 Tho borne triumphant, are they safe ; the Gun,
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the Fowler's Eye
 O'ertakes their sounding Pinions ; and again, 375
 Immediate, brings them from the towering Wing,
 Dead to the Ground ; or drives them wide dispers'd,
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the Wind.

THESE are not Subjects for the peaceful Muse,
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless Song ; 380
 Then most delighted, when the social fees
 The whole mix'd Animal-Creation round
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not Joy to Her,
 This falsely chearful barbarous Game of Death ;
 'This Rage of Pleasure, which the restless Youth 385
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming Morn ;

When

When Beasts of Prey retire, that all Night long,
 Urg'd by Necessity, had rang'd the Dark,
 As if their conscious Ravage shun'd the Light,
 Asham'd. Not so the steady Tyrant Man, 390
 Who with the thoughtless Insolence of Power
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate Wrath
 Of the worst Monster that e'er roam'd the Waste,
 For Sport alone pursues the cruel Chace,
 Amid the Beamings of the gentle Days. 395
 Upbraid, ye ravening Tribes, our wanton Rage,
 For Hunger kindles you, and lawless Want ;
 But lavish fed, in Nature's Bounty roll'd,
 To joy at Anguish, and delight in Blood,
 Is what your horrid Bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the Triumph o'er the timid Hare !
 Scar'd from the Corn, and now to some lone Seat
 Retir'd : the rushy Fen ; the ragged Furze,
 Stretch'd o'er the stony Heath ; the Stubble chapt ;
 The thistly Lawn ; the thick entangled Broom ; 405
 Of the same friendly Hue, the wither'd Fern ;
 The fallow Ground laid open to the Sun,
 Concoctive ; and the nodding sandy Bank,
 Hung o'er the Mazes of the Mountain-Brook.
 Vain is her best precaution ; tho she sits 410
 Conceal'd, with folded Ears : unsleeping Eyes,
 By Nature rais'd to take th' Horizon in ;
 And Head couch'd close betwixt her hairy Feet,
 In Act to spring away. The scented Dew
 Betrays her early Labyrinth ; and deep, 415
 In scatter'd fullen Openings, far behind,
 With every Breeze she hears the coming Storm.
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
 The fighting Gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
 The savage Soul of Game is up at once : 420
 The Pack full-opening, various ; the shrill Horn,
 Resounded from the Hills ; the neighing Steed,

Wild

Wild for the Chace; and the loud Hunter's Shout;
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying Creature, all
 Mix'd in mad Tumult, and discordant Joy. 425

THE Stag too, singled from the Herd, where long
 He rang'd the branching Monarch of the Shades,
 Before the Tempest drives. At first, in Speed
 He, sprightly, puts his Faith; and, rous'd by Fear,
 Gives all his swift aërial Soul to Flight. 430

Against the Breeze he darts, that Way the more
 To leave the lessening murderous Cry behind.
 Deception short! tho' fleetier than the Winds
 Blown o'er the keen-air'd Mountain by the North,
 He bursts the Thickets, glances thro the Glades, 435
 And plunges deep into the wildest Wood.

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the Track
 Hot-streaming, up behind him come again
 Th' inhuman Rout, and from the shady Depth
 Expel him, circling thro his every Shift. 440

He sweeps the Forest oft; and sobbing sees
 The Glades, mild-opening to the golden Day;
 Where, in kind Contest, with his butting Friends
 He wont to struggle, or his Loves enjoy.
 Oft in the full-descending Flood he tries 445
 To lose the Scent, and lave his burning Sides;
 Oft seeks the Herd; the watchful Herd, alarm'd,
 With selfish Care avoid a Brother's Woe.

What shall he do? His once so vivid Nerves,
 So full of buoyant Spirit, now no more 450
 Inspire the Course; but fainting breathless Toil,
 Sick, seizes on his Heart: he stands at Bay;
 And puts his last weak Refuge in Despair.
 The big round Tears run down his dappled Face;
 He groans in Anguish; while the growling Pack, 455
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting Chest,
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd Sides with Gore.

Of

OF this enough. But if the filvan Youth
 Whose fervent Blood boils into Violence,
 Must have the Chace; behold, despising Flight, 460
 The rous'd-up Lion, resolute, and slow,
 Advancing full on the protended Spear,
 And Coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
 Slunk from the Cavern, and the troubled Wood,
 See the grim Wolf; on him his shaggy Foe 465
 Vindictive fix, and let the Ruffian die:
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled Boar
 Grins fell Destruction, to the Monster's Heart
 Let the Dart lighten from the nervous Arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then
 Your sportive Fury, pityless, to pour 471
 Loose on the nightly Robber of the Fold:
 Him, from his craggy winding Haunts unearth'd,
 Let all the Thunder of the Chace pursue.
 Throw the broad Ditch behind you; o'er the Hedge
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep Morass 476
 Refuse, but thro the shaking Wilderness
 Pick your nice Way; into the perilous Flood
 Bear fearless, of the raging Instinct full;
 And as you ride the Torrent, to the Banks 480
 Your Triumph sound sonorous, running round,
 From Rock to Rock, in circling Echos tost.

BUT if the rougher Sex by this fierce Sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid Joy
 E'er stain the Bosom of the BRITISH FAIR. 485
 Far be the Spirit of the Chace from them!
 Uncomely Courage, unbeseeming Skill,
 To spring the Fence, to rein the prancing Steed,
 The Cap, the Whip, the masculine Attire,
 In which they roughen to the Sense, and all 490
 The winning Softness of their Sex is lost.
 In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at Woe;
 With every Motion, every Word, to wave

Quick

AUTUMN.

113

Quick o'er the kindling Cheek the ready Blush ;
 And from the smallest Violence to shrink, 495
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their Fears ;
 And by this silent Adulation, soft,
 To their Protection more engaging Man.
 O may their Eyes no miserable Sight,
 Save weeping Lovers, see! a nobler Game, 500
 Thro Love's enchanting Wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In Chace ambiguous. May their tender Limbs
 Float in the loose Simplicity of Dress!
 And, fashion'd all to Harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated Soul, 505
 In Rapture warbled from love-breathing Lips ;
 To teach the Lute to languish ; with smooth Step,
 Disclosing Motion in its every Charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy Dance ;
 To train the Foliage o'er the snowy-Lawn ; 510
 To guide the Pencil, turn the tuneful Page ;
 To lend new Flavour to the fruitful Year,
 And heighten Nature's Dainties ; in their Race
 To rear their Graces into second Life ;
 To give Society its highest Taste ; 515
 Well-order'd home Man's best Delight to make,
 And by submissive Wisdom, modest Skill,
 With every gentle care eluding Art,
 To raise the Virtues, animate the Bliss,
 And sweeten all the Toils of human Life : 520
 This be the female Dignity, and Praise.
 Ye Swains now hasten to the Hazel-bank ;
 Where, down yon Dale, the wildly-winding Brook
 Falls hoarse from Steep to Steep. In close Array,
 Fit for the Thickets and the tangling Shrub, 525
 Ye Virgins come. For you their latest Song
 The Woodlands raise ; the clustering Nuts for you
 The Lover finds amid the secret Shade ;
 And, where they burnish on the topmost Bough,
 With

With active Vigour crushes down the Tree ; 530
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning Husk,
 A glossy Shower, and of an ardent brown,
 As are the Ringlets of MELINDA's Hair ;
 MELINDA form'd with every Grace compleat,
 Yet these neglecting, above Beauty wise, 535
 And far transcending such a vulgar Praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding Fields,
 In chearful Error, let us tread the Maze
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd ; and taste, reviv'd,
 The Breath of Orchard big with bending Fruit. 540
 Obedient to the Breeze and beating Ray,
 From the deep-loaded Bough a mellow Shower
 Incessant melts away. The juicy Pear
 Lies, in a soft Profusion, scatter'd round.
 A various Sweetness swells the gentle Race ; 545
 By Nature's all-refining Hand prepar'd ;
 Of temper'd Sun, and Water, Earth, and Air,
 In ever changing Composition mixt.
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller Night,
 The fragrant Stores, the wide-projected Heaps 550
 Of Apples, which the lusty-handed Year,
 Innumeros, o'er the blushing Orchard shakes.
 A various Spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
 Dwells in their gelid Pores ; and, active points
 The piercing Cyder for the thirsty Tongue : 555
 Thy Native Theme, and boon Inspirer too,
 PHILLIPS, Pomona's Bard, the second thou
 Who nobly durst, in Rhyme-unfetter'd Verse,
 With BRITISH Freedom sing the BRITISH Song ;
 How, from *Silurian* Vats, high-sparkling Wines 560
 Foam in transparent Floods ; some strong, to cheer
 The wintry Revels of the labouring Hind ;
 And tasteful some, to cool the Summer-Hours.

IN this glad Season, while his sweetest Beams
 The Sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd Day ; 565
 Oh

Oh lose me in the green delightful Walks
 Of, DODINGTON, thy Seat, serene and plain;
 Where simple Nature reigns; and every View,
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* Downs,
 In boundless Prospect, yonder shagg'd with Wood, 570
 Here rich with Harvest, and there white with Flocks!
 Mean time the Grandeur of thy lofty Dome,
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd Eye.
 New Beauties rise with each revolving Day;
 New Columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds 575
 New Plants to quicken, and New Groves to green.
 Full of thy Genius all! the Muses' Seat;
 Where in the secret Bower, and winding Walk,
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the Bay.
 Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless Thirst 580
 Of thy Applause, I solitary court
 Th' inspiring Breeze; and meditate the Book
 Of Nature ever open, aiming thence,
 Warm from the Heart, to learn the moral Song.
 Here, as I steal along the sunny Wall, 585
 Where Autumn basks, with Fruit empurpled deep,
 My pleasing Theme continual prompts my Thought:
 Presents the downy Peach; the shining Plumb,
 The ruddy, fragrant Nectarine; and dark,
 Beneath his ample Leaf, the luscious Fig. 590
 The Vine too here her curling Tendrils shoots;
 Hangs out her Clusters, glowing to the South;
 And scarcely wishes for a warmer Sky.

TURN we a Moment Fancy's rapid Flight
 To vigorous Soils, and Climes of fair Extent; 595
 Where, by the potent Sun elated high,
 The Vineyard swells refulgent on the Day:
 Spreads o'er the Vale: or up the Mountain climbs,
 Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny Rocks,
 From Cliff to Cliff increas'd, the heighten'd Blaze. 600
 Low bend the weighty Boughs. The Clusters clear,
 Half

Half thro the Foliage seen, or ardent flame,
 Or shine transparent; while Perfection breathes
 White o'er the turgent Film the living Dew.
 As thus they brighten with exalted Juice, 605
 Touch'd into Flavour by the mingling Ray;
 The rural Youth and Virgins o'er the Field,
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal Prime,
 Exulting rove, and speak the Vintage nigh.
 Then comes the crushing Swain; the Country floats,
 And foams unbounded with the mashy Flood; 611
 That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,
 Round the rais'd Nations pours the Cup of Joy:
 The Claret smooth, red as the Lip we press
 In sparkling Fancy, while we drain the Bowl; 615
 The mellow-tasted Burgundy; and quick,
 As is the Wit it gives, the gay Champaign.

Now, by the cool declining Year condens'd,
 Descend the copious Exhalations, check'd
 As up the middle Sky unseen they stole, 620
 And roll the doubling Fogs around the Hill.
 No more the Mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,
 Who pours a Sweep of Rivers from his Sides,
 And high between contending kingdoms rears
 The rocky long Division, fills the View 625
 With great Variety; but in a Night
 Of gathering Vapour, from the baffled Sense
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
 The huge Dusk, gradual, swallows up the Plain.
 Vanish the Woods. The dim-seen River seems 630
 Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty Wave.
 Even in the Height of Noon oppress'd, the Sun
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted Ray;
 Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd Orb,
 He frigh's the Nations. Indistinct on Earth, 635
 Seen thro the turbid Air, beyond the Life
 Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the Waste

The

The Shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper Circles still
 Successive closing, sits the general Fog 640
 Unbounded o'er the World; and, mingling thick,
 A formless grey Confusion covers all.

As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)
 Light, uncollected, thro the Chaos urg'd
 Its Infant Way; nor Order yet had drawn 645
 His lovely Train from out the dubious Gloom.

THESE roving Mists, that constant now begin
 To smook along the hilly Country, These,
 With weighty Rains, and melted Alpine Snows,
 The Mountain-Cisterns fill, those ample Stores 650
 Of Water, scoop'd among the hollow Rocks;
 Whence gush the Streams, the ceaseless Fountains play,
 And their unfailing Wealth the Rivers draw,
 Some Sages say, that, where the numerous Wave
 For ever lashes the resounding Shore, 655

Drill'd thro the sandy *Stratum*, every Wave,
 The Waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;
 Amid whose Angles infinitely strain'd,
 They joyful leave their jaggy Salts behind,
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along. 660

Nor stops the restless Fluid, mounting still,
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous Vale it springs;
 But to the Mountain courted by the Sand,
 That leads it darkling on in faithful Maze,
 Far from the Parent-Main, it boils again 665

Fresh into Day; and all the glittering Hill
 Is bright with spouting Rills. But hence this vain
 Amusive Dream! why should the Waters love
 To take so far a Journey to the Hills,
 When the sweet Valleys offer to their Toil 670

Inviting Quiet, and a nearer Bed?
 Or if, by blind Ambition led astray,
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop
 Among

Among the broken Mountain's rushy Dells,
 And, ere they gain its highest Peak, desert 675
 Th' attractive Sand that charm'd their Course so long?
 Besides, the hard agglomerating Salts
 The Spoil of Ages, would impervious choak
 Their secret Channels; or, by slow Degrees,
 High as the Hills protrude the swelling Vales: 680
 Old Ocean too, suck'd thro the porous Globe,
 Had long erenow forsook his horrid Bed,
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry Times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal Springs,
 That, like CREATING NATURE lie conceal'd 685
 From mortal Eye, yet with their lavish Stores
 Refresh the Globe, and all its joyous Tribes?
 O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,
 To trace the Secrets of the dark Abyss,
 O lay the Mountains bare! and wide display 690
 Their hidden Structure to the astonish'd View!
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny Load,
 The huge Incumbrance of horrific Woods
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaüs* stretch'd
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* sullen Bounds! 695
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching Eye,
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a Stream!
 O from the sounding Summits of the North,
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro *Scandinavia* roll'd
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen Main; 700
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by Those
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil;
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*
 Believes the † *stony Girdle* of the World;
 And all the dreadful Mountains, wrapt in Storm, 705
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely Floods;

O sweep

† *The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Camenypoys, that is, the great stony Girdle; because they suppose them to encompass the whole Earth.*

O sweep th' eternal Snows! Hung o'er the Deep,
 That ever works beneath his sounding Base,
 Bid *Atlas*, propping Heaven, as Poets feign,
 His subterranean Wonders spread! unveil 710
 The miny Caverns, blazing on the Day,
 Of *Abyssinia*'s Cloud-compelling Cliffs.
 And of the bending * *Mountains of the Moon*!
 O'ertopping all these Giant-Sons of Earth,
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line 715
 Stretch'd to the stormy Seas that thunder round
 The southern Pole, their hideous Deeps unfold!
 Amazing Scene! Behold! the Glooms disclose,
 I see the Rivers in their infant Beds!
 Deep deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free! 720
 I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;
 The gaping Fissures to receive the Rains,
 The melting Snows, and ever dripping Fogs.
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the Sands,
 The pebbly Gravel next, the Layers then 725
 Of mingled Moulds, of more retentive Earths,
 The guttur'd Rocks and mazy-running Clefts;
 That, while the stealing Moisture they transmit,
 Retard its Motion, and forbid its Waste.
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these Drains, 730
 I see the rocky Siphons stretch'd immense,
 The mighty Reservoirs, of harden'd Chalk,
 Or stiff compacted Clay, capacious form'd.
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated Stores,
 The crystal Treasures of the liquid World, 735
 'Thro the stirr'd Sands a bubbling Passage burst;
 And welling out, around the middle Steep,
 Or from the Bottoms of the bosom'd Hills,
 In pure Effusion flow. United, thus,
 'Th' exhaling Sun, the Vapour-burden'd Air, 740
 The

* *A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

The gelid Mountains, that to Rain condens'd
 These Vapours in continual Current draw,
 And send 'em, o'er the fair-divided Earth,
 In bounteous Rivers to the Deep again,
 A social Commerce hold, and firm support 745
 The full-adjusted Harmony of Things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing Gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
 The Swallow-People; and toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm Sky, in Convolution swift, 750
 The feather'd Eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintry Slumbers they retire,
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring Bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by Frost, the Cavern sweats:
 Or rather into warmer Climes convey'd, 755
 With other kindred Birds of Season, there
 They twitter chearful till the vernal Months
 Invite them welcome back: for thronging, now
 Innumerable Wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic Force 760
 In *Belgian* Plains, won from the raging Deep,
 By Diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable Hand of Liberty,
 The Stork-Assembly meets; for many a Day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take 765
 Their arduous Voyage thro the liquid Sky.
 And now their Rout design'd, their Leaders chose,
 Their Tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous Wings,
 And many a Circle, many a short Essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in Congregation full, 770
 The figur'd Flight ascends; and, riding high
 Th' aerial Billows, mixes with the Clouds

OR where the *Northern* Ocean, in vast Whirls,
 Boils round the naked melancholy Isles
 Of farthest *Thulé*, and the *Atlantic* Surge 775
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*,

Who

Who can recount what Transmigrations there
 Are annual made? What Nations come and go?
 And how the living Clouds on Clouds arise?
 Infinite Wings! till all the Plume-dark Air, 780
 And rude resounding Shore are one wild Cry.

HERE the plain harmless Native his small Flock,
 And Herd diminutive of many Hues,
 Tends on the little Island's verdant Swell,
 The Shepherd's sea-girt Reign; or, to the Rocks 785
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious Food;
 Or sweeps the fishy Shore; or treasures up
 The Plumage, rising full, to form the Bed
 Of Luxury. And here a while the Muse,
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean Scene, 790
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic View;
 Her airy Mountains, from the waving Main,
 Invested with a keen diffusive Sky,
 Breathing the Soul acute; her Forests huge,
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's Hand 795
 Planted of old; her azure Lakes between,
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry Wealth
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile Vales;
 With many a cool translucent brimming Flood
 Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-Stream*, 800
 Whose pastoral Banks first heard my *Doric Reed*
 With silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)
 To where the North-inflated Tempest foams
 O'er *Orca's* or *Betubium's* highest Peak:
 Nurse of a People, in Misfortune's School 805
 Train'd up to hardy Deeds; soon visited
 By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* Rage
 She took her western Flight. A manly Race,
 Of unsubmitting Spirit, wise, and brave,
 Who still thro' bleeding Ages struggled hard, 810
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can attest,
 Great Patriot-Heroe! ill-requited Chief!)

To hold a generous undiminish'd State ;
 Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal Bounds
 Impatient, and by tempting Glory borne 815
 O'er every Land, for every Land their Life
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing Genius plan'd,
 And swell'd the Pomp of Peace their faithful Toil :
 As from their own clear North, in radiant Streams,
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn*. 820

O H is there not some Patriot, in whose Power
 That best that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
 Of blessing Thousands, Thousands yet unborn,
 Thro late Posterity ? some, large of Soul,
 To cheer dejected Industry, to give 825
 A double Harvest to the pining Swain,
 And teach the labouring Hand the Sweets of Toil ;
 How, by the finest Art, the native Robe
 To weave ; how, white as Hyperborean Snow,
 To form the lucid Lawn ; with venturous Oar 830
 How to dash wide the Billow ; nor look on,
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* Fleets
 Defraud us of the glittering finny Swarms,
 That heave our Friths, and croud upon our Shores ;
 How all enlivening Trade to rouse, and wing 835
 The prosperous Sail, from every growing Port,
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled Globe ;
 And thus, in Soul united as in Name,
 Bid BRITAIN reign the Mistress of the Deep ?

Y E S, there are such. And full on thee, ARGYLE,
 Her Hope, her Stay, her Darling, and her Boast, 841
 From her first Patriots and her Heroes sprung,
 Thy fond imploring Country turns her Eye ;
 In thee, with all a Mother's Triumph, sees
 Her every Virtue, every Grace combin'd, 845
 Her Genius, Wisdom, her engaging Turn,
 Her Pride of Honour, and her Courage try'd,
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very Throat

Of

Of sulphurous War, on *Tenier's* dreadful Field.
 Nor less the Palm of Peace inwreathes thy Brow : 850
 For, powerful as thy Sword, from thy rich Tongue
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high Debate;
 While mix'd in thee combine the Charm of Youth,
 The Force of Manhood, and the Depth of Age.
 Thee, *FORBES*, too, whom every Worth attends, 855
 As Truth sincere, as weeping Friendship kind,
 Thee, truly generous, and in Silence great,
 Thy Country feels thro her reviving Arts,
 Plan'd by thy Wisdom, by thy Soul inform'd;
 And seldom has she known a Friend like thee. 860

BUT see the fading many-colour'd Woods,
 Shade deepening over Shade, the Country round
 Imbrown ; a crouded Umbrage, dusk, and dun,
 Of every Hue, from wan declining Green
 To sooty Dark. These now the lonesome Muse, 865
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown Walks,
 And give the Season in its latest View.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober Calm
 Fleeces unbounded Ether ; whose least Wave
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn 870
 The gentle Current : while illumin'd wide,
 The dewy skirted Clouds imbibe the Sun,
 And thro their lucid Veil his soften'd Force
 Shed o'er the peaceful World. Then is the Time
 For Those, whom Wisdom and whom Nature charm,
 To steal themselves from the degenerate Croud, 876
 And soar above this little Scene of Things ;
 To tread low-thoughted Vice beneath their Feet ;
 To sooth the throbbing Passions into Peace ;
 And wooe lone Quiet in her silent Walks. 880

THUS solitary, and in pensive Guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet Mead,
 And thro the sadden'd Grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying Strain, to cheer the Woodman's Toil.

Haply some widow'd Songster pours his Plaint, 885
Far, in faint Warblings, thro the tawny Copse.

While congregated Thrushes, Linnets, Larks,
And each wild Throat, whose artless Strains so late
Swell'd all the Music of the swarming Shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful Souls, now shivering sit 890

On the dead Tree, a dull despondent Flock,
With not a Brightness waving o'er their Plumes,
And nought save chattering Discord in their Note.

O let not, aim'd from some inhuman Eye,
The Gun the Music of the coming Year 895

Destroy ; and harmless, unsuspecting Harm,
Lay the weak Tribes, a miserable Prey,
In mingled Murder, fluttering on the Ground !

THE pale descending Year, yet pleasing still,
A gentler Mood inspires ; for now the Leaf 900
Incessant rustles from the mournful Grove.

Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,
And slowly circles thro the waving Air.

But should a quicker Breeze amid the Boughs
Sob, o'er the Sky the leafy Deluge streams ; 905

Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary Shower,
The Forest-Walks, at every rising Gale,
Roll wide the wither'd Waste, and whistle bleak.

Fled is the blasted Verdure of the Fields ;
And shrunk into their Beds, the flowery Race 910

Their sunny Robes resign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of stronger Fruits falls from the naked Tree ;

And Woods, Fields, Gardens, Orchards, all around
The desolated Prospect thrills the Soul.

HE comes ! he comes ! in every Breeze the POWER
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 916

His near Approach the sudden starting Tear,

The glowing Cheek, the mild dejected Air,

The soften'd Feature, and the beating Heart,

Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous Pang, declare. 920
O'er

A U T U M N. 125

O'er all the Soul his sacred Influence breathes ; 925
 Inflames Imagination ; thro the Breast
 Infuses every Tenderneſs ; and far
 Beyond dim Earth exalts the ſwelling Thought.
 Ten thouſand thouſand fleet Ideas, ſuch
 As never mingled with the vulgar Dream, 930
 Croud faſt into the Mind's creative Eye :
 As faſt the correſpondent Paſſions riſe,
 As varied and as high : Devotion rais'd
 To Rapture, and divine Aſtoniſhment ;
 The Love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief, 935
 Of human Race ; the large ambitious Wiſh,
 To make them bleſt ; the Sigh for ſuffering Worth,
 Loſt in Obſcurity ; the noble Scorn,
 Of Tyrant-Pride ; the fearleſs great Reſolve ;
 The Wonder which the dying Patriot draws, 940
 Inſpiring Glory thro remotest Time ;
 Th' awaken'd Throb for Virtue, and for Fame ;
 The Sympathies of Love, and Friendſhip dear ;
 With all the ſocial Offſpring of the Heart.

O H bear me then to vaſt embowering Shades, 945
 To twilight Groves, and viſionary Vales ;
 To weeping Grottoes, and prophetic Gloomſ ;
 Where Angel Forms athwart the ſolemn Duſk,
 Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along,
 And Voices more than human, thro the Void 950
 Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic Ear !

O R is this Gloom too much ? Then lead, ye Powers,
 That o'er the Garden and the rural Seat
 Preſide, which ſhining thro the chearful Land
 In countleſs Numbers bleſt BRITANNIA ſees ; 955
 O lead me to the wide-extended Walks,
 The fair Maſtiff Paradise of STOWE * !
 Not *Perſian* Cyrus on *Ionia's* Shore,
 E'er ſaw ſuch ſilvan Scenes ; ſuch various Art

F 3

By

* *The Seat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.*

By Genius fir'd, such ardent Genius tam'd
 By cool judicious Art ; that, in the Strife,
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
 And there, O P I T, thy Country's early Boast,
 There let me sit beneath the shelter'd Slopes, 960
 Or in that * *Temple* where, in future Times,
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd Name ;
 And, with thy Converse blest, catch the last Smiles
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow Woods.
 While there with Thee th' enchanted Round I walk,
 The regulated Wild, gay Fancy then 966
 Will tread in Thought the Groves of *Attic Land* ;
 Will from thy standard Taste refine her own,
 Correct her Pencil to the purest Truth
 Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd Shades 970
 Forfaking, raise it to the human Mind.
 O if hereafter she, with *juster* Hand,
 Shall draw the Tragic Scene, instruct Her thou,
 To mark the vary'd Movements of the Heart,
 What every decent Character requires, 975
 And every Passion speaks : O thro her Strain
 Breathe thy pathetic Eloquence ! that moulds
 Th' attentive Senate, charms, persuades, exalts.
 Of honest Zeal th' indignant Lightning throws,
 And shakes Corruption on her venal Throne. 980
 While thus we talk, and thro *Elysian Vales*
 Delighted rove, perhaps a Sigh escapes :
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant Files
 Of order'd Trees shouldst here inglorious range,
 Instead of Squadrons flaming o'er the Field, 985
 And long-embattled Hosts ! When the proud Foe
 The faithless vain Disturber of Mankind,
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the World to War ;
 When keen, once more, within their Bounds to press
 Those polish'd Robbers, those ambitious Slaves, 990
 The

* *The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.*

The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise Command,
Thy temper'd Ardor and thy veteran Skill.

THE Western Sun withdraws the shorten'd Day ;
And humid Evening, gliding o'er the Sky,
In her chill Progress, to the Ground condens'd 995
The Vapours throws. Where creeping Waters ooze,
Where Marshes stagnate, and where Rivers wind,
Cluster the rolling Fogs, and swim along
The dusky-mantled Lawn. Mean-while the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro the scatter'd Clouds,
Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East. 1001
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk,
Where Mountains rise, umbrageous Dales descend,
And Caverns deep, as optic Tube descries,
A smaller Earth, gives all his Blaze again, 1005
Void of its Flame, and sheds a softer Day.
Now thro the passing Cloud she seems to stoop,
Now up the pure Cerulean rides sublime.
Wide the pale Deluge floats, and streaming mild
O'er the sky'd Mountain to the shadowy Vale. 1010
While Rocks and Floods reflect the quivering Gleam,
The whole Air whitens with a boundless Tide
Of silver Radiance, trembling round the World.

BUT when half-blotted from the Sky her Light,
Fainting, permits the starry Fires to burn, 1015
With keener Luster thro the Depth of Heaven ;
Or quite extinct her deaden'd Orb appears,
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless White ;
Oft in this Season, silent from the North
A Blaze of Meteors shoots : ensweeping first 1020
The lower Skies, they all at once converge
High to the Crown of Heaven, and all at once
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,
All Ether coursing in a Maze of Light. 1025

FROM Look to Look, contagious thro the Croud,

The Panic runs, and into wondrous Shapes
 Th' Appearance throws : Armies in meet Array,
 Throng'd with aerial Spears and Steeds of Fire ;
 Till the long Lines of full-extended War 1030
 In bleeding Fight commixt, the sanguine Flood
 Rolls a broad Slaughter o'er the Plains of Heaven.
 As thus they scan the visionary Scene,
 On all sides swells the superstitious Din,
 Incontinent ; and busy Frenzy talks 1035
 Of Blood and Battle ; Cities over-turn'd,
 And late at Night in swallowing Earthquake sunk,
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending Flame ;
 Of fallow Famine, Inundation, Storm ;
 Of Pestilence, and every great Distress ; 1040
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling Fate has struck
 Th' unalterable Hour : even Nature's self
 Is deem'd to totter on the Brink of Time.
 Not so the Man of philosophic Eye,
 And Inspect sage ; the waving Brightness he 1045
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know
 The Causes, and Materials, yet unfix'd,
 Of this Appearance beautiful, and new.

Now black, and deep, the Night begins to fall,
 A Shade immense. Sunk in the quenching Gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are Heaven and Earth. 1051
 Order confounded lies ; all Beauty void ;
 Distinction lost ; and gay Variety
 One universal Blot : such the fair Power
 Of Light, to kindle and create the Whole. 1055
 Drear is the State of the benighted Wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro the Dark,
 Full of pale Fancies, and Chimeras huge ;
 Nor visited by one directive Ray,
 From Cottage streaming, or from airy Hall. 1060
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the Root of slimy Rushes, blue,

The

The Wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A Length of Flame deceitful o'er the Moss;
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastick Blaze, 1065
 Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and Horse amid the miry Gulph:
 While still, from Day to Day, his pining Wife,
 And plaintive Children his Return await,
 In wild Conjecture lost. At other Times, 1070
 Sent by the *better Genius* of the Night,
 Innocuous, gleaming on the Horse's Mane,
 The Meteor sits; and shews the narrow Path,
 That winding leads thro Pits of Death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous Ford. 1075

THE lengthen'd Night elaps'd, the Morning shines
 Serene, in all her dewy Beauty bright,
 Unfolding fair the last autumnal Day.
 And now the mounting Sun dispels the Fog;
 The rigid Hoar-Frost melts before his Beam; 1080
 And hung on every Spray, on every Blade
 Of Grass, the myriad Dew-Drops twinkle round.

AN see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that Pit,
 Lies the still heaving Hive! at Evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the Cloud of Guilt-concealing Night, 1085
 And fix'd o'er Sulphur: while, not dreaming Ill,
 The happy People, in their waxen Cells,
 Sat tending publick Cares, and planning Schemes
 Of Temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious Stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive Steam ascends; 1091
 And, us'd to milder Scents, the tender Race,
 By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd Domes,
 Convolv'd, and agonizing in the Dust.

And was it then for This you roam'd the Spring, 1095
 Intent from Flower to Flower? for This you toil'd
 Ceaseless the burning Summer-Heats away?
 For This in Autumn search'd the blooming Waste,

Nor lost one sunny Gleam ? for this sad Fate ?
 O Man ! tyrannic Lord ! how long, how long, 1100
 Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your Rage,
 Awaiting Renovation ? when oblig'd,
 Must you destroy ? Of their ambrosial Food
 Can you not borrow ; and, in just Return,
 Afford them Shelter from the wintry Winds ; 1105
 Or, as the sharp Year pinches, with their Own
 Again regale them on some smiling Day ?
 See where the stony Bottom of their Town
 Looks desolate, and wild ; with here and there
 A helpless Number, who the ruin'd State 1110
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to Death.
 Thus a proud City, populous and rich,
 Full of the Works of Peace, and high in Joy,
 At Theater or Feast, or sunk in Sleep,
 (As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd 1115
 By some dread Earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,
 Sheer from the black Foundation, stench-involv'd,
 Into a Gulph of blue sulphureous Flame.

H E N C E every harsher Sight ! for now the Day,
 O'er Heaven and Earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
 Infinite Splendor ! wide investing All. 1121
 Now still the Breeze ! save what the filmy Threads
 Of Dew evaporate brushes from the Plain.
 How clear the cloudless Sky ! how deeply ting'd
 With a peculiar Blue ! th' ethereal Arch 1125
 How swell'd immense ! amid whose azure thron'd
 The radiant Sun how gay ! how calm below
 The gilded Earth ! the Harvest-Treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the Rage of Storms,
 Sure to the Swain ; the circling Fence shut up ; 1130
 And instant Winter's utmost Rage defy'd.
 While, loose to festive Joy, the Country round
 Laughs with the loud Sincerity of Mirth,
 Shook to the Wind their Cares, The Toil-strung Youth
 By

A U T U M N.

131

By the quick Sense of Music taught alone, 1135
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively Dance.
 Her every Charm abroad, the Village-Toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native Beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning Looks; and, where her Eye
 Points an approving Smile, with double Force, 1140
 The Cudgel rattles, and the Wrestler twines.
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The Feats of Youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's Sun, their annual Toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing Round. 1145

O H knew he but his Happiness, of Men
 The happiest he! who far from public Rage,
 Deep in the Vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,
 Drinks the pure Pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.
 What tho the Dome be wanting; who e proud Gate,
 Each Morning, vomits out the sneaking Croud 1151
 Of Flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?
 Vile Intercourse! What tho the glittering Robe,
 Of every Hue reflected Light can give,
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy Gold, 1155
 The Pride and Gaze of Fools! oppress him not?
 What tho, from utmost Land and Sea purvey'd,
 For him each rarer tributary Life
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate Table heaps
 With Luxury, and Death? What tho his Bowl 1160
 Flames not with costly Juice; nor sunk in Beds,
 Oft of gay Care, he tosses out the Night,
 Or melts the thoughtless Hours in idle State?
 What tho he knows not those fantastic Joys,
 That still amuse the Wanton, still deceive; 1165
 A Face of Pleasure, but a Heart of Pain;
 Their hollow Moments undelighted all?
 Sure Peace is his; a solid Life, estrang'd
 To Disappointment, and fallacious Hope:
 Rich in Content, in Nature's Bounty rich, 1170

In

In Herbs and Fruits ; whatever greens the Spring, 1165
 When Heaven descends in Showers ; or bends the Bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;

Or in the Wintry Glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest Sap : 1175

These are not wanting ; nor the milky Drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing Vale ;
 Nor bleating Mountains ; nor the Chide of Streams,
 And Hum of Bees, inviting Sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless Breast, beneath the Shade, 1180

Or thrown at large amid the fragrant Hay ;
 Nor aught besides of Prospect, Grove, or Song,
 Dim Grottoes, gleaming Lakes, and Fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple Truth ; plain Innocence ;
 Unfully'd Beauty ; sound unbroken Youth, 1185

Patient of Labour, with a Little pleas'd ;
 Health ever-blooming ; unambitious Toil ;
 Calm Contemplation, and poetic Ease.

Let others brave the Flood in Quest of Gain,
 And beat, for joyless Months, the gloomy Wave.

Let such as deem it Glory to destroy 1191

Rush into Blood, the Sack of Cities seek ;
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the Widow's Wail,
 The Virgin's Shriek, and Infant's trembling Cry.

Let some, far distant from their native Soil, 1195

Urg'd or by Want or harden'd Avarice,
 Find other Lands beneath another Sun.

Let This thro Cities work his eager Way,
 By legal Outrage, and establish'd Guile,
 'The social Sense extinct ; and That ferment 1200

Mad into Tumult the seditious Herd,
 Or melt them down to Slavery. Let These

Inflame the Wretched in the Toils of Law,
 Fomenting Discord, and perplexing Right,
 An iron Race ! and Those of fairer Front, 1205
 But equal Inhumanity, in Courts,

Delusive

Delusive Pomp, and dark Cabals, delight ;
 Wreathe the deep Bow, diffuse the lying Smile,
 And tread the weary Labyrinth of State.
 While He, from all the stormy Passions free 1210
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,
 At distance safe, the Human Tempest roar,
 Wrapt close in conscious Peace. The Fall of Kings,
 The Rage of Nations, and the Crush of States,
 Move not the Man, who, from the World escap'd,
 In still retreats, and flowery Solitudes, 1216
 To Nature's Voice attends, from Month to Month,
 And Day to Day, thro the revolving Year ;
 Admiring, sees Her in her every Shape ;
 Feels all her sweet Emotions at his Heart ; 1220
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
 He when young Spring protrudes the bursting Gems,
 Marks the first Bud, and sucks the healthful Gale
 Into his freshen'd Soul ; her genial Hours
 He full enjoys ; and not a Beauty blows, 1225
 And not an opening Blossom breathes in vain.
 In summer he, beneath the living Shade,
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempè* wont to wave,
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of These
 Perhaps, has in immortal Numbers sung ; 1230
 Or what she dictates writes ; and, oft an Eye
 Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous Year.
 When Autumn's yellow Luster gilds the World,
 And tempts the sickled Swain into the Field,
 Seiz'd by the general Joy, his Heart distends 1235
 With gentle Throws ; and, thro the tepid Gleams
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his Song.
 Even Winter wild to him is full of Bliss.
 The mighty Tempest, and the hoary Waste, 1239
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the bury'd Earth,
 Awake to solemn Thought. At Night the Skies,
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining Frost,

Pour

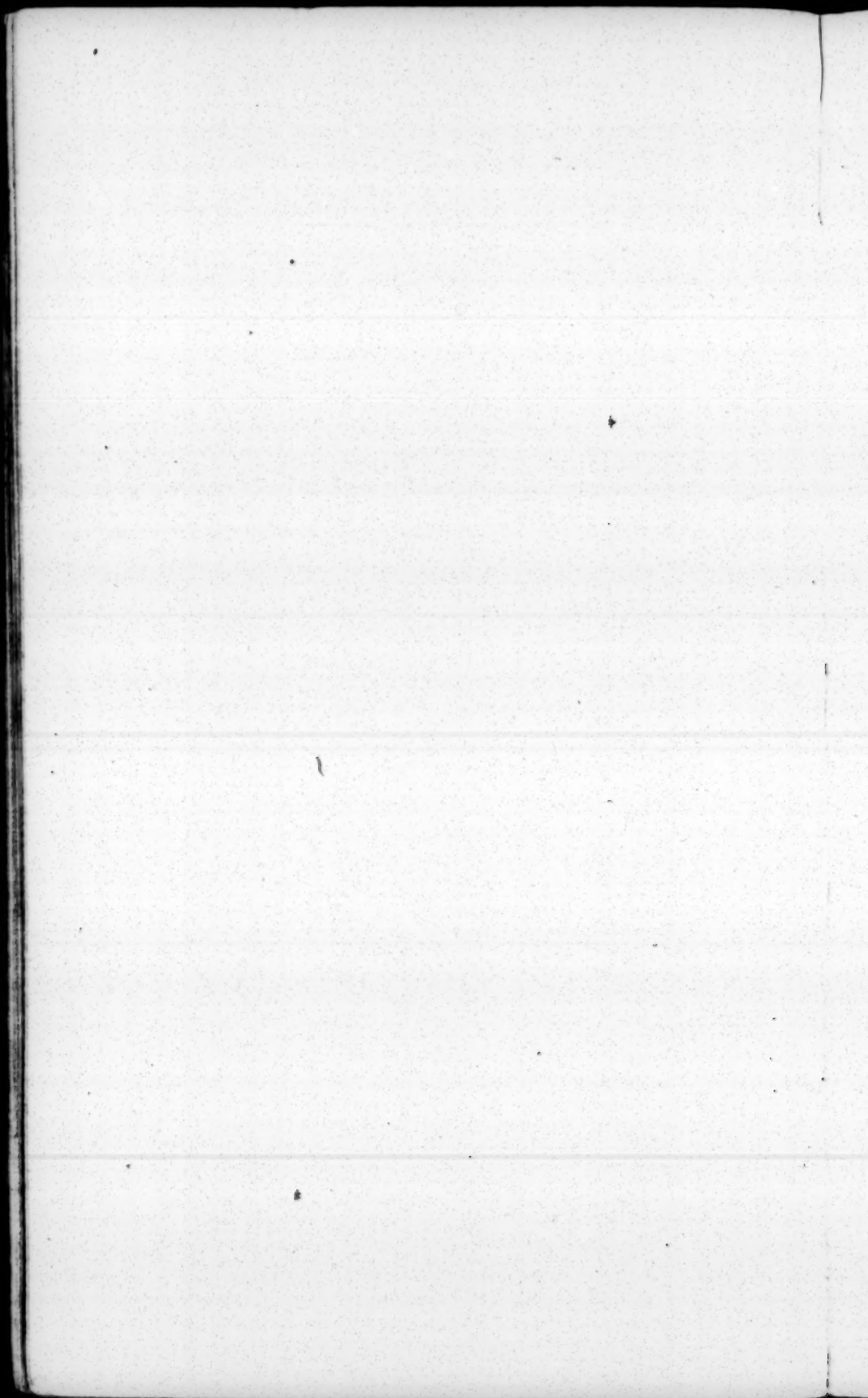
Pour every Luster on th' exalted Eye.
 A Friend a Book the stealing Hours secure,
 And mark them down for Wisdom. With swift Wing,
 O'er Land and Sea Imagination roams; 1246
 Or Truth, divinely breaking on his Mind,
 Elates his Being, and unfolds his Powers;
 Or in his Breast Heroic Virtue burns.
 The Touch of Kindred too and Love he feels; 1250
 The modest Eye, whose Beams on his alone
 Extatic shine, the little strong Embrace
 Of prattling Children, twin'd around his Neck,
 And emulous to please him, calling forth
 The fond parental Soul. Nor purpose gay, 1255
 Amusement, Dance, or Song, he sternly scorns;
 For Happiness and true Philosophy
 Are of the social still, and smiling Kind.
 This is the Life which those who fret in Guilt,
 And guilty Citics, never knew; the Life, 1260
 Led by primeval Ages, uncorrupt,
 When Angels dwelt, and God himself with Man!
 OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Inrich me with the Knowledge of thy Works!
 Snatch me to Heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond World, in infinite Extent, 1266
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue Immense,
 Shew me; their Motions, Periods, and their Laws,
 Give me to scan; thro the disclosing Deep
 Light my blind Way: the mineral *Strata* there; 1270
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable World;
 O'er that the rising System, more complex,
 Of Animals; and higher still, the Mind,
 The vary'd Scene of quick-compounded Thought,
 And where the mixing Passions endless shift; 1275
 These ever open to my ravish'd Eye.
 A Search, the Flight of Time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the Blood,

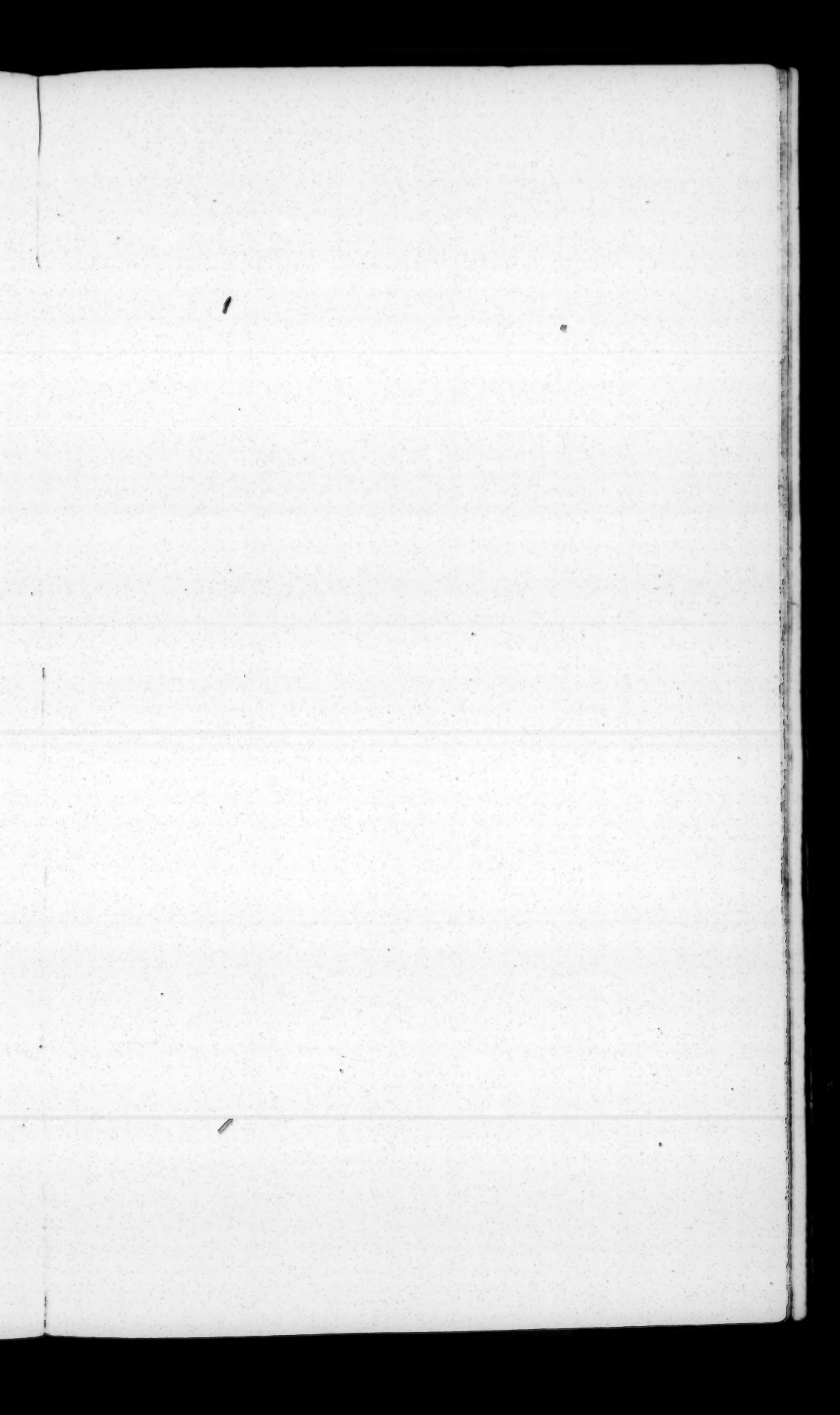
AUTUMN.

135

In sluggish Streams about my Heart, forbid
That *best* Ambition ; under closing Shades, 1280
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly Brook,
And whisper to my Dreams. From THEE begin,
Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my Song ;
And let me never never stray from THEE !

WINTER.







WINTER.

J. R. Ridgeway sculp.

W I N T E R.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed. Address to the Earl of WILMINGTON.

First Approach of Winter. According to the natural Course of the Season, various Storms described. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the Snows: A Man perishing among them; whence Reflections on the Wants and Miseries of Human Life. The Wolves descending from the Alps and Apennines. A Winter Evening described: as spent by Philosophers; by the Country People; in the City. Frost. A View of Winter within the polar Circle. A Thaw. The whole concluding with moral Reflections on a future State.

W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the vary'd Year,
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising Train ;
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my Theme,
 These that exalt the Soul to solemn Thought,
 And heavenly Musing. Welcome, kindred Glooms ! 5
 Cogential Horrors, hail ! with frequent Foot,
 Pleas'd have I, in my chearful Morn of Life,
 When nurs'd by careless Solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing Joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro your rough Domain ; 10
 Trod the pure Virgin-Snows, myself as pure ;
 Heard the Winds roar, and the big Torrent burst ;
 Or seen the deep fermenting Tempest brew'd,
 In the grim Evening-Sky. Thus pass'd the Time,
 Till thro the lucid Chambers of the South 15
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd.

To Thee, the Patron of *this first* Essay,
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON ! renews her Song.
 Since has she rounded the revolving Year :
 Skim'd the gay Spring ; on Eagle-Pinions borne, 20
 Attempted thro the Summer-Blaze to rise ;
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy Gale ;
 And now among the wintry Clouds again,
 Roll'd in the doubling Storm, she tries to soar ;
 To swell her Note with all the rushing Winds ; 25
 To suit her sounding Cadence to the Floods ;
 As is her Theme, her Numbers wildly great :

Thrice

Thrice happy ! could the fill thy judging Ear
 With bold Description, and with manly Thought.
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful Schemes alone, 30
 And how to make a mighty People thrive :
 But equal Goodness, sound Integrity,
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted Soul,
 Amid a sliding Age, and burning strong,
 Not vainly blazing for thy Country's Weal, 35
 A steady Spirit regularly free ;
 These, each exalting each, the Statesman light
 Into the Patriot ; These, the publick Hope
 And Eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
 Record what Envy dares not Flattery call. 40
 Now when the chearless Empire of the Sky
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' invented Year ;
 Hung o'er the farthest Verge of Heaven, the Sun
 Scarce spreads o'er Ether the dejected Day. 45
 Faint are his Gleams, and ineffectual shoot
 His struggling Rays, in horizontal Lines,
 Thro the thick Air ; as cloath'd in cloudy Storm,
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the Southern Sky ;
 And, soon descending, to the long dark Night 50
 Wide-shading All, the prostrate World resigns.
 Nor is the Night unwish'd ; while vital Heat,
 Light, Life, and Joy, the dubious Day forsake.
 Mean-time, in sable Cincture, Shadows vast,
 Deep ting'd and damp, and congregated Clouds, 55
 And all the vapoury Turbulence of Heaven
 Involve the Face of Things. Thus Winter falls,
 A heavy Gloom oppressive o'er the World,
 Thro Nature shedding Influence malign,
 And rouses up the Seeds of dark Disease. 60
 The Soul of Man dies in him, loathing Life,
 And black with more than melancholy Views.
 The Cattle droop ; and o'er the furrow'd Land,

Fresh

Fresh from the Plow, the dun discolour'd Flocks,
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome Root. 65
 Along the Woods, along the moorish Fens,
 Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming Storm ;
 And up among the loose disjointed Cliffs,
 And fractur'd Mountains wild, the brawling Brook
 And Cave, presageful, send a hollow Moan, 70
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's Ear.

Then comes the Father of the Tempest forth,
 Wrapt in black Gloom. First joyless Rains obscure
 Drive thro the mingling Skies with Vapour foul ;
 Dash on the Mountain's Brow, and shake the Woods, 75
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly Plain
 Lies a brown Deluge ; as the low-bent Clouds
 Pour Flood on Flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and deepening into Night shut up
 The Day's fair Face. The Wanderers of Heaven, 80
 Each to his Home, retire ; save Those that love
 To take their Pastime in the troubled Air,
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply Pool.
 The Cattle from th' untasted Fields return,
 And ask, with meaning Lowe, their wonted Stalls, 85
 Or ruminat in the contiguous Shade.
 Thither the household feathery People croud,
 The crested Cock, with all his female Train,
 Pensive, and dripping ; while the Cottage-Hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening Blaze and taleful there 90
 Recounts his simple Frolick : much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the Storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble Roof.

Wide o'er the Brim, with many a Torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd Ruin of its Banks o'erspread, 95
 At last the rous'd-up River pours along :
 Resiftless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude Mountain, and the mossy Wild,
 Tumbling thro Rocks abrupt, and sounding far ;

Then

Then o'er the fanded Valley floating spreads, 100
 Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd,
 Between two meeting Hills it bursts a Way,
 Where Rocks and Woods o'erhang the turbid Stream ;
 There gathering triple Force, rapid, and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro. 105

NATURE ! great Parent ! whose unceasing Hand
 Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful Year,
 How mighty, how majestic, are thy Works !
 With what a pleasing Dread they swell the Soul !
 That sees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110

Ye too, ye Winds ! that now begin to blow,
 With boisterous Sweep, I raise my Voice to you.
 Where are your Stores, ye powerful Beings ! say,
 Where your aerial Magazines reserv'd,
 To swell the brooding Terrors of the Storm ? 115
 In what far-distant Region of the Sky,
 Hush'd in deep Silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

WHEN from the palid Sky the Sun descends,
 With many a Spot, that o'er his glaring Orb
 Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery Streaks 120
 Begin to flush around. The reeling Clouds
 Stagger with dizzy Poise, as doubting yet
 Which Master to obey : while rising slow,
 Blank, in the leaden-colour'd East, the Moon
 Wears a wan Circle round her blunted Horns. 125
 Seen thro the turbid fluctuating Air,
 The Stars obtuse emit a shivering Ray ;
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the Gloom,
 And long behind them trail the whitening Blaze.
 Snatch'd in short Eddies, plays the wither'd Leaf ; 130
 And on the Flood the dancing Feather floats.
 With broaden'd Nostrials to the Sky upturn'd,
 The conscious Heifer snuffs the stormy Gale.
 Even as the Matron, at her nightly Task,
 With pensive Labour draws the flaxen Thread, 135
 The

The wasted Taper and the crackling Flame
 Foretel the Blast. But chief the plummy Race,
 The Tenants of the Sky, its Changes speak.
 Retiring from the Downs, where all Day long
 They pick'd their scanty Fare, a blackening Train 140
 Of clamorous Rooks thick-urge their weary Flight,
 And seek the closing Shelter of the Grove.
 Assiduous, 'in his Bower, the wailing Owl
 Plies his sad Song. The Cormorant on high 144
 Wheels from the Deep, and screams along the Land.
 Loud shrieks the soaring Hern; and with wild Wing
 The circling Sea-Fowl cleave the flaky Clouds.
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken Tide
 And blind Commotion heaves; while from the Shore,
 Eat into Caverns by the restless Wave, 150
 And Forest-rustling Mountain, comes a Voice,
 That solemn-sounding bids the World prepare.
 Then issues forth the Storm with sudden Burst,
 And hurls the whole precipitated Air,
 Down, in a Torrent. On the passive Main 155
 Descends th' etherial Force, and with strong Gust
 Turns from its Bottom the discolour'd Deep.
 Thro the black Night that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into Foam, the fierce conflicting Brine
 Seems o'er a thousand raging Waves to burn; 160
 Mean-time the Mountain-Billows, to the Clouds
 In dreadful Tumult swell'd Surge above Surge,
 Burst into Chaos with tremendous Roar,
 And anchor'd Navies from their Stations drive,
 Wild as the Winds across the howling Waste 165
 Of mighty Waters: now th' inflated Wave
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot
 Into the secret Chambers of the Deep,
 The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their Head.
 Emerging thence again, before the Breath 170
 Of full-exerted Heaven they wing their Course,

And

And dart on distant Coasts ; if some sharp Rock,
Or Shoal insidious break not their Career,
And in loose Fragments fling them floating round.

N O R less at Land the loosen'd Tempest reigns. 175

The Mountain thunders ; and its sturdy Sons
Stoop to the Bottom of the Rocks they shade.

Lone on the midnight Steep, and all aghast,
The dark way-faring Stranger breathless toils,
And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180

Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
What of its tarnish'd Honours yet remain ;
Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing Wind's
Assiduous Fury, its gigantic Limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipated Grove, 185

The whirling Tempest raves along the Plain ;
And on the Cottage thatch'd, or lordly Roof,
Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid Base.

Sleep frightened flies ; and round the rocking Dome,
For Entrance eager, howls the savage Blast. 190

Then too, they say, thro all the burthen'd Air,
Long Groans are heard, shrill Sounds, and distant Sighs,
That, utter'd by the Demon of the Night,
Warn the devoted Wretch of Woe and Death.

HUGE Uproar lords it wide. The Clouds commix'd
With Stars swift-gliding sweep along the Sky. 196

All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft
Amid tempestuous Darkness dwells alone,
And on the Wings of the careering Wind
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a Calm ; 200

Then straight Air Sea and Earth are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis Midnight deep. The weary Clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid Gloom.

Now while the drowsy world lies lost in Sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night, 205
And Contemplation her sedate Compeer ;

Let me shake off th' intrusive Cares of Day,

And

And lay the meddling Senses all aside.

W H E R E now, ye lying Vanities of Life!
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating Train! 210

Where are you now? and what is your Amount?

Vexation, Disappointment, and Remorse.

Sad, sickening Thought! and yet deluded Man,

A Scene of crude disjointed Visions past,

And broken Slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215

With new-flush'd Hopes, to run the giddy Round.

F A T H E R of Light and Life! thou GOOD SUPREME!

O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!

Save me from Folly, Vanity, and Vice,

From every low Pursuit! and feed my Soul 220

With Knowledge, conscious Peace, and Virtue pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading Bliss!

T H E keener Tempests come: and fuming dun

From all the livid East, or piercing North,

Thick Clouds ascend; in whose capacious Womb 225

A vapoury Deluge lies, to Snow congeal'd.

Heavy they roll their fleecy World along;

And the Sky saddens with the gather'd Storm.

Thro the hush'd Air the whitening Shower descends,

At first thin-wavering; till at last the Flakes 230

Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the Day,

With a continual Flow. The cherish'd Fields

Put on their Winter-Robe, of purest White.

'Tis Brightness all; save where the new Snow melts,

Along the mazy Current. Low, the Woods 235

Bow their hoar Head; and, ere the languid Sun

Faint from the West emits his Evening-Ray,

Earth's universal Face, deep-hid, and chill,

Is one wild dazzling Waste, that buries wide

The Works of Man. Drooping, the Labourer-Ox 240

Stands cover'd o'er with Snow, and then demands

The Fruit of all his Toil. The Fowls of Heaven,

Tam'd by the cruel Season, croud around

The winnowing Store, and claim the little Boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone, 245
 The Red-Breast, sacred to the household Gods,
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling Sky,
 In joyless Fields, and thorny Thickets, leaves
 His shivering Mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual Visit. Half-afraid, he first 250
 Against the Window beats; then, brisk, alights
 On the warm Hearth; then, hopping o'er the Floor,
 Eyes all the smiling Family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till more familiar grown, the Table-Crumbs 255
 Attract his slender Feet. The foodless Wilds
 Pour forth their brown Inhabitants. The Hare,
 'Tho timorous of Heart, and hard beset
 By Death in various Forms, dark Snares, and Dogs,
 And more unpitying Men, the Garden seeks, 260
 Urg'd on by fearless Want. The bleating Kind
 Eye the bleak Heaven, and next the glistening Earth,
 With Looks of dumb Despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd Herb thro Heaps of Snow.

Now, Shepherds, to your helpless Charge be kind,
 Baffle the raging Year, and fill their Pens 266
 With Food at Will; lodge them below the Storm,
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing East,
 In this dire Season, oft the Whirlwind's Wing
 Sweeps up the Burthen of whole wintry Plains 270
 In one wide Waft, and o'er the hapless Flocks,
 Hid in the Hollow of two neighbouring Hills,
 The billowy Tempest whelms; till, upward urg'd,
 The Valley to a shining Mountain swells,
 Tipt with a Wreath, high-curling in the Sky. 275

As thus the Snows arise; and foul, and fierce,
 All Winter drives along the darken'd Air;
 In his own loose-revolving Fields, the Swain
 Disaster'd stands; sees other Hills ascend,

Of unknown joyless Brow ; and other Scenes, 280
 Of horrid Prospect, shag the trackless Plain :
 Nor finds the River, nor the Forest, hid
 Beneath the formless Wild ; but wanders on
 From Hill to Dale, still more and more astray ;
 Impatient flouncing thro the drifted Heaps, 285
 Stung with the Thoughts of Home ; the Thoughts of
 Rush on his Nerves, and call their Vigour forth [Home
 In many a vain Attempt. How sinks his Soul !
 What black Despair, what Horror fills his Heart !
 When for the dusky Spot, which Fancy feign'd 290
 His tufted Cottage rising thro the Snow,
 He meets the Roughness of the middle Waste,
 Far from the Track, and blest Abode of Man ;
 While round him Night resistless closes fast,
 And every Tempest, howling o'er his Head, 295
 Renders the savage Wilderness more wild.
 Then throng the busy Shapes into his Mind,
 Of cover'd Pits, unfathomably deep,
 A dire Descent ! beyond the Power of Frost,
 Of faithless Bogs ; of Precipices huge, 300
 Smooth'd up with Snow ; and, what is Land unknown,
 What Water, of the still unfrozen Spring,
 In the loose Marsh or solitary Lake,
 Where the fresh Fountain from the Bottom boils.
 These check his fearful Steps ; and down he sinks 305
 Beneath the Shelter of the shapeless Drift,
 Thinking o'er all the Bitterness of Death,
 Mix'd with the tender Anguish Nature shoots
 Thro the wrung Bosom of the dying Man,
 His Wife, his Children, and his Friends unseen. 310
 In vain for him th' officious Wife prepares
 The Fire fair-blazing, and the Vestment warm ;
 In vain his little Children, peeping out
 Into the mingling Storm, demand their Sire,
 With Tears of artless Innocence. Alas ! 315

Nor Wife, nor Children, more shall he behold,
 Nor Friends, nor sacred Home. On every Nerve
 The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up Sense;
 And, o'er his inmost Vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the Snows, a stiffen'd Corse, 320
 Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern Blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious Proud,
 Whom Pleasure, Power, and Affluence surround;
 They, who their thoughtless Hours in giddy Mirth,
 And wanton, often cruel, Riot waste; 325
 Ah litt'e think they, while they dance along,
 How many feel, this very Moment, Death
 And all the sad Variety of Pain.
 How many sink in the devouring Flood,
 Or more devouring Flame. How many bleed, 330
 By shameful Variance betwixt Man and Man.
 How many pine in Want, and Dungeon Gloom; ;
 Shut from the common Air, and common Use
 Of their own Limbs. How many drink the Cup
 Of baleful Grief, or eat the bitter Bread 335
 Of Misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry Winds,
 How many shrink into the sordid Hut
 Of cheerless Poverty. How many snake
 With all the fiercer Tortures of the Mind,
 Unbounded Passion, Madness, Guilt, Remorse; 340
 Whence tumbled headlong from the Height of Life,
 They furnish Matter for the Tragic Muse.
 Even in the Vale, where Wisdom loves to dwell,
 With Friendship, Peace, and Contemplation join'd,
 How many, rack'd with honest Passions, droop 345
 In deep retir'd Distress. How many stand
 Around the Death-bed of their dearest Friends,
 And point the parting Anguish. Thought fond Man
 Of These, and all the thousand nameless Ills,
 That one incessant Struggle render Life, 350
 One Scene of Toil, of Suffering, and of Fate,

Vice

Vice in his high Career would stand appall'd,
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;
The conscious Heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide Wish Penevolence dilate; 355
The social Tear would rise, the social Sigh;
And into clear Perfection, gradual Blifs,
Refining still, the social Passions work.

A N D here can I forget the generous * Band,
Who, touch'd with human Woe, redressive search'd 360
Into the Horrors of the gloomy Jail?

Unpity'd, and unheard, where Misery moans;
Where Sickness pines; where Thirst and Hunger burn,
And poor Misfortune feels the Lash of Vice.

While in the Land of Liberty, the Land 365
Whose every Street and publick Meeting glow
With open Freedom, little Tyrants rag'd:

Snatch'd the lean Morsel from the starving Mouth;
'Tore from cold wintry Limbs the tatter'd Weed;
Even robb'd them of the last of Comforts, Sleep; 370

The free-born BRITON to the Dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the Lust of Cruelty prevail'd,

At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious Stripes;
And crush'd out Lives, by secret barbarous Ways,
That for their Country would have toil'd, or bled. 375

O great Design! if executed well,
With patient Care, and Wisdom-temper'd Zeal.

Ye Sons of Mercy! yet resume the Search;
Drag forth the legal Monsters into Light,
Wrench from their Hands Oppression's iron Rod, 380

And bid the Cruel feel the Pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank Age,
Much is the Patriot's weeding Hand requir'd.

The Toils of Law, (what dark insidious Men
Have cumbrous added to perplex the Truth, 385
And lengthen simple Justice into Trade)

G 3

How

* *The Jail-Committee, in the Year 1729.*

How glorious were the Day! that saw These broke,
And every Man within the Reach of Right.

By wintry Famine rous'd, from all the Tract
Of horrid Mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390
And wavy *Appennines*, and *Pyrenees*,
Branch out stupendous into distant Lands;
Cruel as Death, and hungry as the Grave!
Burning for Blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Asssembling Wolves in raging Troops descend; 395
And, pouring o'er the Country, bear along,
Keen as the North-Wind sweeps the glossy Snow.
All is their Prize. They fasten on the Steed,
Press him to Earth, and pierce his mighty Heart. 400
Nor can the Bull his awful Front defend,
Or shake the murdering Savages away.
Rapacious, at the Mother's Throat they fly,
And tear the screaming Infant from her Breast.
The godlike Face of Man avails him nought. 405
Even Beauty, Force divine! at whose bright Glance
The generous Lion stands in soften'd Gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd Prey.
But if, appriz'd of the severe Attack,
The Country be shut up, lur'd by the Scent, 410
On Church-Yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed Prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded Body from the Grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul Shades, and frightened Ghosts, they howl.

Among those hilly Regions, where embrac'd 415
In peaceful Vales the happy *Grisons* dwell;
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded Cliffs,
Mountains of Snow their gathering Terrors roll.
From Steep to Steep, loud-thundering, down they come,
A wintry Waste in dire Commotion all; 420
And Herds, and Flocks, and Travellers, and Swains,
And sometimes whole Brigades of marching Troops,
Or Hamlets sleeping in the Dead of Night,

Are

Are deep beneath the smothering Ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the Rigours of the Year, 425

In the wild Depth of Winter, while without

The ceaseless Winds blow Ice, be my Retreat,

Between the groaning Forest and the Shore,

Beat by the boundless Multitude of Waves,

A rural, shelter'd, solitary, Scene; 430

Where ruddy Fire and beaming Tapers join,

To cheer the Gloom. There studious let me sit,

And hold high Converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;

Sages of antient Time, as Gods rever'd,

As Gods beneficent, who blest Mankind 435

With Arts, and Arms, and humaniz'd a World.

Rous'd at th' inspiring Thought, I throw aside

The long-liv'd Volume; and, deep-musing, hail

The sacred Shades, that slowly-rising pass

Before my wondering Eyes. First SOCRATES, 440

Who firmly good in a corrupted State,

Against the Rage of Tyrants *single* stood,

Invincible! calm Reason's holy Law,

That *Voice* of God within th' attentive Mind,

Obeys, fearless, or in Life, or Death: 445

Great Moral Teacher! *Wise*st of Mankind!

SOLOON the next, who built his Common-Weal

On Equity's wide Base; by *tender* Laws

A lively People curbing, yet undamp'd

Preserving still that quick peculiar Fire, 450

Whence in the laurel'd Field of finer Arts,

And of bold Freedom, they unequal'd shone,

The Pride of smiling GREECE, and Human-kind.

LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the Force

Of strictest Discipline, *severely* wise, 455

All human Passions. Following Him, I see,

As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,

The firm * DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by Deeds

G 4

The

* LEONIDAS.

The hardest Lesson which the *other* taught.
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest Front ; 460
 Spotless of Heart, to whom th' unflattering Voice
 Of Freedom gave the noblest Name of *Just* ;
 In pure majestic Poverty rever'd ;
 Who, even his Glory to his Country's Weal
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † *Rival's* Fame. 465
 Rear'd by his Care, of softer Ray, appears
 CIMON sweet-soul'd ; whose Genius, rising strong,
 Shook off the Load of young Debauch ; abroad
 The Scourge of *Persian* Pride, at home the Friend.
 Of every Worth and every splendid Art ; 470
 Modest, and simple, in the Pomp of Wealth.
 Then the last Worthies of declining GREECE,
 Late-call'd to Glory, in *unequal* Times,
 Pensive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* Boast,
 TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm, 475
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.
 And, equal to the best, the * THEBAN PAIR,
 Whose Virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,
 Their Country rais'd to Freedom, Empire, Fame.
 He too, with whom *Athenian* Honour sunk, 480
 And left a Mass of sordid Lees behind,
 PHOCION the *Good* ; in public Life severe,
 To Virtue still inexorably firm ;
 But when, beneath his low illustrious Roof,
 Sweet Peace and happy Wisdom smooch'd his Brow, 485
 Not Friendship softer was, nor Love more kind.
 And He, the *last* of old LYCURGUS' Sons,
 The generous Victim to that vain Attempt,
 To *save a rotten State*, AGIS, who saw
 Even SPARTA's self to servile Avarice sunk. 490
 The two *Achaian* Heroes close the Train.
 ARATUS, who a while relum'd the Soul

Of

† THEMISTOCLES.

* PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.

Of fondly-lingering Liberty in GREECE :
 And He her Darling as her latest Hope,
 The *gallant* PHILOPEMON ; who to Arms 495
 Turn'd the luxurious Pomp he could not cure ;
 Or toiling in his Farm, a simple Swain ;
 Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the Field.

OF rougher Front, a mighty People come !
 A Race of Heroes ! in those virtuous Times 500
 Which knew no Stain, save that with partial Flame
 Their *dearest* Country they *too fondly* lov'd.
 Her *better Founder* first, the Light of ROME,
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious Sons.
 SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid Base 505
 On which o'er Earth the *vast Republic* spread.
 Then the great Consuls venerable rise.

The * PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,
 As on the dread Tribunal sternly sad.
 He, whom his thankless Country *could not* lose, 510
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her Foes.

FABRICIUS, Scorner of all-conquering Gold ;
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the Plow.
 Thy † WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose, 515
 From a whole City's Tears, by rigid Faith
 Imperious call'd, and Honour's dire Command.

SCIPIO, the *gentle Chief*, humanely brave,
 Who soon the Race of spotless Glory ran,
 And, warm in Youth, to the *Poetic Shade* 520
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.

TULLY, whose powerful Eloquence a while
 Restrain'd the *rapid* Fate of rushing ROME.
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.
 And Thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of Heart, 525
 Whose steady Arm, by awful Virtue urg'd,
 Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy Friend.

G 5

Thousands

* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

† REGULUS.

Thousands, besides, the Tribute of a Verse
Demand; but who can count the Stars of Heaven?
Who sing their Influence on this lower World? 530

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober State,
Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal Sun:
'Tis *Phœbus* self, or else the *Mantuan Sycain*!
Great HOMER too appears, of daring Wing,
Parent of Song! and *equal* by his Side, 535
The BRITISH MUSE; join'd Hand in Hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle Steep to Fame.
Nor absent are those Shades, whose skilful Touch
Pathetic drew th' impassion'd Heart, and charm'd
Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE: 540
Nor Those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.

FIRST of your Kind! Society divine!
Still visit thus my Nights, for you reserv'd,
And mount my soaring Soul to Thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely Power! the Door be thine; 545
See on the hallow'd Hour that none intrude,
Save a few chosen Friends, who sometimes deign
To bless my humble Roof, with Sense refin'd,
Learning digested well, exalted Faith,
Unstudy'd Wit, and Humour ever gay. 550
Or from the Muses' Hill will POPE descend,
'To raise the sacred Hour, to bid it smile,
And with the social Spirit warm the Heart:
For tho not sweeter his own HOMER sings,
Yet is his Life the more endearing Song. 555

WHERE art Thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling Pride,
The Friend and Lover of the tuneful Throng!
Ah why, dear Youth, in all the blooming Prime
Of vernal Genius, where disclosing fast
Each active Worth each manly Virtue lay, 560
Why wert thou ravish'd from our Hope so soon?
What now avails that noble Thirst of Fame,
Which stung thy fervent Breast? That treasur'd Store
Of

Of Knowledge, early gain'd ? That eager Zeal
 To serve thy Country, glowing in the Band 565
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her Name ?
 What now, alas ! that Life-diffusing Charm
 Of sprightly Wit ? That Rapture for the Muse,
 That Heart of Friendship, and that Soul of Joy,
 Which bade with softest Light thy Virtues smile ? 570
 Ah ! only shew'd, to check our fond Pursuits,
 And teach our humbled Hopes that Life is vain !

THUS in some deep Retirement would I pass,
 The Winter-Glooms, with Friends of pliant Soul,
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the Theme inspir'd : 575
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless Frame
 Was call'd, late-rising from the Void of Night,
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND ;
 Its Life, its Laws, its Progress, and its End.

Hence larger Prospects of the beauteous Whole 580
 Would, gradual, open on our opening Minds ;
 And each diffusive Harmony unite,
 In full Perfection, to th' astonish'd Eye.

Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on 585
 In higher Order ; fitted, and impell'd,
 By WISDOM's finest Hand, and issuing all
 In *general Good*. The sage Historic Muse
 Should next conduct us thro' the Deeps of Time :
 Shew us how Empire grew, declin'd, and fell, 590
 In scatter'd States ; what makes the Nations smile,
 Improves their Soil, and gives them double Suns ;
 And why they pine beneath the brightest Skies,
 In Nature's richest Lap. As thus we talk'd,

Our Hearts would burn within us, would inhale 595
 That Portion of Divinity, that Ray
 Of purest Heaven, which lights the public Soul
 Of Patriots, and of Heroes. But if doom'd,
 In powerless humble Fortune, to repress

These

These ardent Rifings of the kindling Soul ;
 Then, even superior to Ambition, we
 Would learn the private Virtues ; how to glide
 Thro Shades and Plains, along the smoothest Stream
 Of rural Life : or snatch'd away by Hope,
 Thro the dim Spaces of Futurity, 605
 With earnest Eye anticipate those Scenes
 Of Happiness, and Wonder ; where the Mind,
 In endless Growth and infinite Ascent,
 Rises from State to State, and World to World.
 But when with These the serious Thought is foil'd, 610
 We, shifting for Relief, would play the Shapes
 Of frolic Fancy ; and incessant form
 Those rapid Pictures, that assembled Train
 Of fleet Ideas, never join'd before,
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay Surprize ; 615
 Or Folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,
 Calls Laughter forth, deep shaking every Nerve.

MEAN-TIME the Village rouses up the Fire ;
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,
 Heard solemn, goes the Goblin-Story round ; 620
 Till superstitious Horror creeps o'er all.
 Or, frequent in the sounding Hall, they wake
 The rural Gambol. Rustic Mirth goes round ;
 The simple Joke that takes the Shepherd's Heart,
 Easily pleas'd ; the long loud Laugh, sincere ; 625
 The Kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong Maid,
 On purpose guardless, or pretending Sleep :
 The Leap, the Slap, the Haul ; and, shook to Notes
 Of native Music, the respondent Dance.
 Thus jocund fleets with them the Winter-Night. 630

THE City swarms intense. The public Haunt,
 Full of each Theme, and warm with mixt Discourse,
 Hums indistinct. The Sons of Riot flow
 Down the loose Stream of false enchanted Joy,
 'To swift Destruction. On the rankled Soul 635
 The

The gaming Fury falls; and in one Gulph
 Of total Ruin, Honour, Virtue, Peace,
 Friends, Families, and Fortune, headlong sink.
 Up-springs the Dance along the lighted Dome,
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways. 640
 The glittering Court effuses every Pomp;
 The Circle deepens; beam'd from gaudy Robes,
 Tapers, and sparkling Gems, and radiant Eyes,
 A soft Effulgence o'er the Palace waves:
 While, a gay Insect in *his* Summer-shine, 645
 The Fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy Wings.

DREAD o'er the Scene, the Ghost of HAMLET stalks;
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns:
 And BELVIDERA pours her Soul in Love.
 Terror alarms the Breast; the comely Tear 650
 Steals o'er the Cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE
 Holds to the World a Picture of itself,
 And raises sly the fair impartial Laugh.
 Sometimes she lifts her Strain, and paints the Scenes
 Of beauteous Life; whate'er can deck Mankind, 655
 Or charm the Heart, in generous * BEVIL shew'd.

O THOU, whose Wisdom, solid yet refin'd,
 Whose Patriot-Virtues, and consummate Skill
 To touch the finer Springs that move the World,
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow, 660
 And all *Apollo's* animating Fire,
 Give Thee, with pleasing Dignity, to shine
 At once the Guardian, Ornament, and Joy,
 Of polish'd Life; permit the *Rural Muse*,
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with Thee her Song! 665
 Ere to the Shades again she humbly flies,
 Indulge her fond Ambition, in thy Train,
 (For every Muse has in thy Train a Place)
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd Mind:

To

* *A Character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written*
by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

To mark that Spirit, which, with *British Scorn*, 670
 Rejects th' Allurements of corrupted Power ;
 That elegant Politeness, which excels,
 Even in the Judgment of presumptuous *France*,
 The boasted Manners of her shining Court ;
 That Wit, the vivid Energy of Sense, 675
 The Truth of Nature, which, with *Attic Point*,
 And kind well-temper'd Satire, smoothly keen,
 Steals through the Soul, and without Pain corrects.
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter Flame,
 O let me hail thee on some glorious Day, 680
 When to the listening Senate, ardent, croud
 BRITANNIA'S Sons to hear her pleaded Cause.
 Then drest by Thee, more amiably fair,
 Truth the soft Robe of mild Persuasion wears :
 Thou to assenting Reason giv'st again 685
 Her own enlighten'd Thoughts ; call'd from the Heart,
 Th' obedient Passions on thy Voice attend ;
 And even reluctant Party feels a while
 Thy gracious Power : as thro the vary'd Maze
 Of Eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong, 690
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious Flood.

To thy lov'd Haunt return, my happy Muse :

For now, behold, the joyous Winter-Day,
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro the blue Serene,
 For Sight too fine, th' etherial Nitre flies ; 695
 Killing infectious Damps, and the spent Air
 Storing afresh with elemental Life.
 Close crouds the shining Atmosphere ; and binds
 Our strengthen'd Bodies in its cold Embrace,
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our Blood ; 700
 Refines our Spirits, thro the new-strung Nerves,
 In swifter Sallies darting to the Brain ;
 Where sits the Soul, intense, collected, cool,
 Bright as the Skies, and as the Season keen.
 All Nature feels the renovating Force

Of Winter, only to the thoughtless Eye
In Ruin seen. The Frost-concocted Glebe
Draws in abundant vegetable Soul,
And gathers Vigour for the coming Year.
A stronger Glow sits on the lively Cheek
Of ruddy Fire : and luculent along
The purer Rivers flow ; their fullen Deeps,
Transparent, open to the Shepherd's Gaze,
And murmur hoarser at the fixing Frost.

710

WHAT art thou, Frost ? and whence are thy keen Stores
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading Power,
Whom even th' illusive Fluid cannot fly ?

716

Is not thy potent Energy, unseen,
Myriads of little Salts, or hook'd, or shap'd
Like double Wedges, and diffus'd immense
Thro Water, Earth, and Ether ? Hence at Eve,
Steam'd eager from the red Horizon round,
With the fierce Rage of Winter deep suffus'd,
An icy Gale, oft shifting, o'er the Pool

720

Breathes a blue Film, and in its mid Career
Arrests the bickering Stream. The loosen'd Ice,
Let down the Flood, and half dissolv'd by Day,
Ruffles no more ; but to the sedgy Bank
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed Stone,
A crystal Pavement, by the Breath of Heaven
Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from Shore to Shore,
The whole imprison'd River growls below.

725

Loud rings the frozen Earth, and hard reflects
A double Noise ; while, at his evening Watch,
The village Dog deters the nightly Thief ;
The Heifer lows ; the distant Water-fall
Swells in the Breeze ; and, with the hasty Tread
Of Traveller, the hollow-sounding Plain
Shakes from afar. The full ethereal Round,
Infinite Worlds disclosing to the View,

730

735

Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one Cope

740

Of

Of starry Glitter, glows from Pole to Pole.
 From Pole to Pole the rigid Influence falls,
 Thro the still Night, incessant, heavy, strong,
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ; 745
 Till Morn, late-rising o'er the drooping World,
 Lifts her pale Eye unjoyous. Then appears
 The various Labour of the silent Night :
 Prone from the dripping Eave, and dumb Cascade,
 Whose idle Torrents only seem to roar, 750
 The pendant Icicle ; the Frost-Work fair,
 Where transient Hues, and fancy'd Figures rise ;
 Wide-spouted o'er the Hill, the frozen Brook,
 A livid Tract, cold-gleaming on the Morn ;
 The Forest bent beneath the plummy Wave ; 755
 And by the Frost refin'd the whiter Snow,
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the Tread
 Of early Shepherd, as he pensive seeks
 His pining Flock, or from the Mountain-top,
 Pleas'd with the slippery Surface, swift descends. 760
 ON blithsome Frolicks bent, the youthful Swains,
 While every Work of Man is laid at rest,
 Fond o'er the River croud, in various Sport
 And Revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,
 Happiest of all the Train ! the raptur'd Boy 765
 Lashes the whirling Top. Or, where the *Rhine*
 Branch'd out in many a long Canal extends,
 From every Province swarming, void of Care,
Batavia rushes forth ; and as they sweep,
 On sounding Skates, a thousand different Ways, 770
 In circling Poise, swift as the Winds, along,
 The *then* gay Land is madden'd all to Joy.
 Nor less the northern Courts, wide o'er the Snow,
 Pour a new Pomp. Eager, on rapid Sleds,
 Their vigorous Youth in bold Contention wheel 775
 The long-resounding Course. Mean-time, to raise
 The manly Strife, with highly-blooming Charms,
 Flush'd

Flush'd by the Season, *Scandinavia's* Dames,
Or *Russia's* buxom Daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome Day ;
But soon elaps'd. The horizontal Sun, 781
Broad o'er the South, hangs at his utmost Noon ;
And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid Cliff.

His azure Gloſs the Mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble Touch. Perhaps the Vale 785
Relents a while to the reflected Ray ;

Or from the Forest falls the cluster'd Snow,
Myriads of Gems, that in the waving Gleam
Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around
Thunders the Sport of Thoſe, who with the Gun, 790
And Dog impatient bounding at the Shot,
Worſe than the Season, deſolate the Fields ;
And, adding to the Ruins of the Year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd Game.

BUT what is This ? Our infant Winter ſinks, 795
Diveſted of his Grandeur, ſhould our Eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the *Frigid Zone* ;
Where, for relentless Months, continual Night,
Holds o'er the glittering Waſte her ſtarry Reign.

THERE, thro the Priſon of unbounded Wilds, 800
Barr'd by the Hand of Nature from Eſcape,
Wide-roams the *Ruſſian* Exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad Eye, but Deſarts loſt in Snow ;
And heavy-loaded Groves ; and ſolid Floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary Vaſt, 805

Their icy Horrors to the frozen Main ;
And cheerleſs Towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual Courſe the Caravan
Bends to the golden Coaſt of rich * *Cathay*,
With News of Human-kind. Yet there Life glows ;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining Waſte, 811
The furry Nations harbour : tipt with Jet,

Fair

* *The old Name of China.*

Fair Ermines, spotless as the Snows they press;
 Sables, of glossy Black; and dark-embrown'd,
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled Hue, 815
 Thousands besides, the costly Pride of Courts.

There, warm together press'd, the trooping Deer
 Sleep on the new-fallen Snows; and, scarce his Head
 Rais'd o'er the heapy Wreath, the branching Elk
 Lies slumbering fullen in the white Abyss. 820

The ruthless Hunter wants nor Dogs nor Toils,
 Nor with the Dread of sounding Bows he drives
 The fearful flying Race; with ponderous Clubs,
 As weak against the Mountain-Heaps they push
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray, 825

He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd Snows,
 And with loud Shouts rejoicing bears them home.
 There thro the piny Forest half-absorpt,
 Rough Tenant of these Shades, the shapeless Bear,
 With dangling Ice all horrid, stalks forlorn; 830

Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the Storms increase,
 He makes his Bed beneath th' inclement Drift,
 And, with stern Patience, scorning weak Complaint,
 Hardens his Heart against assailing Want.

WIDE o'er the spacious Regions of the North, 835
 That see *Bootes* urge his tardy Wain,

A boisterous Race, by frosty * *Caurus* pierc'd,
 Who little Pleasure know and fear no Pain,
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the Flame
 Of lost Mankind in polish'd Slavery sunk, 840
 Drove martial † Horde on Horde, with dreadful Sweep
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled South,
 And gave the vanquish'd World another Form.

Not such the Sons of *Lapland*: wisely They
 Despise th' insensate barbarous Trade of War; 845
 They ask no more than simple Nature gives,

They

* *The North West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian Clans.*

They love their Mountains and enjoy their Storms.
 No false Desires, no Pride-created Wants,
 Disturb the peaceful Current of their Time ;
 And thro the restless ever-tortur'd Maze 850
 Of Pleasure, or Ambition, bid it rage.
 Their Rain-Deer form their Riches. These their Tents,
 Their Robes, their Beds, and all their homely Wealth
 Supply, their wholesome Fare, and chearful Cups.
 Obsequious at their Call, the docile Tribe 855
 Yield to the Sled their Necks, and whirl them swift
 O'er Hill and Dale, heap'd into one Expanse
 Of marbled Snow, or far as Eye can sweep
 With a blue Crust of Ice unbounded glaz'd.
 By dancing Meteors then, that ceaseless shake 860
 A waving Blaze refracted o'er the Heavens,
 And vivid Moons, and Stars that keener play
 With doubled Lustre from the radiant Waste,
 Even in the Depth of *Polar Night*, they find
 A wondrous Day : enough to light the Chace, 865
 Or guide their daring Steps to *Finland-Fairs*.
 Wish'd Spring returns ; and from the hazy South,
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,
 The welcome Sun, just verging up at first,
 By small Degrees extends the swelling Curve ; 870
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing Months,
 Still round and round, his spiral Course he winds,
 And as he nearly dips his flaming Orb,
 Wheels up again, and reascends the Sky.
 In that glad Season, from the Lakes and Floods, 875
 Where pure * *Niemi's* fairy Mountains rise,

And

* M. de Maupertuis, in his *Book on the Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says—" From this
 " Height we had Occasion several times to see those Va-
 " pours rise from the Lake which the People of the Coun-
 " try

And fring'd with Roses † *Tenglio* rolls his Stream,
 They draw the copious Fry. With These, at Eve,
 They chearful-loaded to their Tents repair;
 Where, all Day long in useful Cares employ'd, 880
 Their kind unblemish'd Wives the Fire prepare.
 Thrice happy Race! by Poverty secur'd
 From legal Plunder and rapacious Power:
 In whom fell Interest never yet has sown
 The Seeds of Vice; whose spotless Swains ne'er knew
 Injurious Deed, nor, blasted by the Breath 886
 Of faithless Love, their blooming Daughters Woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* Lake,
 And *Hecla* flaming thro a Waste of Snow,
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the Pole itself, 890
 Where failing gradual Life at length goes out,
 The Muse expands her solitary Flight;
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous Scene,
 Beholds new Seas beneath * another Sky.
 Thron'd in his Palace of cerulean Ice, 895
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing Court;
 And thro his airy Hall the loud Misrule
 Of driving Tempest is for ever heard:
 Here the grim Tyrant meditates his Wrath;
 Here arms his Winds with all-subduing Frost; 900
 Moulds his fierce Hail, and treasures up his Snows,
 With which he now oppresses half the Globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* Coast,
 She

“ try call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guar-
 “ dian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted
 “ with Stories of Bears that haunted this Place, but
 “ saw none. It seem'd rather a Place of Resort for
 “ Fairies and Genii than Bears.”

† The same Author observes—“ I was surprized to see
 “ upon the Banks of this River, (the *Tenglio*) Roses of as
 “ lively a Red as any that are in our Gardens.”

* The other Hemisphere.

She sweeps the howling Margin of the Main ;
 Where undissolving, from the First of Time, 905
 Snows swell on Snows amazing to the Sky ;
 And icy Mountains high on Mountains pil'd,
 Seem to the shivering Sailor from afar,
 Shapeless and white, an Atmosphere of Clouds.
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the Surge, 910
 Alps frown on Alps ; or rushing hideous down,
 As if old Chaos was again return'd,
 Wide rend the Deep, and shake the solid Pole.
 Ocean itself no longer can resist
 The binding Fury ; but, in all its Rage 915
 Of Tempest taken by the boundless Frost,
 Is many a Fathom to the Bottom chain'd,
 And bid to roar no more : a bleak Expanse,
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy Rocks, cheerless, and void
 Of every Life, that from the dreary Months 920
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they !
 Who, here entangled in the gathering Ice,
 Take their last Look of the descending Sun ;
 While, full of Death, and fierce with tenfold Frost,
 The long long Night, incumbent o'er their Heads, 925
 Falls horrible. Such was the * BRITON'S Fate,
 As with *first* Prow, (What have not BRITONS dar'd !)
 He for the Passage sought, attempted since
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut
 By jealous Nature with eternal Bars. 930
 In these fell Regions, in *Arxina* caught,
 And to the stony Deep his idle Ship
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless Crew,
 Each full exerted at his several Task,
 Froze into Statues ; to the Cordage glued 935
 The Sailor, and the Pilot to the Helm.

HARD by these Shores, where scarce his freezing Stream
 Rolls

* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELI-
 ZABETH to discover the North-East Passage.

Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the Last of Men ;
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant Sun,
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as Plants, 940
 Here Human Nature wears its rudest Form.
 Deep from the piercing Season sunk in Caves,
 Here by dull Fires, and with unjoyous Chear,
 They waste the tedious Gloom. Immers'd in Furs,
 Doze the gross Race. Nor sprightly Jest, nor Song, 945
 Nor Tenderness they know ; nor aught of Life,
 Beyond the kindred Bears that stalk without.
 Till Morn at length, her Roses drooping all,
 Sheds a long Twilight brightening o'er their Fields,
 And calls the quiver'd Savage to the Chace. 950

W H A T cannot active Government perform,
 New-moulding Man ? Wide-stretching from these Shores,
 A People savage from remotest Time,
 A huge neglected Empire ONE VAST MIND,
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic Darkness call'd. 955
 Immortal PETER ! First of Monarchs ! He
 His stubborn Country tam'd, her Rocks, her Fens,
 Her Floods, her Seas, her ill-submitting Sons ;
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,
 To more exalted Soul he rais'd the *Man*. 960
 Ye Shades of antient Heroes, ye who toil'd
 Thro' long successive Ages to build up
 A lab'ring Plan of State, behold at once
 The Wonder done ! behold the matchless Prince !
 Who left his native Throne, where reign'd till then 965
 A mighty Shadow of unreal Power ;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful Pomp of Courts ;
 And roaming every Land, in every Port,
 His Scepter laid aside, with glorious Hand
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic Tool, 970
 Gather'd the Seeds of Trade, of useful Arts,
 Of Civil Wisdom, and of Martial Skill.
 Charg'd with the Stores of *Europe* home he goes !

Then

Then Cities rise amid th' illumin'd Waste ;
 O'er joyless Desarts smiles the rural Reign ; 975
 Far-distant Flood to Flood is social join'd ;
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar ;
 Proud Navies ride on Seas that never foam'd
 With daring Keel before ; and Armies stretch
 Each Way their dazzling Files, repressing here 980
 The frantic *Alexander* of the North,
 And awing there stern *Othman's* shrinking Sons.
Sloth flies the Land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,
 Of old Dishonour proud : it glows around, 984
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the Whole,
 One Scene of Arts, of Arms, of rising Trade :
 For what his Wisdom plann'd, and Power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the Winds at Eve, with blunted Point,
 Blow hollow-blustering from the South. Subdu'd, 990
 The Frost resolves into a trickling Thaw.
 Spotted the Mountains shine ; loose Sleet descends,
 And floods the Country round. The Rivers swell,
 Of Bonds impatient. Sudden from the Hills,
 O'er Rocks and Woods, in broad brown Cataracts, 995
 A thousand snow-fed Torrents shoot at once ;
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding Plain
 Is left one slimy Waste. Those sullen Seas,
 That wash th' ungenial Pole, will rest no more
 Beneath the Shackles of the mighty North ; 1000
 But, rousing all their Waves, resistless heave—
 And hark ! the lengthening Roar continuous runs
 Athwart the rifted Deep : at once it bursts,
 And piles a thousand Mountains to the Clouds.
 Ill fares the Bark with trembling Wretches charg'd, 1005
 That, tost amid the floating Fragments, moors
 Beneath the Shelter of an icy Isle,
 While Night o'erwhelms the Sea, and horror looks
 More horrible. Can human Force endure

Th' assembled Mischiefs that besige them round? 1010
 Heart-gnawing Hunger, fainting Weariness,
 The Roar of Winds and Waves, the Crush of Ice,
 Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder Rage,
 And in dire Echoes bellowing round the Main.
 More to embroil the Deep, Leviathan 1015
 And his unwieldy Train, in dreadful Sport,
 Tempest the loosen'd Brine, while thro the Gloom,
 Far, from the bleak inhospitable Shore,
 Loading the Winds, is heard the hungry Howl
 Of famish'd Monsters, there awaiting Wrecks. 1020
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*,
 Looks down with Pity on the feeble Toil
 Of Mortals lost to Hope, and lights them safe,
 Thro all this dreary Labyrinth of Fate.

'Tis done!--Dread WINTER spreads his latest Glooms,
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd Year. 1026
 How dead the vegetable Kingdom lies!
 How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
 His desolate Domain. Behold, fond Man!
 See here thy pictur'd Life; pass some few Years, 1030
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent Strength,
 Thy sober Autumn fading into Age,
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
 And shuts the Scene. Ah whither now are fled,
 Those Dreams of Greatness? those unsolid Hopes 1035
 Of Happiness? those Longings after Fame?
 Those restless Cares? those busy bustling Days?
 Those gay-spent, festive Nights? those veering Thoughts,
 Lost between Good and Ill, that shar'd thy Life?
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives, 1040
 Immortal, never-failing Friend of Man,
 His Guide to Happiness on high.—And see!
 'Tis come, the glorious Morn! the second Birth
 Of Heaven, and Earth! Awakening Nature hears
 The *new-creating Word*, and starts to Life, 1045

In

W I N T E R.

169

In every heighten'd Form, from Pain and Death
 For ever free. *The great eternal Scheme*
 Involving All, and in a *perfect Whole*
 Uniting, as the Prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's Eye refin'd clears up apace. 1050
 Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,
 Confounded in the Dust, adore that POWER,
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the Cause,
 Why unassuming Worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's Share 1055
 In Life was Gall and Bitterness of Soul:
 Why the lone Widow, and her Orphans pin'd,
 In starving Solitude; while Luxury,
 In Palaces, lay straining her low Thought,
 To form unreal Wants: why Heaven-born Truth,
 And Moderation fair, wore the red Marks 1061
 Of Superstition's Scourge: why licens'd Pain,
 That cruel Spoiler, that embosom'd Foe,
 Imbitter'd all our Bliss. Ye good Distrest!
 Ye noble Few! who here unbending stand 1065
 Beneath Life's Pressure, yet bear up a While,
 And what your bounded View, which only saw
 A little Part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:
 The Storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle All. 1070

T H E E N D.

A

H Y M N.

TH E S E, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER,
these,

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling Year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
THY Beauty walks, THY Tenderness and Love.
Wide-flush the Fields ; the softening Air is Balm ; 5
Echo the Mountains round ; the Forest smiles ;
And every Sense, and every Heart is Joy.

Then comes THY Glory in the Summer-Months,
With Light and Heat refulgent. Then THY Sun
Shoots full Perfection thro the swelling Year : 10

And oft THY Voice in dreadful Thunder speaks ;
And oft at Dawn, deep Noon, or falling Eve,
By Brooks and Groves, in hollow-whispering Gales.
THY Bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common Feast for all that lives. 15

In Winter awful THOU ! with Clouds and Storms
Around THEE thrown, Tempest o'er Tempest roll'd
Majestic Darkness ! on the Whirlwind's Wing,
Riding sublime, THOU bidst the World adore,
And humblest Nature with THY northern Blast. 20

MYSTERIOUS Round ! what Skill, what Force divine,
Deep-felt, in These appear ! a simple Train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind Art,
Such Beauty and Beneficence combin'd ;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into Shade ; 25

And

And all so forming an harmonious Whole;
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious Gaze,
 Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty Hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent Spheres; 30
 Works in the secret Deep; shoots, steaming, Thence
 The fair Profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
 Flings from the Sun direct the flaming Day;
 Feeds every Creature; hurls the Tempest forth;
 And, as on Earth this grateful Change revolves, 35
 With Transport touches all the Springs of Life.

NATURE, attend! join every living Soul,
 Beneath the spacious Temple of the Sky,
 In Adoration join; and, ardent, raise
 One general Song! To HIM, ye vocal Gales, 40
 Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your Freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of HIM in solitary Grooms!
 Where, o'er the Rock, the scarcely-waving Pine
 Fills the brown Shade with a religious Awe.
 And ye, Whose bolder Note is heard afar, 45
 Who shake th' astonish'd World, lift high to Heaven
 Th' impetuous Song, and say from whom you rage.
 His Praise, ye Brooks, attune, ye trembling Rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong Torrents, rapid, and profound; 50
 Ye softer Floods, that lead the humid Maze
 Along the Vale; and thou, majestic Main,
 A secret World of Wonders in thyself,
 Sound His stupendous Praise; whose greater Voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your Roarings fall. 55
 Soft-roll your Incense, Herbs, and Fruits, and Flowers,
 In mingled Clouds to HIM; whose Sun exalts,
 Whose Breath perfumes you, and whose Pencil paints.
 Ye Forests bend, ye Harvests wave, to HIM;
 Breathe your still Song into the Reaper's Heart, 60
 As home he goes beneath the joyous Moon.

Ye that keep watch in Heaven, as Earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest Beams,
 Ye Constellations, while your Angels strike,
 Amid the spangled Sky, the silver Lyre. 65
 Great Source of Day ! best Image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From World to World, the vital Ocean round,
 On Nature write with every Beam HIS Praise.
 The 'Thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate World ; 70
 While Cloud to Cloud returns the solemn Hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye Hills ; ye mossy Rocks,
 Retain the Sound : the broad responsive Low,
 Ye Valleys, raise ; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering* Kingdom yet will come. 75
 Ye Woodlands all, awake : a boundless Song
 Burst from the Groves ; and when the restless Day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling World asleep,
 Sweetest of Birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening Shades, and teach the Night HIS Praise. 80
 Ye chief, for whom the whole Creation smiles ;
 At once the Head, the Heart, and Tongue of all,
 Crown the great Hymn ! in swarming Cities vast,
 Assembled Men, to the deep Organ join
 The long-resounding Voice, oft-breaking clear, 85
 At solemn Pauses, thro the swelling Base ;
 And, as each mingling Flame increases each,
 In one united Ardor rise to Heaven.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural Shade,
 And find a Fane in every sacred Grove ; 90
 There let the Shepherd's Flute, the Virgin's Lay,
 The prompting Seraph, and the Poet's Lyre,
 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling Theme,
 Whether the Blossom blows, the Summer-Ray 95
 Rustlets the Plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams ;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening East ;

A H Y M N.

173

Be my Tongue mute, may Fancy paint no more,
And, dead to Joy, forget my Heart to beat !

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest Verge 100
Of the green Earth, to distant barbarous Climes,
Rivers unknown to Song ; where first the Sun
Gilds *Indian* Mountains, or his setting Beam
Flames on th' *Atlantic* Isles ; 'tis nought to me :
Since God is ever present, ever felt, 105
In the void Waste as in the City full ;
And where He vital spreads there must be Joy.
When even at last the solemn Hour shall come,
And wing my mystic Flight to future Worlds,
I chearful will obey, There, with new Powers, 110
Will rising Wonders sing : I cannot go
Where UNIVERSAL Love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon Orbs and all their Sons,
From *seeming Evil* still educing *Good*,
And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115
In infinite Progression. ——— But I lose
Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !
Come then, expressive Silence, muse HIS Praise.

T H E E N D.

H 3

A
P O E M

Sacred to the MEMORY of
Sir *ISAAC NEWTON*.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir *ROBERT WALPOLE*.

SHALL the great soul of *NEWTON* quit this earth,
To mingle with his stars ; and not one lay
Breathe up the grateful adoration, due
To forming *NATURE* for this First of men ?
But weak our praise. Even now the sons of light 5
In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyres,
Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
Yet am I not deterr'd, tho high the theme,
And sung to harps of angels, for with you,
Æthereal bards ! ambitious, I aspire 10
In nature's general symphony to join.

AND what new wonders can ye show your guest !
Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
Clouded in dust, from Motion's simple laws,
Could trace the ceaseless energy of God, 15
Wide-working thro this universal frame.

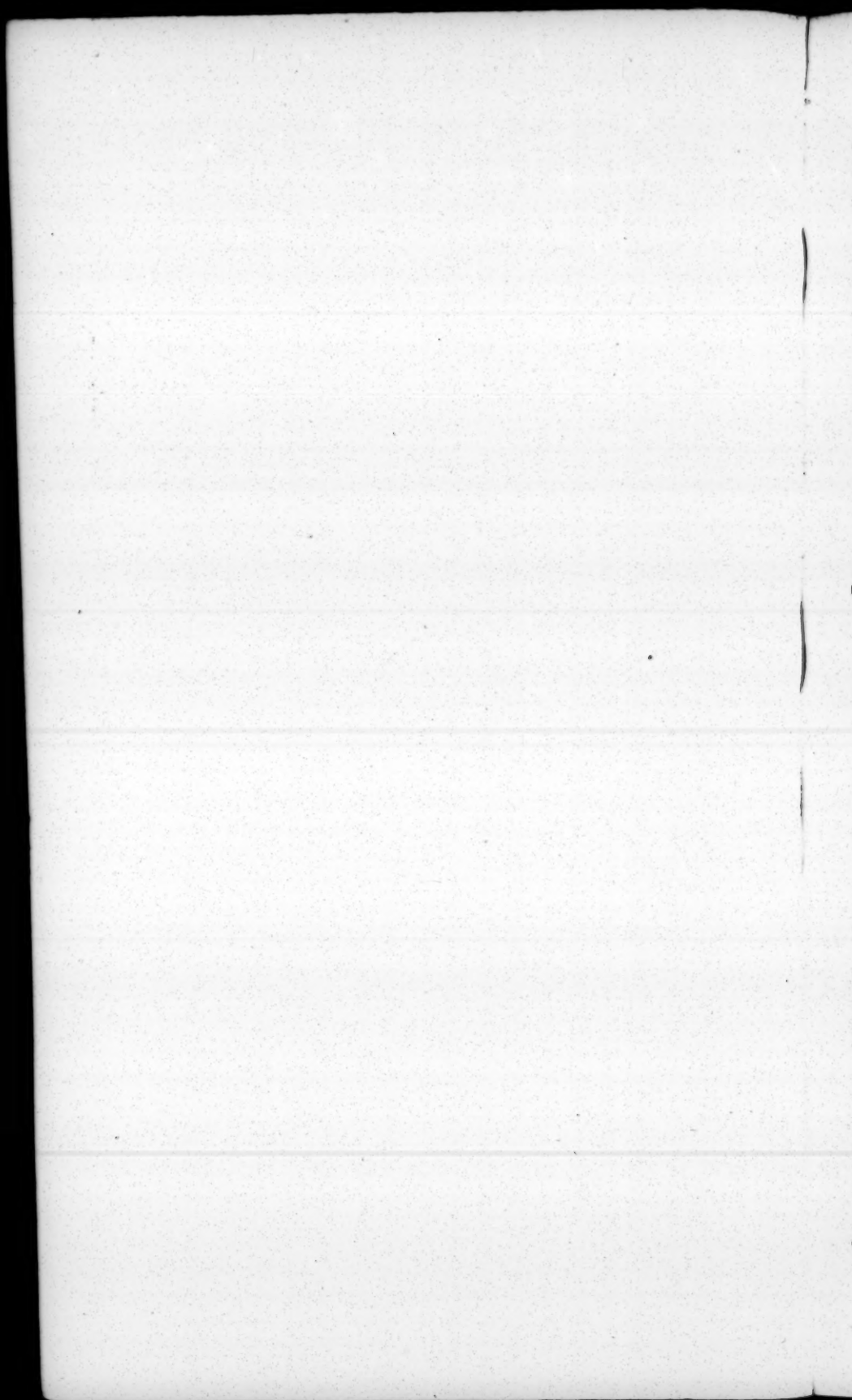
DID you not wonder, while he bound the suns,
And planets to their spheres ! th' unequal task
Of human kind till then. Oft had they roll'd

O'er



*S.^r ISAAC NEWTON.
Died 20 March 1726/7 Aged 83.*

Ridgesc.



To the MEMORY of, &c. 175

O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd 20
 The pride of schools, before their course was known
 Full in its cause, prov'd from effects, to him,
 All-piercing sage! who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the dint
 Of spacious words, and tyranny of names; 25
 But, bidding his sagacious mind attend,
 And with heroic patience years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the System dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone.

WHAT were his raptures then! how pure! how strong!
 And what the triumphs of old *Greece* and *Rome*, 34
 With his compar'd, but the low pride of boys
 In some small fray victorious! when instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and sore deeds 35
 Of cruelty and blood, nature herself
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
 Her every latent glory to his view.

A L L intellectual eye, our solar round
 First gazing thro, he by the blended power 40
 Of *gravitation* and *projection* saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.
 First to the neighb'ring Moon this mighty key
 Of nature he apply'd. Behold! it turn'd
 The secret wards, it open'd wide the course 45
 And various aspects of the queen of night:
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Hence her each motion, corresponding, He 50
 Adjusted to the subject Main, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks
 And the full river turning; till again
 The tide retiring, unattracted, leaves 55

A yellow waste of barren sands behind.

THEN breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
Thro the blue infinite : and every star,
Which the clear concave of a winter's night
Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube, 60
Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs,
Or such as farther in successive skies
To fancy shine alone, at his approach
Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
Of an harmonious system : all combin'd, 65
And rul'd unerring by that single power,
Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !
O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
From a few causes such a scheme of things, 70
Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
An universe compleat ! and, O belov'd
Of heaven ! whose well-purg'd penetrating eye,
Could thus dispel the clouds that science vain
With proud, presumptuous ignorance had rais'd 75
To dim the simple majesty of truth !

HE, first of mortals, with bold wing pursu'd
The Comet thro the long elliptic curve,
Far, as beyond our system's utmost bound
Till, to the forehead of our evening sky 80
Return'd, the blazing wonder glares a new,
And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.
He astonish'd mark'd its stated course,
Foretold its periods, and its use explain'd.

THE heavens are all his own ; from the wild rule 85
Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres,
To their first great simplicity restor'd.
The Schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
To combat long with demonstration clear,
And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze 90
Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,

With

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

177

With the light shadows of the morning mix'd,
When NEWTON rose, our philosophic sun.

TH' aerial flow of Sound was known to him,
From whence it first in wavy circles breaks.

95

Nor could the darting Beam, of speed immense,
Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring Eye.

Even Light itself, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter Mind

Untwisted all the shining Robe of Day ;

100

And, from the whitening undistinguish'd Blaze,
Collecting every separated Ray,

To the charm'd Eye educ'd the gorgeous Train
Of Parent-colours. First, the flaming Red

Sprung vivid forth ; the tawny Orange next ;

105

And next refulgent Yellow ; by whose side

Fell the kind Beams of all-refreshing Green.

Then the pure Blue, that swells autumnal Skies,

Æthereal play'd ; and then, of sadder hue,

Emerg'd the deepen'd Indico, as when

110

The heavy-skirted evening droops with Frost.

While the last gleamings of refracted Light

Dy'd in the fainting Violet away.

These, when the Clouds distil the rosy Shower,

Shine out distinct along the watry bow ;

115

While o'er our Heads the dewy Vision bends

Delightful, melting on the Fields beneath.

Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,

And Myriads still remain — Infinite source

Of Beauty, ever flushing, ever-new !

120

DID ever Poet image aught so fair,

Dreaming in haunted Groves, by murm'ring brook !

Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends !

Even now the setting sun and shining-clouds,

Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy love'y Heights, declare

How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*.

THE noiseless tide of time, all bearing down

H 5

To

To vast eternity's unbounded Sea
 Where the green Islands of the happy shine,
 He stemm'd alone ; and to the source (involv'd 130
 Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
 His lights at equal distances, to guide
 Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

BUT who can number up his labours ? who
 His high discoveries sing ? when but a few 135
 Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
 To what he knew : in fancy's lighter thought,
 How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty Theme ?

WHAT wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
 Responsive to his Knowledge ! for could he, 140
 Whose comprehensive Eye beheld the World
 In all its order, harmony, design,
 Forbear incessant to adore that Power
 Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole ?

SAY, ye who best can tell, ye happy few, 145
 Who saw him in the softest lights of Life,
 All un-with-held, indulging to his Friends
 The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
 Oh speak the wondrous Man ! how mild, how calm,
 How greatly humble, how divinely good ; 151
 How firm establish'd on eternal Truth ;
 Fervent in doing well, with every Nerve
 Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
 And panting for Perfection : far above
 Those little cares, and mean, deprav'd desires, 155
 That so perplex the fond impassion'd Heart
 Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting Man.

AND you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded Tribe,
 You who, unconscious of those nobler flights
 That reach impatient at immortal Life, 160
 Against the prime endearing privilege
 Of Being dare contend, say, can a Soul
 Of such extensive, deep, tremendous Powers,
 Enlarging still, be but a finer breath. Of

Sir ISAAC NEWTON. 179

Of spirits dancing thro their Tubes a while, 165
And then for ever lost in vacant Air ?

B u t hark ! methinks I hear a warning Voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro the World ——— “ ’Tis done ! ——— The

“ *measure’s full;*

“ *No more of knowledge is indulg’d by Heav’n* 170

“ *To mortals here — Their NEWTON is withdrawn,*

“ *And I resign my charge.* — Let no weak drop

Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom

Cut off, the joyous Youth, and darling Child,

These are the Tombs that claim the tender tear, 175

And elegiac Song. But NEWTON calls

For other notes of gratulation high,

That now he wanders thro those starry Worlds

He here so well descried, and joyful Hymns

Their great Creator, now more clearly seen 180

In his unclouded glory’s brightest beams.

O Britain’s boast ! whether with Angels thou

Sittest in dread discourse, beneath his Throne,

To which thy wisdom saw the mighty chain

Of nature’s Works and Laws, dependant tied. 185

Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,

Thy swift career is with the whirling Orbs,

Comparing Worlds with Worlds, in rapture lost

And grateful Adoration, for that light

So plenteous ray’d into thy mind below, 190

From LIGHT *himself*; Oh look with pity down

On human kind, a frail erroneous race !

Exalt the spirit of a drooping World !

O’er thy dejected Country, chief preside,

And be her *Genius* call’d ! her Studies raise, 195

Correct her Manners, and inspire her Youth :

For, tho deprav’d and sunk, she brought thee forth,

And glories in thy Name ; thy sacred dust

Sleeps with her Kings, and dignifies the scene.

B R I

BRITANNIA.

A

P O E M.

Written in the Year 1727.

——— *Et tantas audetis tollere moles ?*

Quas ego — sed motos præstat componere fluctus.

Pest mihi non simili pæna commissa luctis.

Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro :

Non illi imperium pelagi, sæcumque tridentem,

Sed mihi sorte datum. ———

VIRGIL.

AS on the sea-beat shore *Britannia* sat,
 Of her degenerate sons the faded fame,
 Deep in her anxious Heart, revolving sad :
 Bare was her throbbing bosom to the gale,
 That hoarse, and hollow, from the bleak surge blew,
 Loose flow'd her tresses ; rent her azure robe : 6
 From her majestic brow she tore the bay .
 Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek ;
 Nor ceas'd her sobs to murmur to the main.
 Peace discontented nigh, departing, stretch'd

10
 Her

Her dove-like wings: and War, tho greatly rous'd,
Yet mourn'd his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations spoke; and what she said the muse
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verse.

EVEN not yon sail, that, from the sky-mix'd wave, 15
Dawns on the sight, and wafts the ROYAL YOUTH,
A freight of future glory to my shore;

Even not the flattering view of golden days,
And rising periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the PARENTS, and their endless line 20

Thro late revolving time, can sooth my rage;
While, unchastis'd, th' insulting *Spaniard* dares
Infest the trading flood, and vainly bold

Despise my navies, and my merchants seize;
As trusting to false peace, they fearless roam 25

The world of waters wild, made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor bursts my sleeping thunder on their head.

Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?

This tame beseeching of rejected peace? 30

This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous *Britons* never known before?

And sail'd my fleets for this; on *Indian* tides
'To float, unactive, with the veering winds?

The mockery of war! while hot disease, 35

And sloth distemper'd, swept off burning crouds,

For action ardent; and amid the deep,

Inglorious, sunk them in a watry grave.

There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,

Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd; 40

And back the drooping war-ship comes again,

Dispirited, and thin; her sons asham'd

Thus idly to review their native shore;

With not one glory sparkling in their eye,

One Triumph on their tongue. A passenger, 45

The violated merchant comes along;

That

That far-sought wealth, for which the noxious gale
 He drew, and sweat beneath equator suns,
 By lawless force detain'd; a force that soon
 Would melt away, and every spoil resign, 50
 Were once the *British* lion heard to roar.
 Whence is it that the proud *Iberian* thus,
 In their own well-asserted element,
 Dares rouse to wrath the masters of the main?
 Who told him, that the big incumbent war 55
 Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
 In smoaky ruin? and his guilty stores,
 Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
 Yet unatton'd, sunk in the swallowing deep,
 Or led the glittering Prize into the *Thames*? 60

THERE was a time (Oh let my languid sons
 Resume their spirit at the rousing thought!)
 When all the pride of *Spain*, in one dread fleet,
 Swell'd o'er the lab'ring surge! like a whole heaven
 Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundless breeze. 65
 Gaily the splendid armament along
 Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
 As sunk the sun, o'er all the flaming Vast;
 Tall, gorgeous, and elate, while the fond Dream
 Of easy conquest fir'd each haughty breast. 70
 But soon, regardless of the cumbrous pomp,
 My dauntless *Britons* came, a gloomy few,
 With tempest black, the goodly scene deform'd,
 And laid their glory waste. The bolts of fate
 Resistless thunder'd thro' their yielding sides; 75
 Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
 And seiz'd in horrid grasp, or shatter'd wide,
 Amid the mighty waters, deep they sunk.
 Then too from every promontory chill,
 Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works, 80
 I swept confederate winds, and swell'd a storm.
 Round the glad isle, snatch'd by the vengeful blast,

The

The scatter'd remnants drove ; on the blind shelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented shore,
Relentless dash'd, where loud the northern main 85
Howls thro the fractur'd *Caledonian* isles.

SUCH were the dawns of my wat'ry reign ;
But since how vast it grew, how absolute,
Even in those troubled times, when dreadful BLAKE
Aw'd angry nations with the *British* name, 90
Let every humbled state, let *Europe* say,
Sustain'd, and ballanced, by my naval arm.

Ah what must these immortal spirits think
Of your poor shifts ! These, for their country's good,
Who fac'd the blackest danger, knew no fear, 95
No mean submission, but commanded peace,
Ah how with indignation must they burn !
(If aught, but joy, can touch ætheral breasts)
With shame ! with grief ! to see their feeble sons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd seas, 100
For which their wisdom plan'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled thro many a toiling age.

YET deem not I reject with rash disdain
All honourable means to keep undrawn,
With wise forbearance, the destructive sword. 105
Oh first of human blessings ! and supreme !
Fair Peace ! how lovely, how delightful thou !
By whose wide tie, the kindred sons of men,
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unsuspecting faith ; while honest toil 110
Gives every joy, and to those joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but usurps.
Beneath thy calm inspiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And swelling Commerce opens all her ports ; 115
Blest be the man divine, who gives us thee !
Who bids the trumpet hush his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage ;

Who

Who sheaths the murderous blade ; the deadly gun
 Into the well-pil'd armory returns ; 120
 And every vigour from the work of death
 To grateful industry converting, makes
 The country flourish, and the city smile.
 Unviolated, him the virgin sings ;
 And him the smiling mother to her train. 125
 Of him the shepherd, in the peaceful dale,
 Chaunts ; and, the treasures of his labour safe,
 The husbandman of him, as at the plough,
 Or team, he toils. With him the sailor sooths,
 Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave ; 130
 And the full city, warm, from street to street,
 And shop to shop, responsive, rings of him.
 Nor joys one land alone ; his praise extends
 Far as the sun rolls the diffusive day ;
 Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace, 135
 'Till all the happy nations catch the song.

WHAT would not, Peace ! the patriot bear for thee ?
 What painful patience ? What incessant care ?
 What deep anxiety ? What sleepless toil ?
 Even from the rash protected what reproach ? 140
 For he thy value knows ; thy friendship he
 To human nature : but the better thou,
 The richer in delight, sometimes the more
 Inevitable war, when ruffian force
 Awakes the fury of an injur'd state. 145
 Then the good, patient man, whom reason rules,
 Rouz'd by bold insult, and injurious rage,
 With sharp and sudden check, th' astonish'd sons
 Of violence confounds ; firm as his cause,
 His dauntless heart ; in awful justice arm'd : 150
 And, as he charges thro the prostrate war,
 His keen sword teaches faithless men, no more
 'To dare the sacred vengeance of the just.

AND what, my thoughtless sons, should fire you more,
 Than

B R I T A N N I A. 185

Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep 155
 The least beginning injury receives ;
 What better cause can call your lightning forth ?
 Your thunder wake ? your dearest life demand ?
 What better cause, than when your country sees
 The sure destruction at her vitals aim'd ? 160
 For oh it much imports you, 'tis your all,
 To keep your trade entire, entire the force.
 And honour of your fleets ; o'er these to watch
 Even with a hand severe, and jealous eye.
 In intercourse be gentle, generous, just, 165
 By Wisdom polish'd, and of manners fair ;
 But on the sea be terrible, untam'd,
 Unconquerable still : let none escape,
 Who shall but aim to touch your glory there.
 Is there the man, into the lion's den 170
 Who dares intrude. to snatch his young away ?
 And is a *Briton* seiz'd ? and seiz'd beneath
 The slumbring terrors of a *British* fleet ?
 Then ardent rise ! Oh great in vengeance rise ;
 O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to *restore* : 175
 And as you ride sublimely round the world,
 Make every vessel stoop, make every state
 At once their Welfare and their Duty know.
 This is your glory ; this your wisdom ; this
 The native power for which you were desig n'd 180
 By fate, when fate design'd the firmest state,
 That e'er was seated on the subject sea ;
 A state, where liberty should still survive,
 In these late times, this evening of mankind,
 When *Athens*, *Rome* and *Carthage* are no more, 185
 The world almost in slavish sloth dissolv'd.
 For this, these rocks around your coast were thrown ;
 For this, your oaks, of woods the noblest, shoot
 Strong into sturdy growth ; for this, your hearts
 Swell with a stubborn courage, growing still 190
As

As danger grows ; and strength, and toil for this
 Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
 Then cherish this, this unexpensive power,
 Undangerous to the publick, ever prompt,
 By lavish nature thrust into your hand ; 195
 And, unencumber'd with the bulk immense
 Of conquest, whence huge empires rose, and fell
 Self-crush'd.—Extend your reign from shore to shore,
 Where-e'er the wind your high behests can blow,
 And fix it deep on this eternal base. 200
 For should the sliding fabric once give way,
 Soon slacken'd quite, and past recovery broke,
 It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
 Steep-rushing down to that devouring gulph,
 Where many a mighty empire buried lies. 205
 And should the big redundant flood of trade,
 In which ten thousand thousand labours join
 Their several currents, till the boundless tide,
 Rolls in a fertile deluge o'er the land,
 Should this blest stream, the least inflected, point 210
 Its course another way, o'er other lands
 The various treasure would its riches pour,
 Ne'er to be won again ; its antient tract
 Left a vile channel, desolate, and dead,
 With all around a miserable waste. 215
 Not *Egypt*, were, her bounteous god, the *Nile*
 Turn'd in the pride of flow ; when o'er his rocks,
 And roaring cataracts, in one wide flash
 An *Ethiopian* deluge foams amain ;
 Even not that prime of earth, where harvests croud 220
 On untill'd harvests all the teeming year,
 If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
 Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
 Steril, and void ; than of her trade depriv'd
Britons, your boasted isle : her princes sunk ; 225
 Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust ;
 Unnerv'd

Unnerv'd her force ; her spirit vanish'd quite ;
 With rapid wing her riches fled away ;
 Her unfrequented ports the sign alone
 Of what she was ; her merchants scatter'd wide ; 230
 Her vacant shops shut up ; and in her streets,
 Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
 The chearful voice of labour heard no more.

Oh let not then dull luxury impair
 That manly spirit, which now strings your nerves, 235
 And draws from noble toil well-earn'd delight.
 Oh let not the soft, penetrating plague
 Creep on the free-born mind ! and working there,
 With the sharp tooth of many a new-form'd want,
 Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart 240
 Of *Liberty* ; erasing from the mind
 The noble sentiment, th' impatient scorn
 Of base subjection, and the swelling wish
 For general good : while in their place succeeds
 A narrow selfishness, ungenerous thoughts, 245
 And low design, the meaner passions all
 Let loose, and reigning in the rankled breast.
 Induc'd at last, by scarce-perceiv'd degrees,
 Sapping the very frame of government,
 And life, a total dissolution comes ; 250
 Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear,
 Oppression raging o'er the waste he makes ;
 Till every social Good is quite extinct ;
 And the whole state in broad corruption sinks.
 Oh shun that gulph, that gaping ruin shun ! 255
 May countless ages roll it far away
 From you, ye heaven-belov'd ! may *liberty*,
 The light of life ! the sun of human-kind !
 Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
 Still spread, exalt, and actuate your powers ! 260
 While slavish southern climates beam in vain.
 And may a public spirit from the *throne*,

Where

Where every virtue fits, go copious forth
 Wide o'er the land ! the finer arts inspire ;
 Make thoughtful Science raise her pensive head, 265
 Awake the Muse, bid Industry rejoice,
 And the rough sons of lowly Labour smile.
 As when, profuse of spring, the loosen'd West
 Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes
 Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er world. 270

BUT haste we from these melancholy shores,
 Nor to deaf winds, and waves, our fruitless plaint
 Pour weak ; the Country claims our active aid ;
 That let us roam ; and where we find a spark
 Of public virtue, blow it into flame. 275
 Lo ! now my sons, the sons of freedom ! meet
 In awful senate ; thither let us fly ;
 Burn in the Patriot's Thought, flow from his tongue
 In fearless truth ; myself, transform'd, preside,
 And shed the spirit of *Britannia* round. 280

THIS said ; her fleeting form, and airy train,
 Sunk in the gale ; and nought but ragged rocks
 Rush'd on the broken eye, and nought was heard
 But the rough cadence of the dashing wave.

65
70
ANTIENT and MODERN

I T A L Y

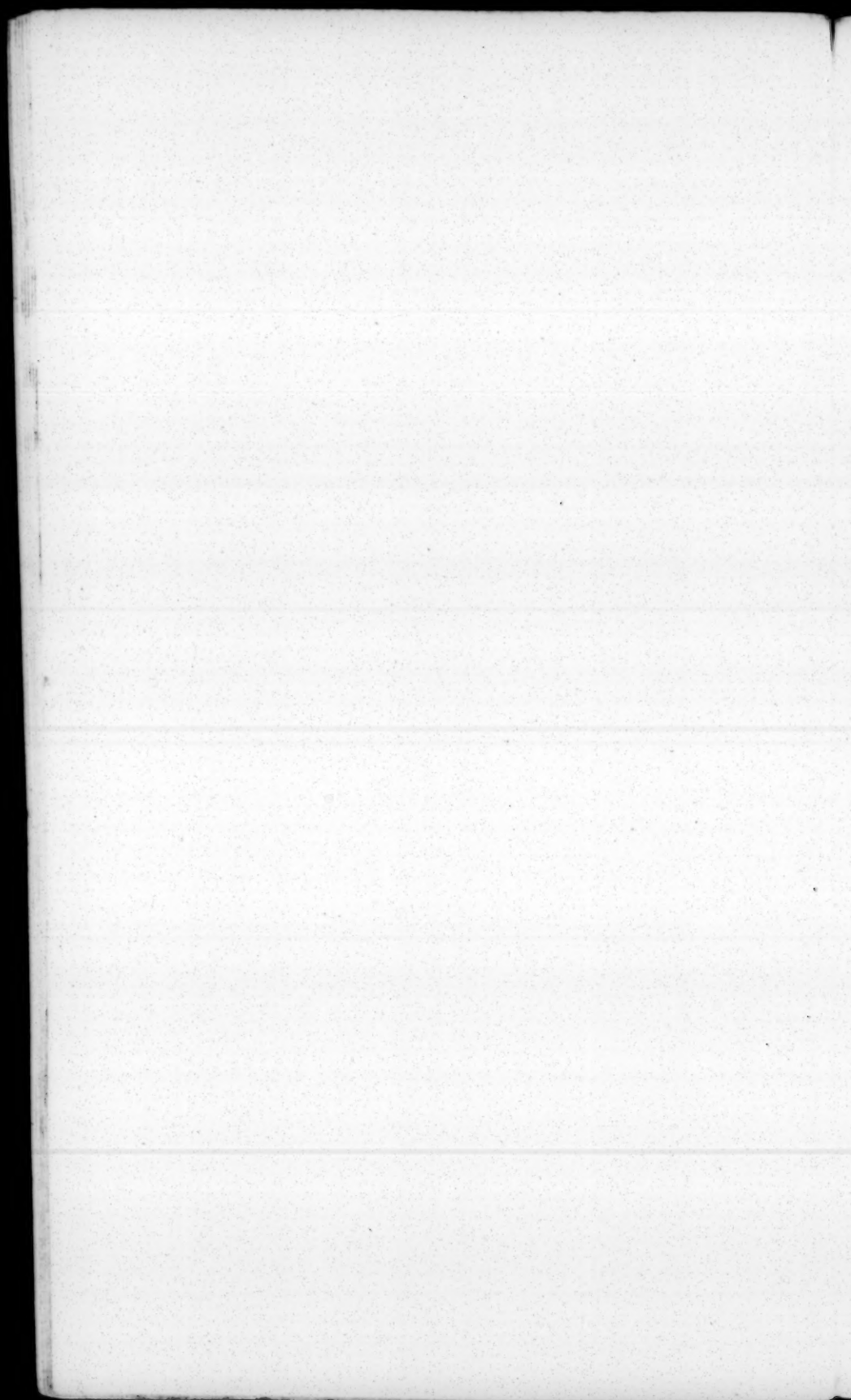
275
COMPARED:

Being the FIRST PART of

280
LIBERTY,

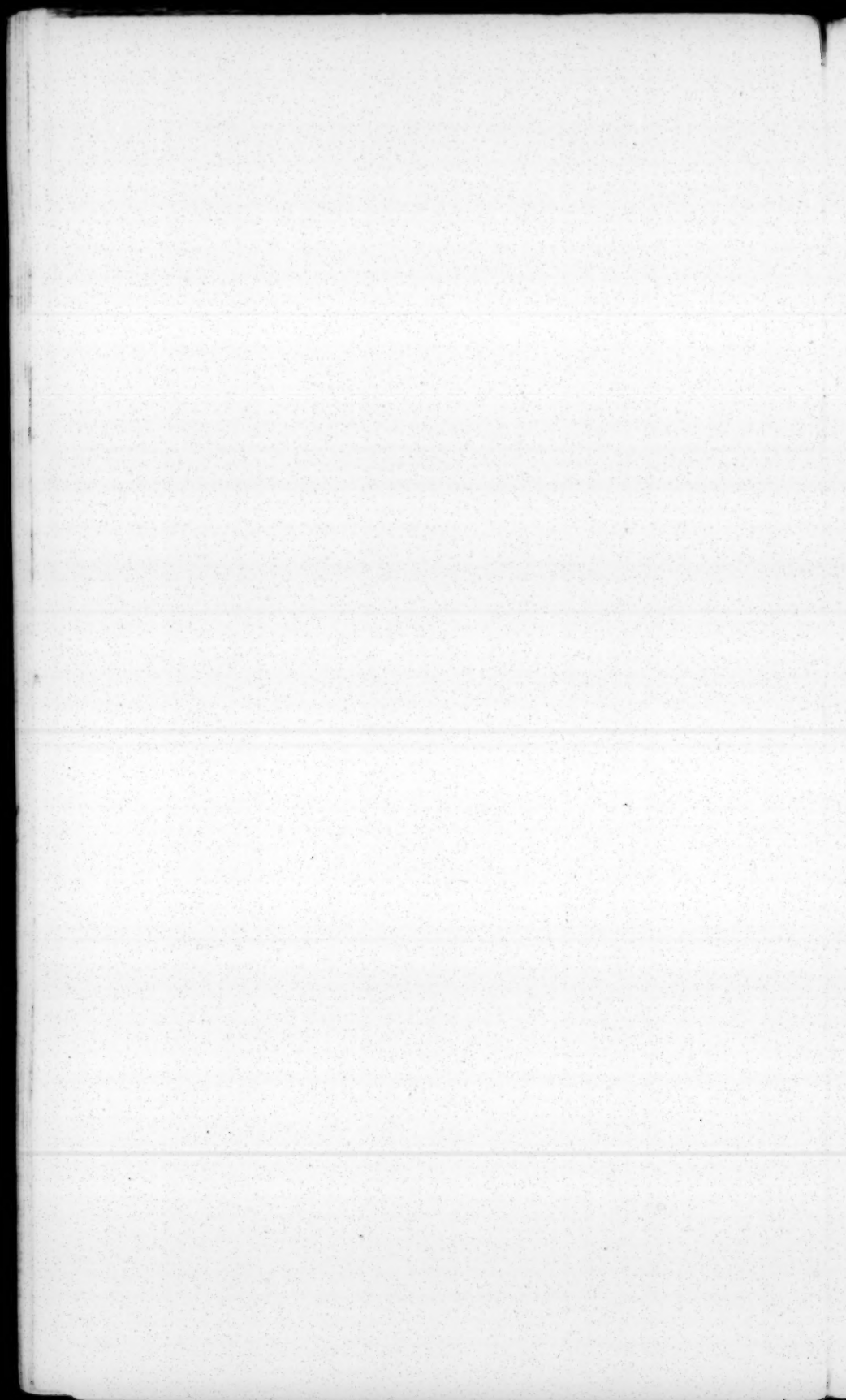
A

P O E M.



PREFACE to the READER.

THE following Poem being entirely of the historical and political kind, unornamented with fiction, except in a few lines, the Author was sensible of its being too long. It has been therefore considerably shortened, by reducing the five parts into three; the rather, because the matter of several verses now struck out here occurs in his other writings, and some, upon a revival, appeared not to be pertinent, or proper to the subject.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
FREDERICK,
PRINCE of WALES.

S I R,

WHEN I reflect upon that ready
condescension, that preventing
generosity, with which Y O U R
ROYAL HIGHNESS received the following
poem under your protection; I can only
ascribe it to the recommendation, and influ-
ence of the subject. In you the cause and
concerns of liberty have so zealous a Patron
as entitles what ever may have the least ten-
dency to promote them, to the distinction of
your favour. And who can entertain this
delightful reflection, without feeling a plea-
sure far superior to that of the fondest au-
thor; and of which all true lovers of their
country must participate? To behold the
noblest dispositions of the Prince, and of the
Patriot, united: an overflowing benevolence,
generosity, and candour of heart, joined to
an enlightened zeal for liberty, an intimate
persuasion that on it depends the happiness
I and

DEDICATION.

and glory both of King and People : to see these shining out in public virtues, as they have hitherto smiled in all the social lights and private accomplishments of life, is a prospect that cannot but inspire a general sentiment of satisfaction and gladness, more easy to be felt than expressed.

If the following attempt to trace liberty, from the first ages down to her excellent establishment in GREAT BRITAIN, can at all merit your approbation, and prove an entertainment to YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS ; if it can in any degree answer the dignity of the subject, and of the name under which I presume to shelter it ; I have my best reward : particularly, as it affords me an opportunity of declaring that I am, with the greatest zeal and respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient

And most Devoted Servant.

JAMES THOMPSON.

LIBERTY.

P A R T I.

O MY lamented TALBOT * ! when with Thee
 I chearful rov'd the fam'd *Hesperian* plains,
 And drew th' inspiring breath of antient arts;
 Ah ! little thought I my returning Muse

Should sing our darling subject to thy *shade*. 5

Art thou then lost ? and does the veil of night
 Involve those eyes where every virtue smil'd,
 And all thy FATHER's candid spirit shone,
 The light of Reason, pure, without a cloud ?
 Oh dire misfortune that with dismal gloom 10
 O'ercasts each fair idea, which the scenes,
 We saw together in our pleasing course,
 Imprinted deep on the delighted mind !

But while the death of mighty States I sing,
 In that dread theme be lost the private Tear. 15

MUSING, I lay ; warm from the sacred walks,
 Where at each Step Imagination burns :
 While scatter'd wide around, awful, and hoar,
 Lies, a vast Monument, once-glorious *Rome*,

1 2

The

* *Eldest Son to the Lord Chancellor TALBOT, with whom the Author travelled to Italy. He died in the Year 1734.*

The Tomb of Empire! Ruins! that efface 20
Whate'er of finish'd, modern Pomp can boast.

SNATCH'D by these Wonders to that World where
Thought

Unfetter'd ranges, Fancy's magic Hand
Led me anew o'er all the solemn Scene,
Still in the Mind's pure Eye more solemn drest. 25

When strait, methought, the fair majestic POWER
Of LIBERTY appear'd. Not, as of old,
Extended in her Hand the Cap, and Rod,
Whose Touch enfranchiz'd the deserving Slave :
But her bright Temples bound with *British* Oak, 30
And naval Honours nodding on her Brow.

Sublime her mein. Loose o'er her Shoulder flow'd
Her sea-green Robe, with Constellations gay.
An Island Goddess now ; and her high Care
The Queen of Isles, the Mistress of the Main. 35

My Heart beat filial transport at the Sight ;
And, as she mov'd to speak, th' awaken'd *Muse*
Listen'd intent. A while she look'd around,
With mournful Eye the well-known Ruins mark'd,
And then, her Sighs repressing, thus began. 40

MINE are these Wonders, all thou see'st is mine ;
But ah how chang'd ! the falling poor remains
Of what exalted once th' *Ausonian* Shore.
Look back thro' Time ; and, rising from the Gloom,
Mark the dread Scene, that paints whate'er I say. 45

'T H E great Republic see ! that glow'd, sublime,
With the mixt Freedom of a thousand States ;
Rais'd on the Thrones of Kings her Curule Chair,
And by her Fasces aw'd the subject World.
See busy Millions quickning all the Land, 50
With Cities throng'd, and teeming Culture high :
Behold, the Country chearing, Villas rise,
In lively Prospect ; by the secret lapse
Of Brooks now lost and Streams renown'd in Song :

In

Part I. *L I B E R T Y.*

197

In *Umbria's* closing Vales, or on the Brow 55
Of her warm Hills that breathe the scented Gale :

On *Baia's* viny Coast ; where peaceful Seas,
Fan'd by kind Zephirs, ever kiss the Shore ;
And Suns unclouded shine, thro purest Air :
Or in the spacious Neighbourhood of *Rome* ; 60

Far shining upward to the *Sabine* Hills,
To *Anio's* Roar, and *Tibur's* Olive Shade ;
To where *Preneſte* lifts her airy Brow ;
Or downwards spreading to the sunny Shore,
Where *Alba* draws the freshness of the Main. 65

SEE distant Mountains leave their Valleys dry,
And o'er the proud Arcade their Tribute pour,
To lave Imperial *Rome*. For Ages laid,
With Tombs of Heroes sacred, see her Roads :
By various Nations trod, and suppliant Kings ; 70
With Legions flaming, or with Triumph gay.

FULL in the Centre of these wondrous Works,
The Pride of Earth ! *Rome* in her Glory see !
Behold her Demi-Gods, in Senate met ;
All Head to counsel, and all Heart to act ; 75
The Commonweal inspiring every Tongue
With fervent Eloquence, unbrib'd, and bold ;
Ere tame Corruption taught the servile Herd
To rank obedient to a Master's Voice.

HER Forum see, warm, popular, and loud, 80
In trembling Wonder hush'd, when the two * SIREs,
As they the private Father greatly quell'd,
Stood up the public Fathers of the State.
See Justice judging there, in human Shape.

Hark ! how with *CATO's* Voice she thunders high, 85
Or charms th' impassion'd Heart from *TULLY's* Tongue.

HER Tribes, her Census, see ; her generous Troops,
Whose Pay was Glory, and their best Reward
Free for their Country and for ME to die ;

I 3

Ere

* L. J. BRUTUS, and VIRGINIUS.

In

Ere mercenary Murder grew a Trade.

90

Her festive Games, the School of Heroes, view ;

Her *Circus*, ardent with contending Youth ;

Her Streets, her Temples, Palaces, and Baths,

Full of fair Forms, of Beauty's eldest born,

And of a People cast in Virtue's Mold.

95

While Sculpture *lives* around, and *Asian* Hills

Lend their best Stores to heave the pillar'd Dome :

All that to *Roman* Strength the softer Touch

Of *Grecian* Art can join. But Language fails

To paint this Sun, this Center of Mankind ;

100

Where every Virtue, Glory, Treasure, Art,

Attracted strong, in heighten'd Lustre met.

Here every Passion, even the proudest, stoop'd,

To Common-Good : CAMILLUS, thy Revenge ;

Thy Glory, FABIVS. All submissive here,

105

Consuls, Dictators, still resign'd their Rule ;

The very Moment that the Laws ordain'd.

Tho Conquest o'er them clap'd her Eagle-Wings,

Her Laurels wreath'd, and yoke'd her snowy Steeds "

To the triumphal Car, soon as expir'd

110

The latest Hour of Sway, taught to submit,

(A harder Lesson here than to command)

Into the private *Roman* sunk the Chief.

If *Rome* was serv'd, and glorious, careless they

114

By whom. Their Country's Fame they deem'd their

And above Envy, in a Rival's Train,

[own ;

Sung the loud *lōs* by themselves deserv'd.

Nor did this Spirit rule *the great* alone,

The meanest Bosom felt a Thirst for Fame ;

Life had no Charms, nor any Terrors Fate,

120

When *Rome* and Glory call'd. But, in one view,

Mark the rare boast of these unequal'd Times.

Ages revolv'd unfully'd by a Crime :

Astrea reign'd, and scarcely needed Laws

To bind a Race elated with the Pride

125

Of

Of Virtue, and disdaining to descend
To Meanness, mutual Violence, and Wrongs.
While War around them raged, in happy *Rome*
All peaceful smil'd, all but the passing Clouds
That often hang on Freedom's jealous Brow ; 130
And fair unblemish'd Centuries elaps'd,
When not a *Roman* bled but in the Field.
Their Virtue such, that an unballanc'd State,
Still between Noble and Plebeian tost,
As flow'd the Wave of fluctuating Power, 135
By *that* kept firm, and with triumphant prow
Rode out the Storms. Oft tho the native Feuds,
That from the first their Constitution shook,
(A latent Ruin, growing as it grew)
Stood on the threatening Point of civil War, 140
Ready to rush : Yet could the lenient Voice
Of Wisdom, soothing the tumultuous Soul,
Their honest Fury calm. Their generous Hearts,
Not steel'd by selfish Views, so naked lay
And sensible to Truth, that o'er the Rage 145
Of giddy Faction, by Oppression swell'd,
Prevail'd a simple Fable, and at once
To Peace recover'd the divided State.
But if their often-cheated Hopes refus'd
The soothing Touch ; still, in the Love of *Rome*, 150
The dread Dictator found a sure Resource.
Was she assaulted ? was her Glory stain'd ?
Their Country's Quarrel private Feuds o'ercame.
Foes in the Forum in the Field were Friends,
By social Danger bound ; each fond for each, 155
And for their dearest Country all, to die.

Thus up the Hill of Empire slow they toil'd :
Till the bold Summit gain'd, the thousand States
Of proud *Italia* blended into one ;
Then o'er the Nations they resistless rush'd, 160
And touch'd the Limits of the sailing World.

N E E D I the Contrast mark ? unjoyous View !
A Land in all, in Government, and Arts,
In Virtue, Genius, Earth and Heaven revers'd.

A R E these the Vales, that, once exulting States 165
In their warm Bosom fed ? The Mountains these,
On whose fair blooming Sides my Sons, of old,
I bred to Glory ? These dejected Towns,
Where, mean, and sordid, Life can scarce subsist,
The Scenes of antient Opulence and Pomp ? 170

C O M E ! by whatever sacred Name disguis'd,
OPPRESSION, come ! and in thy Works rejoice !
See Nature's richest Plains to putrid Fens
Turn'd by thy Fury. From their chearful Bound's,
See raz'd th' enliv'ning Village, Farm, and Seat. 175
First, rural Toil, by thy rapacious Hand
Robb'd of his poor Reward, resign'd the Plow ;
And now he dares not turn the noxious Glebe :
'Tis thine entire. The lonely Swain himself,
Who loves at large along the grassy Downs 180
His Flocks to Pasture, thy drear Champion flies.
Far as the sickening Eye can sweep around,
'Tis all one Desert, desolate and grey,
Graz'd by the sullen Buffalo alone ;
And where the rank uncultivated Growth 185
Of rotting Ages taints the passing Gale,
Beneath the baleful Blast the City pines,
Or sinks infeebl'd, or infected burns.
Beneath it mourns the solitary Road,
Roll'd in rude Mazes o'er th' abandon'd Waste ; 190
While antient Ways, ingulph'd, are seen no more,
Or fractur'd in stupendous Ruins lie
Beyond the weak repair of modern Toil.

SUCH thy dire Plains, thou *Self-Destroyer* ! Foe
To Human-kind ! Thy Mountains too, profuse, 195
Where savage Nature blooms, seem their sad Plaint
To raise against thy desolating Rod.

There

Part I. *L I B E R T Y*. 201

There on the breezy Brow, where thriving States,
 And famous Cities, once, to the pleas'd Sun,
 Far other Scenes of rising Culture spread, 200
 Pale shine thy ragged Towns. The Country mourns
 While drooping Art almost to Nature leaves
 The rude unguided Year. 'Thin wave the Gifts
 Of yellow *Ceres*, thin the radiant blush
 Of Orchard reddens in the warmest Ray. 205
 To weedy wildness run, no rural Wealth
 (Such as Dictators fed) the Garden pours.
 Crude the wild Olive flows, and foul the Vine ;
 Nor juice *Cæcubian*, nor *Falernian*, more,
 Streams Life and Joy, save in the *Muse's* Bowl. 210
 Unseconded by Art, the spinning Race
 Draw the bright Thread in vain, and idly toil.
 In vain, forlorn in Wilds, the Citron blows ;
 And flowering Plants perfume the Desert Gale.
 Thro the vile Thorn the tender Myrtle Twines : 215
 Inglorious droops the Laurel, dead to song,
 And long a Stranger to the Heroe's Brow.

NOR half thy Triumph this : Cast from brute Fields,
 Into the Haunts of Men thy ruthless Eye.
 There buxom Plenty never turns her Horn ; 220
 No clean Convenience reigns ; even Sleep himself,
 Least delicate of Powers, reluctant, there,
 Lays on the Bed impure his heavy Head.
 See Streets whose Echoes never know the Voice
 Of chearful Hurry, Commerce many-tongue'd, 225
 Or Art mechanic at his various Task,
 Fervent, employ'd. Mark the desponding Race,
 Of Occupation void, as void of Hope :
 By Thee deprived of every nobler Joy
 To the soft Aid of soothing Airs they fly, 230
 That breathe a kind Oblivion o'er their Woes,
 And Love and Music melt their Souls away.
 From feeble Justice see how rash Revenge

Enrag'd the Ballance snatches ; and the Sword,
 Fearful himself, to venal Ruffians gives. 235
 See where God's Altar, nursing Murder, stands,
 With the red Touch of dark Assassins stain'd.
 * Who in yon wild Retreat, those lonely Walls
 Where monkish Superstition idly dreams,
 Would look for TULLY's *Tusculum* ; or deem 240
 Those naked Hills, that Ship-forfaken † Bay,
 His *Formian* Shore, once the Delight of Earth,
 Where Art and Nature, ever-smiling, join'd
 On the gay Land to lavish all their Stores ?
 Lo ! wrapt in Weeds the § Shore of *Venus* lies. 245
 No generous Vines now bask along the Hills,
 Where sport the Breezes of the *Tyrrhene* Main :
 With Baths and Temples mixt, no Villas rise ;
 Nor, Art-sustain'd amid reluctant Waves,
 Draw the cool Breath of *Baie's* lovely Bay 250
 Where wanton'd all the Pride and Pomp of *Rome*.
 No spreading Ports their peaceful Arms extend :
 No mighty Moles the big invading Storm,
 From the calm Station, roll resounding back,
 An almost total Desolation fits, 255
 A dreary Stillness, sad'ning o'er the Coast ;
 ‡ Where, when soft Suns and tepid Winters rose,
 Gay, festive Crouds inhal'd the Balm of Joy ;

Where

* *Tusculum* is reckoned to have stood at a Place called
Grotta Ferrara, a Convent of Monks.

† *The Bay of Mola (antiently Formiæ) into which
 HOMER brings ULYSSES, and his Companions. Near
 Formiæ CICERO had a Villa.*

§ *The Coast of Baie ; which was formerly adorned
 with the Works mentioned in the following Lines ; and
 where amidst many magnificent Ruins, those of a Temple
 erected to Venus are still to be seen.*

‡ *All along this Coast, the antient Romans had their
 Winter Retreats ; and several populous Cities stood.*

Part. I. *L I B E R T Y.* 203

Where city'd hill to hill reflected blaze ;
 And where with *Ceres Bacchus* wont to hold 260
 A genial strife. Ev'n nature sinks decay'd ;
 Her form by wasting flames and earthquakes torn :
 Sad punishment, by heav'n's avenging ire
 Inflicted, since by *me*, their guardian pow'r,
 These blissful seats were left. Whole cities see 265
 Swallow'd at once, or low in rubbish laid,
 A nest for serpents ; from the red abyss
 New hills, explosive thrown ; the *Lucrine* lake
 A reedy pool ; and all to *Cuma's* point,
 The sea recovering his usurp'd domain, 270
 And pour'd triumphant o'er the bury'd dome.
 Ev'n in proud *Rome* herself how sad the change !
 Behold her rise amid the lifeless waste,
 Expiring nature all corrupted round ;
 While the long *Tyber*, thro the desert plain, 275
 Winds his foul stream, and sullen sweeps along.
 Patch'd from my fragments, in unsolid pomp,
 Mark how the temple glares ; and gayly drest,
 Amusive, draws the superstitious train.
 Mark how the palace lifts a lying front, 280
 Concealing often, in magnific jail,
 Proud want, a deep unanimated gloom !
 And oft adjoining to the drear abode
 Of Misery, whose melancholy Walls
 Seem its voracious Grandeur to Reproach. 285
 Within the city bounds, the desert see.
 See the rank Vine o'er subterranean Roofs,
 Indecent spread ; beneath whose fretted gold
 It once, exulting, flow'd. The People mark,
 A thin despairing Number, all-subdu'd, 290
 The Slaves of Slaves, by superstition fool'd,
 By Vice unman'd and a licentious Rule,
 Void of all Sense of publick Love, in guile
 Alone ingenious, and in Murder Brave.

HENCE,

HENCE, BRITAIN, learn ; if such the wretched fate
 Of an heroic Race, the Masters once 296
 Of human-kind ; what, when depriv'd of ME,
 How grievous must be thine ? In spite of Climes,
 Whose sun-enliven'd æther wakes the Soul
 To higher Powers ; in spite of happy Soils, 300
 That, but by labour's lightest Aid impell'd,
 With Treasures teem to thy cold Clime unknown ;
 If *here* desponding fail the common Arts,
 And sustenance of Life : could life itself,
 Far less a thoughtless Tyrant's hollow Pomp, 305
 Subsist with thee ? Against depressing Skies,
 Join'd to severe Oppression's cloudy brow,
 How could thy Spirits hold ? where vigour find,
 Forc'd fruits to tear from an unfriendly soil ?
 Or, storing every Harvest in thy Ports, 310
 To plow the dreadful all-producing wave ?

HERE interposing I, say, goddess, whence
 The direful Change, what Causes, Gradual, workt
 The piteous ruin of this mighty state ?
 From an unequal ballance in the pow'rs, 315
 And *orders*, that compos'd her Commonwealth,
 Was *Rome* destroy'd, replied the Maid divine.
 Hence fierce contentions sprung ; and, as encreas'd
 This hated inequality, more fierce
 They flam'd to tumult. INDEPENDANCE fail'd ; 320
 Here by luxurious wants, by real there ;
 And with this Virtue every Virtue sunk,
 As, with the sliding Rock, the Pile sustain'd.
 A last attempt, too late, the GRACCHI made,
 To fix the flying Scale, and poise the State. 325
 On one side swell'd *Aristocratic* pride ;
 With usury relentless, whose fell gripe
 Bends by degrees to baseness the free Soul ;
 And luxury rapacious, cruel, mean,
 Mother of vice : While on the other crept

330
 A populace

Part. I. *L I B E R T Y.*

205

A populace in want, with pleasure fir'd ;
 Fit for proscriptions, for the darkest deeds,
 As the proud feeder bade ; inconstant, blind,
 Deserting friends at need, and dupe'd by foes ;
 Loud and seditious, when a chief inspir'd 335
 Their headlong fury, but of him depriv'd,
 Dejected slaves that lick'd the scourging hand.

THIS firm republic, that against the blast
 Of opposition rose ; that (like an Oak,
 Nurs'd on feracious *Algidum*, whose boughs 340
 Still stronger shoot beneath the wounding axe)
 From loss, from slaughter, from the steel itself,
 New force and Spirit drew ; smit with the calm,
 The dead serene of prosperous fortune, fell.
 Nought could her weighty legions now oppose ; 345
Carthage, her terror once, now smoakt in dust,
 And every dreaded power receiv'd the yoke.
 Then, from voluptuous *Asia's* conquer'd Realms,
 In the soft plunder came that worst of plagues,
 Infectious to the mind, a fever'd thirst 350
 For the false joys which luxury bestows ;
 Unworthy Joys ! that, wasteful, leave behind
 No mark of honour, in reflecting hour,
 No secret ray to glad the conscious soul ;
 At once involving in one ruin wealth, 355
 And wealth-acquiring powers : while mean self-love
 Destroys the nobler faculties of bliss.
 Hence *Roman* virtue slacken'd into sloth ;
 Security relax'd the softning state ;
 And the broad eye of government lay clos'd. 360
 No more the laws inviolable reign'd,
 The publick weal no more : but party rag'd ;
 And partial Power and Licence unrestrain'd,
 Let Discord thro the deathful city loose.
 First, mild * *TIBERIUS*, on thy sacred head 365

The

* *TIB. GRACCHUS.*

The Fury's vengeance fell : the first, whose blood
 Had since the Consuls stain'd contending ROME.
 Of precedent pernicious — With thee bled
 Three hundred *Romans* ; with thy Brother, next,
 Three thousand more : Till into Battles turn'd 370
 Debates of Peace, and forc'd the trembling laws.

THUS Luxury, Diffension, a mix'd rage
 Of boundless Pleasure and of boundless Wealth,
 Want wishing Change and waste-repairing War,
 Rapine for ever lost to peaceful Toil, 375
 Unpunish'd Guilt, profuse of blood Revenge,
 Corruption all-avow'd, and lawless Force,
 Each heightening each, together shook the State.
 Mean time Ambition, at the dazzling head
 Of hardy Legions, all Obedience scorn'd 380
 All order overturn'd, and from its base
 The broad Republick tore. By virtue built
 It touch'd the Skies, and spread o'er shelter'd Earth
 An ample Roof : by virtue while sustain'd,
 And firmly ballanc'd, every tempest sung 385
 Innoxious by, or more confirm'd its strength.
 But when, with sudden and enormous change,
 The Best of Mankind sunk into the Worst,
 As once in Virtue so in Vice extreme,
 This universal Fabric yielded loose, 390
 Before Ambition's Rage ; and thundering down,
 At last, beneath its ruins crush'd a World.

By brutal MARIUS, and keen SYLLA, first
 Effus'd the deluge dire of civil blood,
 Unceasing woes began : And each by turns, 395
 (Deep-drenching his Revenge) nor Virtue spar'd,
 Nor Sex, nor Age, nor Quality nor Name ;
 Till ROME, into an human Shambles turn'd,
 Made Desarts lovely. — Oh to well-earn'd chains
 Devoted race ! — If no true ROMAN then, 400
 No SCÆVOLA there was, to raise for ME

A vengeful

Part I. *L I B E R T Y.*

207

A vengeful Hand : was there no Father, robb'd
Of blooming Youth to Prop his wither'd Age?
No Son, whose Eyes beheld his hoary Sire
In Dust and Gore defil'd ? No Friend forlorn ? 405
No wretch, that doubtful trembled for himself ?
None Brave, or Wild, to pierce a monster's heart,
Who, guarding Pow'r by Crimes no more deserv'd
The sacred shelter of the Laws he spurn'd ?
No. Sad o'er all profound dejection sat ; 410
And nerveless fear. The Slave's asylum theirs :
Or Flight, ill-judging, that the Timid back
Turns weak to Slaughter ; or partaken Guilt.
In vain from SYLLA's Vanity I drew
An unexampled deed. The Power resign'd, 415
And all unhop'd the Commonwealth restor'd,
Amaz'd the Public, and effac'd his Crimes.
Thro' Streets yet streaming from his murderous Hand
Unarm'd he Stray'd, Unguarded, Unassail'd,
And on the bed of Peace his Ashes laid ; 420
A grace, which I to his demission gave.
But with him Dy'd not the despotic Soul.
Ambition saw that stooping ROME could bear
A MASTER, *nor had Virtue to be free.*
Hence, for succeeding Years, my troubled Reign 425
No certain Peace, no spreading prospect knew.
Destruction gather'd round. Still the black Soul,
Or of a CATILINE, or * RULLUS, swell'd
With fell designs ; and all the watchful Art
Of CICERO demanded, all the Force, 430
All the State-wielding Magic of his Tongue ;
And all the Thunder of my CATO's zeal.

With

* PUB. SERVILIUS RULLUS, *Tribune of the People,*
proposed an Agrarian Law, in appearance very advantage-
ous for the People but destructive of their Liberty; and
which was defeated by the Eloquence of CICERO, in his
Speech against RULLUS.

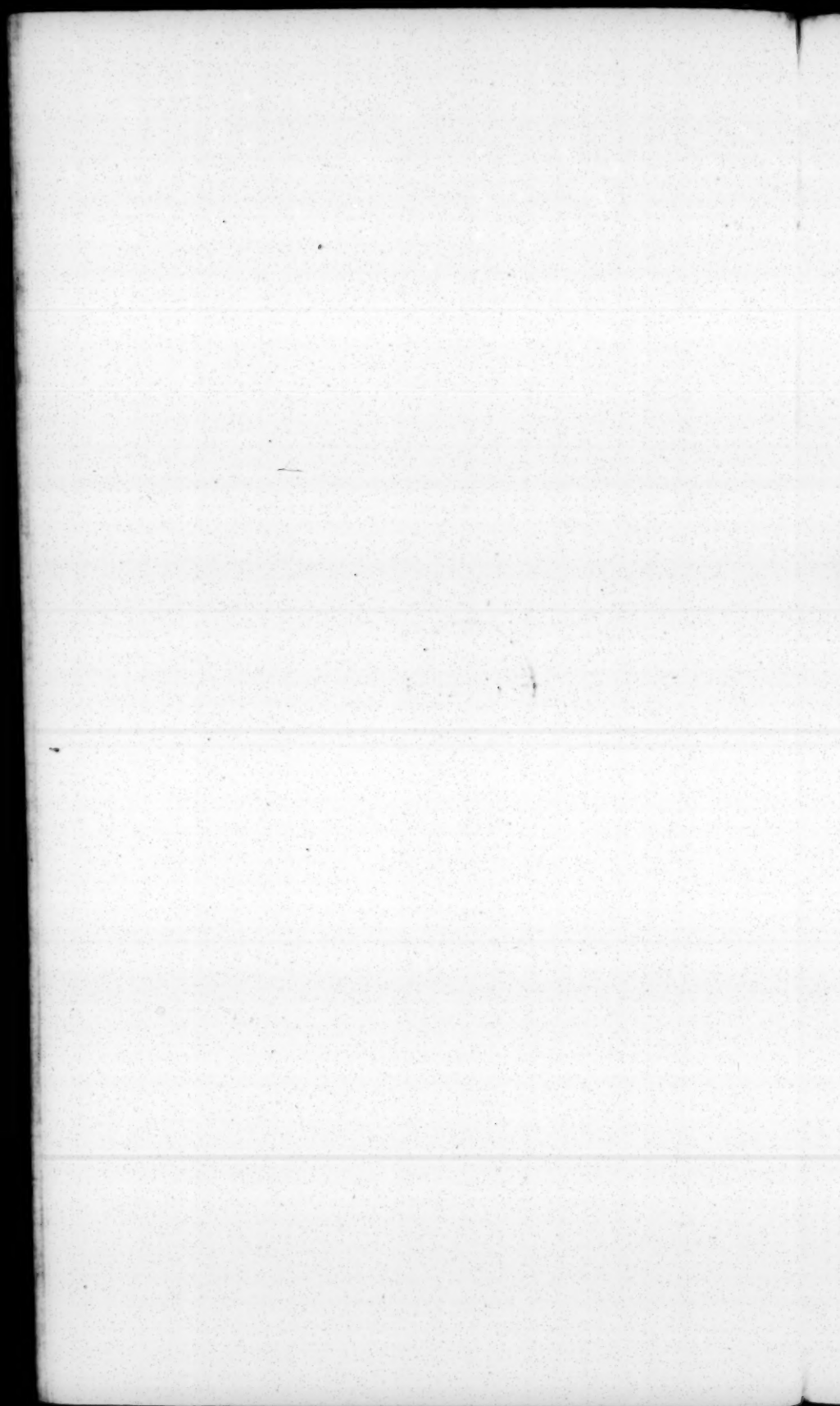
With these I linger'd ; till the Flame anew
 Burst out in blaze immense, and wrapt the World.
 The shameful contest Sprung ; to whom Mankind 435
 Should yield the Neck ; to POMPEY, who conceal'd
 A Pride impatient of an equal Name ;
 Or to the nobler CÆSAR, on whose brow
 O'er daring Vice deluding Virtue smil'd,
 And who no less a vain superior scorn'd. 440
 Both Bled, but Bled in vain. New Traitors rose.
The venal WILL be bought, the Base have Lords.
 To these vile Wars I left ambitious Slaves ;
 And from *Philippi's* Field, from where in dust
 The last of *Romans*, matchless *Brutus*, lay, 445
 Spread to the North untam'd a rapid wing.

HERE paus'd the GODDESS. By the pause assur'd
 In trembling accents thus I mov'd my Prayer.
 " Oh first, and most benevolent of Powers !
 " Sent from eternal Splendors, here on Earth, 450
 " Against despotick Pride, and Rage, and Lust,
 " To shield Mankind ; to raise them to assert
 " The native Rights and Honour of their Race :
 " Teach me thy lowest subject, but in zeal 454
 " Yielding to none, the PROGRESS OF THY REIGN,
 " And with a strain from THEE enrich the Muse.
 " As THEE alone she serves, her Patron, THOU,
 " And great Inspirer be ! then will she joy,
 " Tho narrow life her Lot, and private shade :
 " But when her venal Voice she barters vile, 460
 " Or to thy open or thy secret foes ;
 " May ne'er those sacred raptures touch her more,
 " By slavish hearts unfelt ! and may her Song
 " Sink in oblivion with the nameless crew,
 " Vermin of State, to thy o'erflowing light 465
 " That owe their being, yet betray thy cause."
 THEN, condescending kind, the HEAVENLY POWER
 Return'd. — " What here, suggested by the Scene,
 " I flight

“ I slight unfold, record, and Sing at Home, 469
“ There TRUTH, unlicens’d, walks ; and dares accost
“ Even Kings themselves, the Monarchs of the free !
“ Fix’d on my Rock, there, an indulgent Race
“ With gracious Power the legal Sceptre wield.
“ And there, to finish what his Sires began,
“ A PRINCE behold ! for ME who burns sincere, 475
“ Even with a subject’s zeal. He my great work
“ Will Parent-like sustain ; and added give,
“ The touch, the Graces and the Muses owe.
“ For BRITAIN’s glory swells his panting breast ;
“ The Friend, and Patron He of ancient Arts : 480
“ His pride to let the smiling heart abroad ;
“ Disdaining Clouds of Pomp that hide the Man ;
“ To Please, his joy ; his passion, to Bestow ;
“ And all the Soul of TIRUS dwells in him.”

THUS she---my raptur’d heart with joy o’erflow’d. 485

G R E E C E :



G R E E C E :

Being the SECOND PART of

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LIBERTY.

PART II.

A GAIN the GODDESS of the fearless Eye ;
Propitious to my pray'r, her Tale renew'd.
FIRST, in the dawn of Time, with eastern Swains,
In Woods, and Tents, and Cottages, I liv'd ;
While on from Plain to Plain they led their Flocks, 5
In search of clearer Spring, and fresher Field.
These, as increas'ing Families disclos'd
The tender state, I taught an equal sway.
Few were offences, properties, and laws.
Beneath the rural Portal, palm-o'erspread, 10
The father-senate met. There Justice dealt,
With Reason then and Equity the same,
Free as the common Air, her prompt decree ;
Nor yet had stain'd her Sword with subject's Blood.
AT first, on Brutes alone the rustic War 15
Lanc'd the rude spear ; swift, as he glar'd along,
On the grim Lion, or the robber-Wolf.
But soon, by appetites intemperate fir'd,
Lewd lazy rapine broke primæval Peace,
And, hid in Caves and idle Forests drear, 20
From the lone Pilgrim and the wand'ring Swain,
Seiz'd what he would not earn. Then brother's Blood
First, horrid, smoak'd on the polluted Skies.
Awful

Awful in Justice then the burning Youth,
 Led by their temper'd fires, on lawless men, 25
 The last worst Monsters of the shaggy Wood,
 Turn'd the keen Arrow, and the sharpen'd Spear.
 Then War grew glorious. Heroes then arose;
 Who, scorning selfish good, for others liv'd,
 Toil'd for their ease, and for their safety bled. 30
 With these from eastern realms to GREECE I came:
 Earth smil'd beneath my beam: the Muse before
 Sonorous flew, that low till then in Woods
 Had tun'd the reed, and sigh'd the shepherd's pain;
 But now, to sing heroic deeds, she swell'd 35
 A nobler note, and rais'd her Epic strain.

FOR GREECE my sons of EGYPT I forsook;
 A boastful race, that in the vain abyss
 Of fabling ages lov'd to lose their source,
 And with their river trac'd it from the Skies. 40
 While there my Laws alone despotic reign'd,
 And King, as well as People, proud obey'd,
 I taught them Science, Virtue, Wisdom, Arts;
 By Poets, Sages, legislators fought;
 'The School of polish'd life, and human kind. 45
 But when mysterious Superstition came,
 And, with her * Civil Sister league'd, involv'd
 In study'd darkness the desponding mind;
 Then EGYPT in deserv'd oppression sunk;
 For yielded Reason speaks the soul a Slave. 50
 Instead of useful works, like nature's great,
 Enormous, cruel wonders crush'd the Land;
 And round a tyrant's † Tomb, who none deserv'd,
 For one vile Carcass perish'd countless lives.
 'Then the great ‡ Dragon, couch'd amid the stream, 55
 Swell'd his fierce Heart, and cry'd--" This Flood is mine,
 " 'Tis

* Civil Tyranny.

† The Pyramids.

‡ An Eastern metaphor, us'd in Scripture to express an Egyptian Tyrant.

" 'Tis I that bid it flow."—But, undeceiv'd,
 His phrenzy soon the proud Blasphemer felt;
 Felt that without my fertilizing Power
 Suns lost their Force, and *Nile* o'erflow'd in vain. 60
 From thence, irrevocably lost, I fled,
 And sought *PHOENICIA*; first for Letters fam'd,
 That paint the Voice, and silent speak to fight.
 To her industrious Children, Wise and Bold,
 I first disclos'd mechanic Arts, and led 65
 Their daring Fleets to tempt the dang'rous Main,
 The Winds to conquer, and subdue the Waves.
 Yet not by these, nor by the neighb'ring Land
 Whose palmy Vales the silver *Jordan* laves,
 Or *Cedron's* torrent, was I long detain'd. 70
 In *Scythia* next I dwelt, among the sons
 Of simple nature: then the *Persian* state
 I founded strong, and nourished with the lore
 Of frugal Wisdom, by whose matchless Force
 The godlike *Cyrus Asia's* empire won. 75
 But soon proud conquest, and immoderate pow'r
 My laws revers'd, my just restraints disdain'd,
 And thence expell'd to *GREECE* I bent my flight.

HAIL happy Land of Arts! unrival'd *GREECE*!
 My fairest reign! where every power benign 80
 Conspir'd to raise the flower of human kind,
 And lavish'd all that genius can inspire:
 Clear sunny Climates, by the breezy Main,
Ionian or *Ægean*, temper'd kind:
 Light, happy soils: A country Rich, and Gay; 85
 Broke into Hills with balmy odours crown'd,
 And, bright with purple Harvest, joyous Vales.
 Mountains, and Streams, where Verse spontaneous
 flow'd;

Whence deem'd by wondering Men the seat of Gods,
 And still the Mountains and the Streams of Songs: 90
 All that boon Nature could luxuriant pour

Of

Of high materials, and MY restless ARTS
 Frame into finish'd life. How many states,
 And clustering Towns, and monuments of Fame,
 And scenes of glorious deeds, in little bounds ; 95
 From the rough tract of bending Mountains, beat
 By *Adria's* here, there by *Ægean Waves* ;
 To where the deep-adorning *Cyclade Isles*
 In shining prospect rise, and on the shore
 Of farthest *Crete* resounds the *Lybian Main* ! 100

O'ER All two rival Cities rear'd their Heads,
 And ballanc'd All. Spread on *Eurotas'* bank,
 Amid a Circle of soft-rising Hills,
 The patient SPARTA One : the sober, hard,
 And man-subduing City ; which no shape 105
 Of Pain could conquer, or of Pleasure charm :
 LYCURGUS there built on the solid base
 Of equal life so well a temper'd State ;
 Where mix'd each Government in such just poise,
 Each power so checking, and supporting each ; 110
 That firm for Ages, and unmov'd, it stood,
 The fort of GREECE, without one giddy hour,
 One shock of faction, or of party-rage.
 For Avarice, Riot, and Corruption there
 Lay wither'd at the Root. 'Thrice happy Land ! 115
 Had not neglected Art, with weedy Vice
 Confounded, sunk. But if *Athenian* arts
 Lov'd not the soil ; yet there the firm abode
 Of Wisdom, Virtue, fortitude of mind,
 Of manly sense and wit, in frugal phrase 120
 Confin'd, and press'd into *Laconic* force.
 'There too, by rooting thence each selfish thought,
 The Public and the Private grew the same.
 The children of the nursing Public All,
 And at its Table fed, for That they toil'd, 125
 For That alone they liv'd, and even for That

The tender Mother urg'd her Son to die.

O F softer Genius, but not less intent
To seize the Palm of Empire, ATHENS rose,
Where, with bright Marbles big and future Pomp, 130

* *Hymettus* spread, amid the scented Sky,
His thymy Treasures to the labouring Bee,
And to botanic hand the Stores of Health.
Between † *Ilissus* and *Cephissus* glow'd
This Hive of Science, shedding Sweets divine. 135

There, passionate for ME, an easy-mov'd,
A quick, refin'd, a delicate, humane,
Enlighten'd People reign'd. Oft on the Brink
Of Ruin, hurried by the Charm of Speech,
Enforcing hasty Counsel immature, 140
Totter'd the rash Democracy; unpois'd,
And by the Rage devour'd, that ever tears
A Populace unequal; part too rich,
And part or fierce with Want or abject grown.

SOLOON, at last, their mild Restorer, came: 145
Allay'd the Tempest; to the Calm of Laws
Reduc'd the settling Whole; and, with the Weight
Which the ‡ two Senates to the Public lent,
As with an Anchor fix'd the driving State.

N O R was my forming Care to These confin'd. 150
For Emulation thro the Whole I pour'd,
Noble Contention! who should most excel
In Government well pois'd, adjusted best
To Public Weal; in Countries cultur'd high;
In ornamented Towns, where Order reign'd, 155

Vol. I.

K

Free

* *A Mountain near Athens.*

† *Two Rivers, betwixt which Athens was situated.*

‡ *The Areopagus, or Supreme Court of Judicature,
which SOLOON reformed, and improv'd; and the Council
of Four Hundred, by him instituted. In this Council all
Affairs of State were deliberated, before they came to be
voted in the Assembly of the People.*

Free social Life, and polish'd Manners fair;
 In Exercise, and Arms, Arms only drawn
 For common Good, to quell the *Persian* Pride:
 In moral Science, and in graceful Arts.

159

HENCE flourish'd GREECE; and hence a Race of
 By wond'ring latter Times as Gods ador'd; [Men,
 In whom each Virtue wore a smiling Air,
 Each Science shed o'er Life a friendly Light,
 Each Art was Nature. SPARTAN Valour hence,
 At the * *fam'd Pass*, firm as an Isthmus stood; 165
 And the whole eastern Ocean, waving far
 As Eye could dart its Vision, nobly check'd.
 Hence in extended Battle, on the Plains
 Of *Marathon*, or *fam'd Plataea's* Field,
 Millions of Slaves my keen *Athenians* drove 170
 In shameful Flight before their ardent Band;
 Or plung'd them in the *Salaminian* Wave.

HENCE thro the Continent ten thousand GREEKS
 Urg'd a Retreat, whose Glory not the Prime
 Of Victories can reach. Desarts, in vain, 175
 Oppos'd their Course; and hostile Lands, unknown;
 And Rivers deep and rapid, bank'd with Death;
 And Mountains, in whose Jaws Destruction grin'd;
 Hunger, and Toil; *Armenian* Snows, and Storms;
 And circling Myriads still of barbarous Foes. 180
 GREECE in their View, and Glory's radiant Form,
 Their steady Column pierc'd the scattering Hosts
 Which a whole Empire pour'd; and held its Way
 Triumphant, by the † SAGE-EXALTED CHIEF
 Fir'd and sustain'd. Oh Light and force of Mind 185
 Next to Almighty in severe Extremes!

MY SPIRIT pours a Vigour thro the Soul,
 Th' unfetter'd Thought with energy inspires,
 Invincible in Arts, in the bright Field

* *The Straits of Thermopylae.*

† XENOPHON.

Part II. *L I B E R T Y.* 219

Of laurel'd Science, as in that of Arms. 190
 ATHENIANS thus not less indignant scorn'd
 The Bonds of Ignorance, than *Perſia's* Chains ;
 While thro the City full of witty War
 Inceſſant ſtruggled Taſte refining Taſte,
 And friendly free Diſcuſſion, calling forth 195
 From the fair Jewel TRUTH its latent Ray.
 O'er All ſhone out the great * ATHENIAN SAGE,
 And Father of Philoſophy : the Sun,
 From whoſe white Blaze emerg'd each various Sect
 Took various Tints, but with diminifh'd Beam. 200
 Tutor of ATHENS he, in every Street,
 Dealt priceleſs Treafure : Goodneſs his Delight,
 Wiſdom his Wealth, and Virtue his Reward.
 With ſmiling Eaſe he to th' attentive Youth
 Taught moral happy Life, whate'er can bleſs, 205
 Or grace Mankind ; and what he taught he was.
 Compounded high, tho plain, his Doctrin broke
 In different SCHOOLS : The bold poetic Phraſe
 Of copious PLATO ; XENOPHON's pure Strain,
 Like the clear Brook that ſteals along the Vale ; 210
 Diſſecting Truth, the STAGYRITE's keen Eye ;
 Th' exalted STOIC Pride ; the CYNIC Sneer ;
 The ſlow-conſenting ACADEMIC Doubt ;
 And, joining Blifs to Virtue, the glad Eaſe
 Of EPICURUS, ſeldom underſtood. 215
 They, ever-candid, Reaſon ſtill oppos'd
 To Reaſon ; and, ſince Virtue was their Aim,
 Each by ſure Practice try'd to prove his Way
 The beſt. Then ſtood untouch'd the ſolid Baſe
 Of Liberty, the *Freedom of the Mind.* 220
 O GREECE ! thou ſapient Nurſe of FINER ARTS,
 Which to Bright Science blooming Fancy bore,
 Be this thy Praise, that Thou, with Taſte ſupreme,
 In Theſe haſt led the Way, in Theſe excell'd,

K 2

Crown'd

* SOCRATES.

Crown'd with the Laurel of approving Time. 225

IN thy full Language, speaking mighty Things,
Like a clear Torrent close, or else diffus'd
A broad majestick Stream, and rowling on
Thro all the winding Harmony of Sound,
The matchless Power of ELOQUENCE, at large, 230
Breath'd the persuasive or pathetic Strain ;
Still'd with mild Art the Democratic Storm,
Or bade it threatning rise, and Tyrants shook,
Ev'n at the Head of their victorious Troops.
There the bold MUSE (her fury never quench'd 235
By mean enervate Phrase, or jarring Sound)
Her unconfin'd Divinity display'd ;
And, still harmonious, form'd it to her Will :
Or soft depress'd it to the Shepherd's Moan,
Or rais'd it swelling to the Tongue of Gods. 240

Heroic Song was thine ; the * FOUNTAIN-BARD,
Whence each poetic Stream derives its Course.
Thine the dread *Moral Scene*, thy chief Delight !
Where idle Fancy durst not mix her Voice,
When Reason spoke august ; the fervent Heart 245
Or griev'd, or storm'd ; and in th' impassion'd Man,
Concealing Art with Art, the Poet sunk.
This School of Manners, which, when govern'd well,
Is Virtue's best Instructor, but, when left
To loose Neglect, a Land-corrupting Plague, 250
Was not unworthy deem'd of public Care,
And boundless Cost, by Thee ; whose Wisdom saw
How much the *Stage* may serve, or hurt the *State*.

THINE was the meaning Music of the Heart,
The sweet Enforcer of the Poet's Strain : 255
Not the vain trill, that, void of Passion, runs
In giddy Mazes, tickling idle Ears ;
But that deep-searching Voice, and artful Hand,
To which respondent shakes the varied Soul.

THY

Part II. *L I B E R T Y.* 221

THY fair Ideas, thy delightful Forms, 260
By Love imagin'd, by the Graces touch'd,
The Boast of well-pleas'd *Nature*, *SCULPTURE* seiz'd,
And bade them ever smile in *Parian* Stone.

Selecting Beauty's Choice: and that again
Exalting, blending in a perfect Whole, 265

Thy Workmen left even Nature's self behind.
From those far different, whose prolific Hand
Peoples a Nation; they for Years on Years,
By the cool Touches of judicious Toil,
Their rapid Genius curbing, pour'd it all 270

Thro the live Features of one breathing Stone.
There, beaming full, it shone, expressing Gods:
Jove's awful Brow, *Apollo's* Air divine,
The fierce atrocious Frown of finew'd *Mars*,
Or the soft Graces of the *Cyprian Queen*: 275

Minutely perfect all! Each Dimple sunk,
And every Muscle swell'd, as Nature taught.
In tresses, braided gay, the Marble wav'd;
Flow'd in loose Robes, or thin transparent Veils;
Sprung into Motion; soften'd into Flesh, 280
Was fir'd to Passion, or refin'd to Soul.

NOR less thy PENCIL, with creative Touch,
Shed mimic Life, when all thy brightest Dames,
Assembled, *ZEUXIS* in his *HELEN* mix'd:
Or when *APELLES*, who peculiar knew 285
To give a Grace that more than mortal smil'd,
The Soul of Beauty! call'd the Queen of Love,
Fresh from the Billows, blushing orient Charms.

FIRST elder *Sculpture* taught her * *Sister Art*
Correct Design; where great Ideas shone, 290
And animating all Expression spoke:
Taught her the graceful Attitude; the Turn,
And beauteous Airs of Head; the decent act,
Or bold, or easy; and, cast free behind,

K 3

<The

* *Painting.*

The swelling Mantle's well-adjusted flow. 295
 Then the bright *Muse*, their eldest Sister, came;
 And bade her follow where she led the way:
 Bade Earth, and Sea, and Air, in Colours rise;
 And copious Action on the Canvas glow:
 Gave her gay Fable; spread Invention's Store; 300
 Inlarg'd her View; taught Composition high,
 And just Arrangement, circling round one Point,
 That starts to Sight, binds and commands the Whole:
 O'er all thy Temples, Porticos, and Schools,
 Heroic Deeds she trac'd, and warm display'd 305
 Each moral Beauty to the ravish'd Eye.
 The living Lesson stole into the Heart,
 With more prevailing Force than dwells in Words.
 These rouse to Glory; while, to rural Life,
 And Contemplation sweet of Nature's Works, 310
 The softer Canvas oft becalm'd the Soul.
 There gayly broke the sun illumin'd Cloud;
 The less'ning Prospect, and the Mountain blue,
 Vanish'd in Air; the Precipice frown'd, dire;
 White, down the Rock, the rushing Torrent dash'd; 315
 The Sun shone, trembling, o'er the distant Main;
 The Tempest foam'd, immense; the driving Storm
 Sadden'd the Skies, and, from the doubling Gloom
 On the scath'd Oak the ragged Lightning fell;
 In closing Shades, and where the Current strays, 320
 With Peace, and Love, and Innocence around,
 Pip'd the lone Shepherd to his feeding Flock:
 Round happy Parents smil'd their younger selves;
 And Friends convers'd, by Death divided long.
 Thus Virtue, public, or retired, the Arts, 325
 Unblemish'd Handmaids, serv'd, the *Graces* they
 To dress this fairest *Venus*. Thus rever'd,
 And plac'd beyond the Reach of sordid Care,
 Alone for Glory thy great Masters strove;
 Disdaining abject Thoughts of Gain, that bow 330

The Genius down dishonour'd, and debas'd.

IN ARCHITECTURE too the Palm is thine.
Such thy sure Rules, that *Goths* of every Age,
Who scorn'd their Aid, have only loaded Earth
With labour'd heavy Monuments of Shame.

335

First, nobly Plain, the manly *Doric* rose;
Th' *Ionian* then, with decent Matron Grace,
Her beauteous Pillar rear'd: luxuriant last,
The rich *Corinthian* spread her wanton Wreath.
The whole so measur'd true, so lessen'd off
By fine Proportion, that the Marble Pile,
Form'd to repel the still or stormy Waste
Of rolling Ages, light as Fabrics look'd
That from the magic Wand aerial rise.

340

THESE were the Wonders that illumin'd GREECE, 345

From End to End—Here interrupting warm,
Where are they now? (I cry'd) say, GODDESS, where?
And what the Land thy Darling thus of old?

Sunk! she resum'd, deep in the kindred Gloom
Of Superstition, and of Slavery, sunk;

350

No Glory now can touch their Hearts, benumb'd
By loose dejected Sloth and servile Fear;

No Science pierce the Darknefs of their Minds;

Even to supply the needful Arts of Life,

Mechanic Toil denies the hopeless Hand;

355

Scarce any Trace remaining, vestige grey,

Or nodding Column on the Desert Shore,

To point where once her noblest Cities stood.

A faithless Land of Violence, and Death!

Where Commerce parleys, dubious, on the Shore; 360

And his warm Impulse curious Search restrains,

Afraid to trust th' inhospitable Clime.

Neglected Nature fails; in sordid Want

Sunk, and debas'd their Beauty Beams no more.

The Sun himself seems, angry, to regard,

365

Of Light unworthy, the degenerate Race;

And fires them oft with pestilential Rays :
 While Earth, blue Poison steaming on the Skies,
 Indignant, shakes them from her troubled Sides.
 But as from Man to Man, by Fate's Decree, 370
 Impartial Death the Tide of Riches rolls,
 So States must die and LIBERTY go round.

FERCE was the Stand, e'er Virtue, Valour, Arts,
 And the Soul fir'd by ME (that often, stung
 With Thoughts of better Times and old Renown, 375
 From Hydra-Tyrants try'd to clear the Land)
 Lay quite extinct in these my darling Sons.

Then first the Change began, when GREECE with
 Embroil'd in foul Contention, fought no more [GREECE
 For common Glory, and for common Good, 380
 But false to Freedom, fought to quell the Free ;
 Broke the firm Band, of Peace, and sacred Love,
 That lent the whole unconquerable Force.

Then to the *Persian* Power, whose Pride they scorn'd,
 When XERXES pour'd his Millions o'er the Land, 385
Sparta, by turns, and *Athens*, vilely sue'd ;
 Sue'd to be venal Parricides, to spill

Their Country's bravest Blood, and on themselves
 To turn their matchless mercenary Arms.
 Peaceful in *Susa*, then, sat the * *Great King* ; 390
 And by insidious Treaties, the still Waste
 Of sly Corruption, and barbaric Gold,
 Effected what his Steel could ne'er perform.

Profuse he gave them the luxurious Draught,
 Inflaming all the Land ; unballanc'd held 395
 Their tottering States ; their wild Assemblies rul'd,
 As the Winds turn at every Blast the Seas ;
 And by their lifted Orators, whose Breath
 Still with a factious Storm infested GREECE,
 Rous'd them to Civil War, or dash'd them down 400
 To

* So the Kings of Persia were called by the Greeks.

Part II. *L I B E R T Y.* 225

To sordid Peace—* Peace, that, when *Sparta* shook
 Astonish'd *ARTAXERXES* on his Throne,
 Gave up, fair-spread o'er *Asia's* sunny Shore,
 Their kindred Cities to perpetual Chains.
 What could so base, so infamous a Thought 405
 In *Spartan* Hearts inspire? Jealous, they saw
 Respiring † *Athens* rear again her Walls;
 And the pale Fury fir'd them, once again
 To crush this rival City to the Dust.
 For now no more the noble social Bond 410
 Of PUBLIC LOVE *my Families* combin'd;
 But by short Views, and selfish Passions, broke,
 Dire as when Friends are rankled into Foes,
 The fierce Republics waged eternal War:
 Nor felt they, furious, their exhausted Force. 415
 † Long Years roll'd on, by many a Battle stain'd,
 The Blush and Boast of Fame! where Courage, Art,
 And military Glory shone supreme:
 At last, when bleeding from a thousand Wounds,
 They felt their Spirits fail, and in the Dust 420
 Their latest Heroes, *NICIAS*, *CONON*, lay,
AGESILAUS, and the § *THEBAN FRIENDS*,
 The *Macedonian* || Vultur mark'd his Time,
 And, fierce-descending, seiz'd his hapless Prey.
 Thus tame submitted to the Victor's Yoke 425
 GREECE, once the gay, the turbulent, the bold;

K 5

With

* *The Peace made by ANTALCIDAS, the Lacedemonian Admiral, with the Persians; by which the Lacedemonians abandon'd all the Greeks establish'd in the lesser Asia to the Dominion of the King of Persia.*

† *Athens had been dismantled by the Lacedemonians, at the End of the first Peloponnesian War, and was at this Time restored by CONON to its former Splendor.*

‡ *The Peloponnesian War.*

§ *PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.*

|| *Philip of Macedon.*

With Arts of War, of Government, elate;
To *Tyrants* dreadful, dreadful to the *Best*;
Whom I MYSELF could hardly Rule: And thus
The *Persian* Fetters, that enthrall'd the Mind, 430
Were turn'd to formal and apparent chains.
Unless CORRUPTION first deject the Pride,
And guardian vigour of the free-born Soul,
All crude attempts of *Violence* are vain;
For firm within, and while at Heart untouch'd, 435
Ne'er yet by *Force* was *Freedom* overcome.
But soon as INDEPENDANCE stoops the head,
'To *Vice* enslav'd, and *Vice-created Wants*;
Then to some *soul corrupting Hand*, whose waste
Their craving Lusts with fatal bounty feeds, 440
They fall a willing, undefended prize:
From Man to Man th' infectious softness runs,
Till the whole State unnerv'd in SLAVERY sinks.

BRITAIN:

BRITAIN:

Being the THIRD PART of

LIBERTY,

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LIBERTY.

PART III.

O 'ER GREECE enthrall'd I dropt a pitying
tear,
When thus the GODDESS---Ere with angry
wing,

Indignant I forsook these much lov'd coasts,
Great Mother of Republics, GREECE had pour'd,
Swarm after Swarm, her ardent Youth around. 5

On *Asia, Afric, Sicily*, they stoop'd,
But chief on fair HESPERIA's winding shore;
Where, from * *Lacinium* to *Etrurian* vales,
They roll'd increasing colonies along,
And lent materials for my ROMAN REIGN. 10

With them *my Spirit* spread; and numerous States,
And Cities rose, on *Grecian* Models form'd.

But far superior to them all, in strength
Of Mind, and elevated Genius, tower'd
Imperial ROME. Here long I fix'd my Seat; 15

Here, taught by PALLAS, from the weaker plan
Of GREECE I varied, whose unmixing States,
In mutual emulation separate vied,
Nor could unite---But here, with deeper Reach

Of

* *A Promontory in Calabria.*

Of Policy, beneath the ROMAN Name 20
 All LATIUM I combin'd: for to diffuse
 O'er Men an Empire was my Purpose now;
 To let my Martial Majesty abroad;
 Into the Vortex of one State to draw
 The whole mix'd Force, and Liberty on Earth; 25
 To conquer Tyrants, and set Nations free.

How this great Empire rose, and how it fell,
 By Luxury corrupted, thou hast heard.
 From hence o'er rocky *Thrace*, and the deep vales
 Of gelid *Hæmus*, I pursu'd my flight; 30
 And, piercing farthest *Scythia*, Westward swept
 * *Sarmatia*, travers'd by a thousand Streams,
 A sullen Land of Lakes, and Fens immense,
 Of Rocks, resounding Torrents, gloomy Heaths,
 And cruel Defarts black with sounding Pine; 35
 Where Nature frowns: tho sometimes into smiles
 She softens; and immediate, at the touch
 Of southern Gales, throws from the fertile Glebe
 Luxuriant Pasture, and a waste of Flowers.

There a bold Race of Men prolific Swarms, 40
 Hard like their Soil, and like their climate Fierce;
 The Nursery, of Nations! — These I rous'd:
 Like an impetuous deluge, o'er the banks
 Of yielding Empire they resistless broke,
 Aveng'd my Wrongs, and scourg'd a slavish world. 45

LONG in the barbarous Heart the bury'd seeds
 Of *Freedom* lay, for many a wintry Age;
 And tho my Spirit work'd by slow Degrees,
 Nought but its Pride and Fierceness yet appear'd.
 I quitted Earth the while. As when the Tribes 50
 Aërial, warn'd of rising Winter, ride
 Autumnal Winds to warmer Climates borne;
 So, *Arts*, and each good *Genius* in my Train,
 I cut the closing Gloom, and soar'd to Heaven.

There

* The ancient *Sarmatia* contained a vast Tract of Country running all along the North of Europe and Asia.

Part. III. *L I B E R T Y.* 231

There only there, with perfect *Order* join'd, 55
 My beauteous Sister, undisturb'd and pure,
 Beneath the Sceptre of all-ruling *Jove*,
 The Servant of his righteous Will, I reign.
 In the bright Regions there of cloudless Day,
 Far other Scenes, and Palaces, arise, 60
 Adorn'd profuse with other Arts Divine.
 All beauty here below, to them compar'd,
 Would, like a Rose before the Mid-day Sun,
 Shrink up its Blossom ; like a Bubble break
 The poor Magnificence of proudest Kings. 65
 For there the KING OF NATURE, in full blaze
 Calls every Splendor forth ; and there his Court
 Amid Ætherial Powers, and Virtues, holds,
 Angels, Archangels, tutelary Gods,
 Of Cities, Nations, Empires, and of Worlds. 70
 But sacred be the Veil, that kindly clouds
 A Light too keen for Mortals ; wraps a View
 Too softening fair, for those that here in Dust
 Must chearful toil out their appointed Years.
 A Sense of higher Life would only damp 75
 The School-boy's Task, and spoil his playful Hours :
 Nor could the Child of Reason, feeble Man,
 With Vigour thro this infant Being drudge ;
 Did brighter Worlds, their unimagin'd Bliss
 Disclosing, dazzle and dissolve his Mind. 80

WHILE thus from Earth my Presence I withdrew,
 All lay revers'd : the sacred Arts of Rule
 Turn'd to flagitious Leagues against Mankind ;
 Religion mild to persecuting Rage,
 'To Holy Dotage Virtue, even to Guile, 85
 To Murder, and a Mockery of Oaths ;
 Brave antient Freedom to the * *Rage of Slaves*,
 Proud of their State, and fighting for their Chains ;
 Dishonour'd

* *Vassalage, whence the attachment of Clans to their Chief.*

Dishonour'd Courage † to the *Bravo's* Trade,
 To civil Broil ; and Glory to Romance, 90
 Thus human Life unhing'd to Ruin reel'd,
 And giddy Reason totter'd on her Throne.

AH poor ITALY ! what a bitter Cup
 Of Vengeance hast thou drain'd ! *Goths, Vandals, Huns,*
Lombards, Barbarians broke from every Land, 95
 How many a Russian Form hast thou beheld,
 What horrid Jargons heard, where Rage alone
 Was all thy frighted Ear could comprehend !
 Yet first, returning to Mankind, I deign'd
 Thee to revisit, on thy utmost Verge, 100
 Where †, push'd from plunder'd Earth, a Remnant still,
 Inspir'd by Me, thro the dark Ages kept
 Of my old *Roman* Flame some Sparks alive :
 There in the Bosom fix'd of wond'ring Seas,
 Rais'd by my Hand majestic *Venice* rose : 105
 Astonish'd Mortals sail'd, with pleasing Awe,
 Around the Sea-girt Walls, by *Neptune* fenc'd,
 And down the briny Street ; where on each Hand,
 Amazing seen amid unstable Waves,
 The splendid Palace shines ; and rising Tides, 110
 The green Steps marking, murmur at the Door.
 To this fair *Queen of Adria's* stormy Gulph,
 The Mart of Nations, long, obedient Seas
 Roll'd all the Treasure of the radiant East.
 Yet here too much confin'd, and bent beneath 115
 Aristocratic Power : my Spirit droopt.
 The ruling *Senate*, jealous and severe,
 With the dread Council of the Tyrant *TEN*,
 Cast o'er the whole indissoluble chains :
 The softer Shackles of luxurious Ease 120

They

* Duelling.

† Those who Fled to some Marshes in the Adriatic Gulph, from the Desolation spread over Italy by an irruption of the Huns, first founded there the City of Venice, about the beginning of the fifth Century.

They likewise added, to secure their sway.
But wise their government, and just, compar'd
With the wild frenzies of despotic Kings.

FROM *Venice*, next, o'er *Arno's* fertile Plain
I took my Course, and bade his Vine-clad Hills 125
Beneath the Influence of my Beams rejoice.
There, pleas'd again to bless my old Abodes,
I * small Republics rais'd. Thrice happy they !
Had social *Freedom* bound their Peace, and Arts,
Instead of ruling Power ne'er meant for them, 130
Employ'd their little Cares---Now One alone,
Proud *Florence*, has enthrall'd her Sister States,
Sienna, *Pisa*, nor herself escap'd
The galling Yoke ; to her own Subjects first,
And last to foreign barbarous Pow'r enslav'd, 135
Supreme of ills ! yet *Lucca* still survives,
And poor *Marino*, to whose narrow Bounds
Is now reduc'd my fam'd *Hesperian* Reign.
But happier They, and in the judging Eye
Of Reason more *illustrious* far, than all 140
The servile Pride of *Naples*, or of *Rome*.

THE barren Rocks themselves beneath my Feet
Relenting bloom'd on the *Ligurian* Shore.
* Thick-swarming People there, like Emmets, seiz'd
Amid surrounding Cliffs, the scatter'd Spots, 145
Which Nature left in her † destroying Rage,

Made

* *The Republics of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Sienna. They formerly have had very cruel Wars together, but are now all peaceably Subject to the Great Duke of Tuscany, except it be Lucca, which still maintains the form of a Republic.*

* *The Genoese Territory is reckoned very Populous, but the Towns and Villages for the most Part lie hid among the Appennine Rocks and Mountains.*

† *According to Dr. Burnet's System of the Deluge.*

Made their own Fields, nor sigh'd for richer Lands.
 There, in white Prospect, from the rocky Hill
 Gradual descending to the shelter'd Shore,
 By me proud *Genoa's* marble Turrets rose: 150
 And while my genuine Spirit fir'd her Sons,
 Beneath her *Dorias*, not unworthy, she
 Vy'd for the Trident of the midland Seas
 With *Venice*, or with *Pisa's* rival Fleets.
 But fainter now, and half-extinct, my Beams 155
 Scarce warm their Hearts; nor deign I to regard
 A Race, that where their feeble Pow'r extends,
 Crush their own Subjects with an iron Yoke †.

THEN the rough *Alps*, clad with eternal Snow,
 Confess'd my Power. Strong as the bulwark Hills 160
 By Nature thrown insuperable round,
 I planted there a † *League of friendly States*,
 And bade *plain Freedom* their Ambition be.
 There in the Vale, where rural Plenty fills,
 From Lakes, and Meads, and furrow'd Fields, her Horn,
 † Chief, where the *Leman* pure emits the *Rhone*, 166
 Rare to be seen! unguilty Cities rise,
 Cities of Brothers form'd: while equal Life,
 Accorded gracious with revolving Power,
 Maintains them free; and, in their happy Streets, 170
 Nor cruel Deed, nor Misery is known.
 For Valour, Faith, and Innocence of Life,
 Renown'd, a rough laborious People, there,
 Not only scorn to bend the supple Neck,

But,

† *Alluding to the Oppression of the Corsicans by the Genoese.*

† *The Swiss Cantons.*

† *Geneva, situated on the Lacus Lemanus, a small State, but noble Example of the Blessings of Civil and Religious Liberty. It is remarkable, that since the founding of this Republick, not one Citizen has been so much as suspected to have been guilty of Corruption or public Rapine. A Virtue this! meriting the attention of every Briton.*

Part. III. *L I B E R T Y.* 235

But to firm order train'd and patient War, 175

They likewise know, beyond the nerve remis

Of Mercenary Force, how to defend

The tasteful little their hard Toil has earn'd,

And the proud Arm of *Bourbon* to defy.

Lo! chear'd by Me, their shaggy Mountains charm,

More than or *Gallic* or *Italian* plains; 181

And sickening Fancy oft, when absent long,

* Pines to behold their *Alpine* Views again;

The hollow-winding Stream; the Vale, fair-spread

Amid an Amphitheatre of Hills; 185

From Steep to Steep ascending, the dark Train

Of Fogs, thick-roll'd into romantic Shapes;

The flitting Cloud, against the Summit dash'd;

And, by the Sun illumin'd, pouring bright

A gemmy Shower; hung o'er projecting Rocks 190

The Mountain-Ash, and solemn-sounding Pine;

The Snow-fed Torrent in white Mazes tost

Down to the clear extended Lake below;

And high o'er-topping all the broken Scene

Long Tracts of Mountains, whose majestic Heads 195

Draw from the Wintry Skies eternal Snows.

FROM these descending, as I wav'd my Course

O'er vast *Germania*, the ferocious Nurse

Of hardy Men and Hearts despising Death,

I gave some favour'd † Cities there to taste 200

My sweetest Joys, and in their swarming Streets

Bade Trade secure, and glad Contentment dwell,

Unhook by Faction, undisturb'd by War.

YET not in these, nor in the wintry Bounds

Of *Scandinavia* did I fix my Seat. 205

Britannia

* It is reported of the Swiss, that, after having been long absent from their Native Country, they are seized with such a violent Desire of seeing it again, as affects them with a kind of languishing Indisposition, called the Swiss Sicknefs.

† The Hans Towns.

Britannia call'd me from her chalky Cliffs;
 Well-pleas'd I heard the call, and with it heard
 Th' assenting Voice of Fate, that bade me go
 And Reign with *Her*, till Time shall be no more.
 This Isle I give thee, said the Pow'r Supreme, 210
 With every Boon of smiling Nature grac'd,
 To be thy last Retreat. Here dictate Laws
 Just, equal, wise, uniting kingly Power
 With popular Freedom, while the Nobles hold,
 Plac'd between both, the Balance of the State. 215
 Thus Spoke the Sovereign Will--- I glad obey'd.
 But while, to seek my destin'd Reign, I steer'd
 O'er the resounding Main with easy Wing,
 Behold of Giant form, from Surge to Surge,
 Stalk'd the tremendous GENIUS OF THE DEEP. 220
 Around him Clouds, in mingled Tempest, hung;
 Thick-flashing Meteors crown'd his starry Head;
 And ready Lightnings glitter'd in his Hand
 Where-e'er he turn'd, the trembling Waves recoil'd.
 He needs but Strike the conscious Flood, and shook
 From Shore to Shore, in Agitation dire, 226
 It works his dreadful Will. To me his Voice
 (Like that hoarse Blast that round the Cavern howls,
 Mixt with the Murmurs of the falling Main)
 Address'd, began—" By Fate commission'd, go, 230
 " My SISTER-GODDESS now, to yon blest Isle,
 " Henceforth the Partner of my rough Domain.
 " Her hardy Sons shall with undaunted Prow
 " The farthest limits of my Realm explore;
 " Both where with Orient Light my billows flame, 235
 " And where the vast Atlantic Deep receives
 " Its setting Beam. Their Genius quick and Strong
 " All Arts of Navigation shall attain.
 " For their courageous Hearts the Glory waits,
 " While black around them the tempestuous Night
 " Pours all its Terrors, on the groaning Mast 241

" With

" With unshook Knee to know their giddy Way ;
 " To sing, unquell'd, amid the lashing Wave ;
 " To brave the Storm, and, like the Dolphins, ride
 " With joy the foaming Billows—Let the Rage 245
 " Of wild Ambition o'er the ravag'd earth
 " Its Course extend ; be their's the nobler Praise
 " To gain the peaceful Empire of the Seas,
 " Round the glad World to circle fair Exchange,
 " And bind the Nations in a golden Chain. 250
 " To Them alone submissive I resign
 " My dreadful Trident, and my azure Crown.
 " Is this disputed ?—Valour then shall arm
 " With *Jove's* own Light'ning their victorious Fleets,
 " And my devouring Gulphs o'er ev'ry Foe 255
 " Shall close, till all confess them Ocean's Lords."

Here, waiting no reply, the *Shadowy Power*
 Eas'd the dark Sky, and to the Deeps return'd :
 While the loud Thunder rattling from his Hand,
 Auspicious, shook opponent *Gallia's* Shore. 260

OF this Encounter glad, my Way to Land
 I quick pursu'd, that from the smiling Sea
 Receiv'd me joyous. Loud Acclaims were heard ;
 And Music, more than mortal, warbling, fill'd
 With pleas'd Astonishment the lab'ring Hind, 265
 Who for a while th' unfinish'd Furrow left,
 And let the listening Steer forget his Toil.
 Unseen by grosser Eyes *BRITANNIA* breath'd,
 And her Aerial Train, these Sounds of Joy.
 Her tresses, like a flood of soften'd light 270
 Thro clouds imbrown'd, in waving Circles play'd.
 Warm on her cheek sat Beauty's brightest Rose.
 Her high demeanour, stately, grace diffus'd
 With every motion. Full her rising chest ;
 And new Ideas, from her finish'd shape, 275
 Charm'd Sculpture taking might improve her Art.
 Her awful brow an oaken Garland bound,

Her

Her strong right hand a shining Plough-share held,
Her left incumbent on an Anchor leant.

High-shining on the promontory's brow, 280
Awaiting me, she stood ; and round her smil'd
A radiant band of Virtues ; Faith sincere,
Courage sincere and cool ; Good-nature kind
And tender-hearted. These to join I brought
Bold Independence, Justice, Public Love, 285
My bright Attendants ; and before us fled
All the foul dæmons of oppressive pow'r,
Like noisome Fogs before the beams of morn.

Y E T not at once, but gradual I dispens'd
My blessings : for high *Jove* has thus ordain'd, 290
That nothing perfect shall by Man be won
Without firm patience, and unwearied Toil ;
That merit still with happiness be join'd.

E V ' N in remotest times a ray from me
On *Albion* glanc'd, and warm'd her wildest sons. 295
Bold were those *Britons*, who, luxurious ease
Disdaining, roam'd the Forest wide, at once
Their verdant City, high-embowering fane,
And the gay Circle of their woodland Wars :
For by their * *Druids* taught, that Death but shifts 300
The vital Scene, they that prime fear despis'd ;
And, prone to rush on Steel, disdain'd to spare
An ill-fav'd Life that must again return.
Erect from Nature's hand, by tyrant Force,
And still more tyrant Custom, unsubdu'd, 305
Man knows no Master but creating HEAVEN,
Or such as choice and common good ordain.
This general sense, through all the *Celtic* race
Ferocious, I infus'd ; and hence they scorn'd
Tyrannic sway, and Death preferr'd to Chains. 310
The *Britons* chief to guard their freedom fought

With

* *The Druids, among the antient Gauls and Britons, had the care and direction of all religious Matters.*

With rage unconquerable. Witness, *Rome*,
 Who saw'st thy *Cæsar*, from the naked Land,
 Whose only fort was *British* hearts, repell'd,
 To seek *Pharfalian* wreaths. Witness, the toil, 315
 The blood of Ages, bootless to secure.
 Beneath an † *Empire's* yoke, a stubborn *Isle*,
 Disputed hard, and never quite subdu'd. 318
 The ‡ *North* remain'd untouch'd, where those who
 To stoop retir'd; and, to their keen Assaults [scorn'd
 Yielding at last, recoil'd the *Roman* power.
 In vain, unable to sustain the shock,
 From Sea to Sea desponding Legions rais'd
 The * wall immense, and yet, on Summer's eve, 324
 While sport his Lambkins round, the Shepherd's gaze.
 Continual o'er it burst the § *Northern Storm*,
 As often check'd, receded; threat'ning still
 A swift return. But the devouring Flood
 No more endur'd controul, when to support
 The last || remains of *Empire*, was recall'd 330
 The weary *Roman*, and the *Briton* lay
 Unnerv'd, exhausted, spiritless, and sunk:
 ** The Sword behind him flash'd; before him roar'd,
 Deaf

† *The Roman Empire.*

‡ *Caledonia, inhabited by the Scots and Picts; whither a great many Britons, who would not submit to the Romans, retired.*

* *The wall of Severus, built upon Adrian's Rampart, which ran for eighty Miles quite cross the Country from the mouth of the Tyne to Solway frith.*

§ *Irruptions of the Scots and Picts.*

|| *The Roman Empire being miserably torn by the northern Nations, Britain was for ever abandon'd by the Romans in the Year 426 or 427.*

** *The Britons applying to Ætius the Roman general for Assistance, thus expressed their miserable Condition—"We*
" know

Deaf to his Woes, the deep. Forlorn, around
 He roll'd his eye, not sparkling ardent flame, 335
 As when * *Caractacus* to Battle led
Silurian Swains, and † *Boadicea* taught
 Her raging Troops the miseries of Slaves.

THEN (sad relief!) from the bleak Coast, that hears
 The *German* Ocean roar, the *Saxon* came. 340
 He came implor'd, but came with other aim
 Than to protect. The arm that could defend
 Could conquer too, and soon their dread Allies
 The wretched *Britons* serv'd. *Who can't maintain*
Deserves not to possess. My favour'd Isle 345

From these unworthy now to hold it more
 I took, and gave it to a nobler race,
 In whom unquell'd a mighty spirit glow'd
 Rash War, and perilous Battle, their delight;
 And immature, and red with glorious Wounds, 350
 Unpeaceful Death their choice ‡: deriving thence A

" *know not which way to turn us. The Barbarians drive*
us to Sea, and the Sea forces us back to the Barbarians;
between which we have only the choice of two Deaths,
either to be swallowed up by the Waves, or butchered
by the Sword."

* *King of the Silures, famous for his great Exploits,*
and accounted the best general Great-Britain had ever pro-
duced. The Silures were esteemed the bravest and most
powerful of all the Britons: They inhabited Hereford-
shire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire,
and Glamorganshire.

† *Queen of the Iceni: her Story is well known.*

‡ *It is certain, that an opinion was fixed and general*
among them (the Goths) that Death was but the entrance
into another Life; that all Men who lived lazy and un-
active Lives, and died natural Deaths, by Sickness or by
Age, went into vast Caves under Ground, all dark and miry,
full of noisome creatures usual to such places, and there for
ever grovelled in endless stench and misery. On the con-
trary, all who gave themselves to warlike Actions and
Enterprizes,

A Right to feast, and drain immortal Bowls
 In *Odin's Hall* ; whose blazing Roof resounds
 The genial Uproar of those Shades, who fell
 In desperate Fight, or by some brave Attempt : 355
 And tho' more polish'd Times the *martial Creed*
 Disown, yet still the fearless Habit lives.
 Wisdom was likewise theirs, Laws just and mild,
 With matchless *Orders*, the deep Basis still
 On which ascends my *BRITISH REIGN*. Untam'd 360
 To the refining Subtilties of Slaves,
 They brought a *manly* Government, for War
 And Conquest well-contriv'd ; a Monarch led
 Their Armies, but the *Chieftain Thanes* his Power
 Restrain'd and shar'd ; the Soldier too was free, 365
 And ow'd no Fealty to oppressive Sway,
 But for *Allegiance* still *Protection* claim'd.

IN many a Field by civil Fury stain'd
 Bled the discordant * *Heptarchy* ; and long
 (Educing Good from Ill) the Battle groan'd ; 370
 E'er, blood-cemented, *Anglo-Saxons* saw

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L

† *Egbert*

Enterprizes, to the Conquest of their Neighbours and the Slaughters of their Enemies, and died in Battle, or of violent Deaths upon bold Adventures or Resolutions, went immediately to the vast Hall or Palace of Odin, their God of War, who eternally kept open House for all such Guests, where they were entertained at infinite Tables in perpetual Feasts and Mirth, carousing in Bowls made of the Skulls of the Enemies they had slain ; according to the Number of whom, every one in these Mansions of Pleasure was the most honoured and best entertained. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's Essay on Heroic Virtue.

* *The seven Kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxons, considered as being united into one common Government, under a General in Chief or Monarch, and by the Means of an Assembly General or Wittenagemot.*

† *Egbert* and *Peace* on one united Throne.

No sooner dawn'd the fair disclosing Calm
Of brighter Days, than lo! the *North* anew,
With stormy Nations black, on ENGLAND pour'd 375
The sharpest Woes a Nation ever felt.
The * *Danish Raven*, lur'd by annual Prey,
Hung o'er the Land incessant. Fleet on Fleet
Of barbarous Pirates unremitting tore
The miserable Coast. Before them stalk'd, 380
Far-seen, the Demon of devouring Flame;
Rapine, and Murder, all with Blood besmear'd,
Without or Ear, or Eye, or feeling Heart;
While close behind them march'd the ghastly Power
Of desolating Famine, who delights 385
In Grass-grown Cities, and in desert Fields.
Fixing at last, the sanguinary Race
Spread, from the *Humber's* loud-resounding Shore,
To where the *Thames* devolves his gentle Maze,
And with superior Arm the *Saxon* aw'd. 390
But Superstition first, and monkish Dreams,
And Monk-directed Cloister-seeking Kings,
Had eat away his Vigour, eat away
His Edge of Courage, and depress'd his Soul.
Thus cruel Ages pass'd; and rare appear'd 395
White-mantled Peace, exulting o'er the Vale
A while she dwelt with ALFRED, best of Kings,
My Friend, and *Great Protector*. His large Heart
And bounteous Love, to *English* Subjects gave

Their

† *Egbert King of Wessex*, who after having reduced all the other Kingdoms of the Heptarchy under his Dominion, was the first King of England.

* A famous Danish Standard was called *Reasan* or *Raven*. The Danes imagined that, before a Battle, the Raven wrought upon this Standard clap'd its Wings & hung down its Head, in token of Victory or Defeat.

Part. III. *L I B E R T Y.* 243

Their noblest Privilege * ; his Guardian Care 400
With wisest Laws † secur'd their Commonweal.

From his auspicious Reign the *Saxon* Name
Its brightest Lustre drew, but soon obscur'd,
Beneath victorious *Canute's Danish* Arms
Again it sunk : yet *He* too wisely chose 405
With my strong Hand his Sceptre to sustain,
And on my solid Basis fix his Throne.

But when his Toils with peaceful Death I crown'd,
The *Saxon* Power reviv'd, and faintly cast
O'er the recover'd Land a parting Gleam : 410
Then set entire in ‡ *Hastings* bloody Field.

ON that decisive Day by Conduct won,
The haughty *Norman* seiz'd at once an Isle,
For which, thro many a Century, in vain,
The *Roman, Saxon, Dane*, had toil'd, and bled. 415
Of *Gothic* Nations this the final burst ;
Which in one blended People join'd them all,
Their Virtues mix'd in one exalted Stream,
Till the rich Tide of *English* Blood grew full.

AWHILE my Spirit slept ; the Land awhile, 420
Affrighted, droop'd beneath despotic Rage.
Instead of || *Edward's* equal gentle Laws,
The furious Victor's partial Will prevail'd.

L 2

All

* *That of Trial by Juries, instituted by Alfred the Great, or at least more regularly established.*

† *Particularly the Law of Decennaries or Frank-Pledges, established by Alfred, and other Regulations of Police.*

‡ *The Battle of Hastings, in which Harold II. the last of the Saxon Kings, was slain, and William the Conqueror made himself Master of England.*

|| *Edward III. the Confessor, who reduced the West-Saxon, Mercian, and Danish Laws into one Body ; which from that Time became common to all England, under the Name of the Laws of Edward.*

All prostrate lay ; and, in the secret Shade
 Deep-stung but fearful Indignation gnash'd
 Her Teeth. Of Freedom, Property, despoil'd, 425
 And of their Bulwark, Arms ; with Castles crush'd,
 With Russians quarter'd o'er the bridled Land ;
 The trembling Wretches, at the * *Curfew* sound,
 Dejected shrunk into their sordid Beds, 430
 And, thro the mournful Gloom, of antient Times
 Mus'd sad. To feed a Tyrant's idle Sport
 Driv'n from his ruin'd Farm the Peasant starv'd :
 To the wild Herd, a desolate Abode,
 The chearful Hamlet, spiry Town, was given, 435
 And the brown † Forest roughen'd wide around.

BUT this so dead, so vile Submission, long,
 Endur'd not. Gathering Force, my latent Flame
 Shook off the Mountain of tyrannic Sway.
 See ! the first *Henry* to both Nations join'd 440
Normans and English, for the Crown they gave
 A Charter grants *restoring antient Rights*.
 Behold ! his Grandson, from the *Saxon* Kings
 Descended by the Female Line, unites
 Each valiant People, and their Laws confirms. 445
 His Son those Laws infringes—Then, behold !
 Nobly disdainful of despotic Pow'r,
 The *Barons* rise in Arms, and leagu'd to guard
 Their Privileges of their King demand
 Freedom, their Birth-right. He reluctant yields. 450
 See the *Great Charter* giv'n, the glorious Plan
 By me inspir'd, by me deliver'd down

From
 * *The Curfew Bell (from the French Couvrefeu*
which was rung every Night at Eight of the Clock, to
warn the English to put out their Fires and Candles, un-
der the Penalty of a severe Fine.

† *The New Forest in Hampshire, to make which*
the Country for above thirty Miles in compass was laid
waste.

From Age to Age, though oft attack'd in vain
By Kings unwise, and Ministers corrupt.
Whene'er from putrid Courts foul Vapours rose, 455
Dark'ning the Brightness that my Beams diffus'd
Around the Throne, with vigorous wholesome Gales
The Winds of *Opposition* fiercely blew,
Which purg'd and clear'd the agitated State.

BUT now behold my strongest Fort arise, 460
The Senate of the Commons *. There my Shield
I plac'd, and there my Sword.—No Tyrant's Pow'r
Shall force that Bulwark; yet to virtuous Kings,
Who well discern its Strength, it still shall prove
A Royal Citadel, a Treasury rich 465
With unexhausted Wealth. This Truth to shew,
See my third *Edward*, my fifth *Henry* reign.
When These through all the State my Spirit breath'd;
When round their Thrones attracted Virtues glow'd,
Like the bright Planets round their central Sun; 470
When Counsels just, extensive, generous, firm,
Amid the Maze of State, still kept in view
Some public Object, or if thence they stray'd,
Swift to return, and patient of Restraint;
When such with me their vital Influence shed, 475
No angry Murmur, harsh Complaint was heard;
No cold Distrust thro' wary Senates ran,

L 3

Confin'd

* *The Commons are generally thought to have been first represented in Parliament towards the End of Henry the Third's Reign. To a Parliament called in the Year 1264, each County was ordered to send four Knights, as Representatives of their respective Shires: and to a Parliament called in the Year following, each County was ordered to send, as their Representatives, two Knights, and each City and Borough as many Citizens and Burgeffes. Till then, History makes no mention of them; whence a very strong Argument may be drawn, to fix the Original of the House of Commons to that Era.*

Confin'd their Bounty, and their Ardour quench'd ;
 On Aid, unquestion'd, liberal Aid was given ;
 And *Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt* proclaim 480
 What Kings supported by all-pow'rful Love,
 And Subjects fir'd with Liberty, can do.

BE veil'd those Days of Blood, when kindred Rage
 By *York* and *Lancaster's* discordant Claims
 Divided *England* tore ; and when, oppress'd 485
 By private Feuds, almost extinguish'd lay
 My quivering Flame. But see, with Peace restor'd,
 A * cautious Tyrant lend it Oil anew.

PROUD, dark, suspicious, brooding o'er his Gold,
 As how to fix his menac'd Throne he cast 490
 His jealous Eyes around ; pierc'd with a Ray,
 Which on his timid Mind I darted full,
 He mark'd the Barons of excessive Pow'r,
 At Pleasure making and un-making Kings ;
 And hence, to crush these petty Tyrants, plan'd 495
 † A Law, that let them by the silent Waste
 Of Luxury their landed Wealth diffuse,
 And with that Wealth their implicated Power.
 By soft Degrees a mighty Change ensu'd,
 Even working to this Day. With Streams deduc'd 500
 From these diminish'd Floods the Country smil'd.
 As where impetuous from the snow-heap'd *Alps*
 At vernal Suns dissolving, pours the *Rhine* ;
 While undivided, oft with wasteful Sweep,
 He foams along ; but, thro *Batavian* Meads, 505
 Branch'd into fair Canals, indulgent flows ;
 Waters a thousand Fields ; where Culture, Trade,
 Towns, Meadows, gliding Ships, and Villas mixt,
 A rich a wondrous Landskip rises round.

THE following Reign despotic, yet to me 510
 Most useful prov'd. A furious King, whose Will

* Henry VII.

† Permitting the Barons to alienate their Lands.

Bore no controul, in Good and Bad alike
 Ardent and absolute, at once shook off
 The Soul-enslaving Chain which many an Age
 Had Link by Link strong-twisted round the Land. 515
 Before the Terrors of his Sceptre fled
 The Giant * triple-crown'd, who long had bow'd
 Beneath his Yoke the Monarchs of the Earth;
 Pretending Pow'r Supreme from highest Heav'n,
 But working the Commands of lowest Hell. 520
 From his *Seven Hills* in vain his Thunders roar'd:
 Disspell'd was now the Darkness that his Throne
 Inclos'd and guarded. The returning Light,
 That first thro' † *Wickliff* streak'd the Papal Gloom,
 Now burst in open Day. Bar'd to the Blaze, 525
 ‡ Forth from the Haunts of Superstition crawl'd
 Her motly Sons, fantastick Figures all;
 And, wide dispers'd, their useles fetid Wealth
 Fair Fruits produc'd, and graced the publick Weal.

THE Commons thus enrich'd, and powerful grown,
 Against the Barons weigh'd. ELIZA then, 531
 Amid these doubtful Motions steady gave
 The Beam to fix. She, like the SECRET EYE
 That never closes on a guarded World,
 So sought, so mark'd, so seiz'd the Public Good, 535
 That self-supported, without one Ally,
 She aw'd her inward, quell'd her circling Foes.
 Inspir'd by me, beneath her sheltering Arm,
 In spite of raging § *Universal* Sway,

L 4

And

* *The Papal Dominion.*

† John Wickliff, Doctor of Divinity, who towards
 the close of the fourteenth Century, published Doctrines
 very contrary to those of the Church of Rome, and par-
 ticularly denying the Papal Authority. His Followers
 grew very numerous, and were called Lollards.

‡ *Suppression of Monasteries.*§ *The Dominion of the House of Austria.*

And raging Seas repress'd, the *Belgic* States 540
My Bulwark on the Continent, arose.

Beneath her influence Trade on ev'ry Sea
Display'd his Canvas, pour'd with ev'ry Tide
A golden Flood; which still her *Commons* rais'd
By *weightier Property* to *higher Pow'r*. 545

From *Spain's* rapacious Hand *Britannia* tore
The guilty, glittering Stores, whose fatal Charms
By the plain *Indian* happily despis'd,
Yet work'd his Woe, and to the blissful Groves
Where *Nature* dwelt among her harmless Sons, 550
Drew Rage unknown to *Pagan* Climes before.

I bade my *BRITONS* now th' Avengers be
Of those inhuman deeds—*ELIZA* drew
The Sword of Justice: at its awful Blaze
The trembling *Spaniard* to the Centre shook 555
Of his new-conquer'd World.—His furious Pride

Had madly threaten'd from her regal Brows
Her Crown to rend, and doom'd to servile Chains
Her free-born Subjects; but far humbler Thoughts
The Tyrant learnt, when he beheld his vast 560
Armada driv'n before her conquering Fleet,

Whelm'd in the Main, or dash'd on ev'ry Rock
That guards her happy Coast; while round her Throne
The cherish'd *Muses* Songs of Triumph sung,
And with their Palms their Laurels interwove. 565

SUCH were the Glories of this prudent Reign.

Yet still uncircumscrib'd the Regal Power,
And undefin'd *Prerogative* remain'd,
A wide voracious Gulph, where swallow'd oft
The helpless Subject lay. *This* to reduce 570
To the just Limit was my final Task.

By Means, that Evil seem to narrow Man,
Superior Beings work their mystic Will:
From Storm and Trouble thus a settled Calm,
At last, effulgent, o'er *BRITANNIA* smil'd. 575

540

THE gathering Tempest, HEAVEN-commission'd,
came,

545

With *Scotland's* * King to *Britain's* Empire rais'd,

A Seat too glorious far for *Him* to fill.

By *Him* the Seeds of public Discontent

Were largely sown, while to precarious Peace 580

He sacrific'd the *British* Cause, and Fame :

While, meanly passive of insulting Foes,

He fought his own free People to subdue

550

By monstrous Systems of despotic Pow'r,
Rais'd on enchanted metaphysic Ground: 585

From Heav'n pretending Right to break Heav'n's Laws

Uncheck'd, and unresisted.—Doctrines strange

And foul, debasing Man, blaspheming God.

555

Yet weak in Action, and for School-Disputes

Best fitted, faintly these enormous Claims 590

And with unsteady Lightness he pursu'd :

Content to teach the Subject-Herd, how great,

How sacred He ! how despicable They !

560

BUT what the Father taught, the bolder Son †,

With all a *Bigot's* Obstinacy fir'd, 595

Believ'd, and *practis'd*, nor endur'd controul.

rone

Senates, in vain, their kind Restraint applied :

The more they struggled to support the Laws,

565

His Justice dreading Ministers the more

Drove him beyond their Bounds. Tir'd with the Check

Of faithful Love, and with the Flattery pleas'd 601

Of false designing Guilt, the ‡ *Fountain* he

Of *Public Wisdom* and of *Justice* shut.

570

Wide mourn'd the Land. Instead of voted Aid

Free, cordial, large, a never-failing Source, 605

Th' illegal Imposition follow'd harsh,

With Execration given, or ruthless squeez'd

L 5

From

575

THE

* *James the First.*

† *Charles the First.*

‡ *Parliaments.*

From an insulted People, by a Band
 Of the worst Ruffians, those of Tyrant Power.
 Oppression walk'd at large, and pour'd abroad 610
 Her unrelenting Train : Informers, Spies,
 Hateful Projectors of aggrieving Schemes,
 † Commerce to load for unprotected Seas,
 † To sell the starving Many to the Few,
 And drain a thousand Ways th' exhausted Land. 615
 Ev'n from that Place whence healing Peace should flow,
 And Gospel Truth, inhuman Bigots shed
 Their § Poison round ; and on the venal Bench,
 Instead of Justice, Party held the Scale,
 And Violence the Sword. With Patience long 620
 I griev'd in Pity to a King misled
 By Notions false in earliest Youth imbib'd,
 Not in his Nature bad : but Shame at length,
 And Wrongs for Vengeance ripe my Spirit rous'd.
 MID the low Murmurs of submissive Fear 625
 And mingled Rage, my HAMEDEN rais'd his Voice,
 And to the Laws appeal'd ; the Laws no more
 In Judgment sat, behov'd some other Ear.
 When from the North, by keen Resentment led,
 Resentment with religious Zeal inflam'd, 630
 To *England's* Aid of *Scots* an Army came.
 Beneath its Wing was call'd, and ardent met
The more than Roman Senate. There a Flame
 Broke out, that clear'd, consum'd, renew'd the Land.
 Illustrious was the Scene—Nor *Greece*, nor *Rome* 635
 Indignant bursting from a Tyrant's Chain,
 While

† Ship-Money.

† Monopolies.

§ *The raging High-Church Sermons of these Times, inspiring at once a Spirit, of slavish Submission to the Court, and of bitter Persecution against those whom they call'd Church and State Puritans.*

While, full of me, each agitated Soul
 Strung every Nerve and flam'd in every Eye,
 Had e'er beheld such Light and Heat combin'd!
 Such Heads and Hearts! Such fervent Zeal, led on 640
 By calm majestic Wisdom, taught its Course
 What nuisance to Devour, and bent sincere
 To clear the weedy State, restore the Laws,
 And for the Future to secure their Sway.

THIS *then* the Purpose of my virtuous Sons. 645
 But man is Blind. A Nation once inflam'd
 (Chief, should the breath of factious Fury blow,
 With the wild Rage of mad Enthusiast swell'd)
 Not easy cools again. From Breast to Breast,
 From Eye to eye, the kindling Passions mix 650
 In heighten'd Blaze; and, ever Wise and Just,
 High HEAVEN to gracious Ends directs the Storm.
 Thus in one Conflagration BRITAIN wrapt,
 And by Confusion's lawless Sons despoil'd,
 KING, LORDS, and COMMONS, thundering to the
 Ground, 655

Successive, rush'd—and from their Ashes rose,
 Gay-beaming radiant Youth, the * Phoenix-State.

THE Legislature now in all its Parts
 Restor'd compleat, for ever broke the Bonds
 Of *Vassalage* and *Wardship* †, last remains 660
 Of *Norman* Thralldom. To the Civil Pow'r
 Their purse the Clergy gave, nor longer form'd
 A separate State: by their concurring Voice
 Elected now, *the Commons* tax'd the whole,
 And built on that eternal Rock their Power. 665
 The Crown, of its hereditary Wealth

Despoil'd,

* *At the Restoration.*

† *In the first Year of King Charles the second, after his Restoration, the Parliament abolished Knight-Service and the Court of Wards. The Clergy also gave up their right of taxing themselves.*

Despoil'd, on Senates more dependent grew,
 And they more frequent, more assur'd. Yet liv'd,
 And in full Vigour spread that bitter Root,
 The Doctrine of a *Right Divine* in Kings, 670
Without Controul their People to destroy.

By this the second *Charles* encourag'd, dar'd
 His Father's Councils to pursue, unaw'd
 By his unhappy Fate. Yet not alone
 To this he trusted—long he min'd his Way; 675
 By pleasing Manners, fitted to deceive;
 By subtle Arts, Diffimulation deep;
 By lavish Bounty, by seducing Bribes;
 But chiefly by the soul-ensfeebling Charms
 Of gay, licentious Vice, which underneath 680
 The Mask of Freedom is her deadliest Foe.

At last subsided the delirious Joy,
 On whose high Billow, from the faintly Gloom,
 The Nation drove too far. A pension'd King,
 Against his Country brib'd by *Gallic* Gold; 685
 The * Port pernicious sold, the *Scylla* since
 And fell *Charybdis* of the *British* Seas;
 Freedom attack'd † Abroad, with surer Blow
 To cut it off at Home; the ‡ Saviour-league
 Of *Europe* broke; the Progress even advanc'd 690
 Of universal || Sway, which to reduce
 In a less dangerous Pow'r, had been the Care
 And glorious Triumph of *ELIZA*'s Reign;
 The Millions, by a generous People given,
 In wasteful Pleasures squander'd, or employ'd 695
 The *Publick* Guardians to Corrupt, or Awe

The

* *Dunkirk.*

† *The War, in Conjunction with France, against the Dutch.*

‡ *The Triple Alliance.*

|| *Under Lewis XIV.*

The bridled Land with Forces *not their own* §;
 The flatter'd, flatt'ring *Church* herself betray'd;
 All *these*, broad-glaring, oped the general Eye,
 And wak'd *my Spirit*, the resisting Soul. 700

BOLD and determin'd was the virtuous rage
 Of Senates, shook from the fantastic Dream
 Of absolute Submission, Tenets vile,
 Which Slaves would blush to own, and which, reduc'd
 To Practice, always honest Nature shock. 705

Yet not by *Arms*, but *Laws* *, they strove to save
 Their menaced Country from impending Chains,
 And all the horrors of returning *Rome*.
 Not even the Mask remov'd, and the grim Front
 Of Tyranny disclos'd; nor trampled Laws; 710

Nor seiz'd each † badge of Freedom thro the Land;
 Nor SIDNEY bleeding for th' unpublish'd Page;
 Nor on the Bench avow'd Corruption plac'd,
 And murderous Rage itself, in *Jefferies'* form;
 Nor endless Acts of arbitrary Power, 715
 Cruel, and False, could draw the public Sword:

Till, in the following Reign, a Bigot fierce
 Join'd to a gloomy Tyrant every Fence
 Of Law despis'd, and every Band dissolv'd
 Of sworn allegiance. His impetuous Zeal 720
 Out-flaming *Rome* herself portentous scar'd
 The troubled Nation: *Mary's* horrid Days
 To Fancy bleeding rose, and the dire Glare
 Of *Smithfield* lighten'd in its Eyes anew.

What *Patriot* now, what *Hero* wilt thou call, 725
 BRITANNIA, to thy Aid? Who now shall save
 In this extreme Distress, thy sinking State?
 Behold! my darling Son, his Country's Friend

And

§ *A standing Army, raised without consent of Parliament.*

* *The exclusion Bill, and other Laws then proposed against the Papists, and to limit the Power of the Crown. See Burnet and Rapin.* † *The Charters of Corporations.*

And great Deliverer, *Europe's* Champion comes,
 Immortal *Nassau*! At his wish'd Approach 730
 My languid Head I lift, and joyful burst
 My shameful Fetters—Lo! my streaming Flag *
 Waves high, and leads his gallant Fleet! above,
 Exulting on the Wings of Cherubs, soars
 Religion, and directs his destin'd Course. 735
 Her pow'rful Voice has calm'd the raging Deep,
 By Demons rous'd, and bade the obedient Winds,
 Still shifting as behov'd, with various Breath,
 Waft her Protector to the longing Shore.
 From Heav'n inspir'd Dejection, Terror, seize 740
 Th' infatuated King. His edgeless Sword
 Drops unresisting. From his forfeit Throne
 He trembling flies, on which triumphant sits
 Th' auspicious Prince by *Me*, by *Merit* rais'd
 To rule the Land his Virtues had preserv'd. 745
 See! underneath his Feet tyrannic Pow'r,
 And Superstition, Tyrant of the Mind,
 Lie bound in adamantine Chains, and gnash
 With fell Despite their venom'd Teeth, and foam
 In vain! See! by his gracious Hand restrain'd, 750
 No more Prerogative its swelling Surge
 Shall o'er its proper Bounds resistless heave.
 As *Belgic* Dykes devouring Seas confine,
 So this encroaching Foe coercive Laws †;
 And thus controul'd, it, like those Seas, becomes 755
 A useful Friend. Thrice happy, did they know
 Their

* *The Prince placed himself in the main Body, carrying a Flag with English Colours, and their Highnesses Arms surrounded with this Motto, THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND THE LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the Motto of the House of Nassau, JE MAINTIENDRAI, I will maintain. Rapin.*

† *The Bill of Rights, and Act of Succession.*

Their Happiness, BRITANNIA'S BOUNDED KINGS!

What tho not theirs the Pow'r in Dungeon Gloom

The Subject *unconvicted* to detain,

Or to long Exile doom, or secret Death 760

By sudden Mandate at the midnight Hour:

What tho licentious Tools of lawless Sway,

No servile Armies march at their Command

To fright opposing Senates, or confirm

Pernicious Edicts: What tho generous Truth 765

Dares in their Presence check the soothing Strains

Of Adulation base, and boldly blame

Their faults, or honest Counsel give unask'd:

What tho' they tear not from the starving Hind

The morsel earn'd with hard deserving Toil, 770

To pamper idle Waste; or guilty Wars,

By wild Ambition kindled, to support:

Yet to protect the good, restrain the bad,

To cloath the naked, feed the hungry, wipe

The guiltless Tear from poor Affliction's Eye; 775

To raise hid Merit, set th' alluring Light

Of Virtue high in View; to nourish Arts,

Encourage Genius, Emulation raise,

Make their own People virtuous, happy, great,

And guard all *Europe* from th' oppressive Arm 780

That would its rights invade; for Deeds like these

The fair Career before them open lies.

While the dark Precipice that leads to ill,

To Folly, Guilt, and Shame, is kindly barr'd.

O blest Restraint! how poor to These are all 785

The giddy Glories of despotic Thrones!

Thus, thus indeed is imag'd *Pow'r divine*,

Boundless and absolute in *Good alone*.

AND now behold! My Fabrick stands compleat,

The PALACE OF THE LAWS. To different Ranks 790

Responsive Place belongs, yet equal spreads

The sheltering Roof o'er all; while Plenty flows,

And

And glad Contentment echoes round the whole.
 Nor outward Tempests, nor corrosive Time,
 Nought but the felon undermining Hand 795
 Of dark CORRUPTION, can its frame dissolve,
 And lay the Toil of Ages in the dust.

AT this her Eye, collecting all its Fire,
 Beam'd more than human; and her awful Voice,
 Majestic thus she rais'd ——— "TO BRITONS bear 800
 " This closing Strain, and with intenser Note
 " Loud let it sound in their awaken'd Ear.

" ON VIRTUE *can alone* MY KINGDOM stand,
 " For lost this social Cement of Mankind,
 " The greatest Empires, by scarce-felt Degrees, 805
 " Will moulder loose away, till, unsustain'd,
 " They prone at last to total Ruin rush.
 " Unblest by Virtue, Government a League
 " Becomes, a circling Junto of the great,
 " To rob by Law; Religion mild a Yoke 810
 " To tame the stooping Soul, a Trick of State
 " To mask their Rapine, and to share the Prey.
 " What are without it Senates, but a Face
 " Of consultation Deep and Reason free,
 " While the determin'd Voice and heart are sold? 815
 " What boasted Freedom, but a sounding Name?
 " And what Election, but a Market vile
 " Of Slaves self-barter'd? Virtue! without thee,
 " There is no ruling Eye, no Nerve, in States;
 " War has no Vigour, and no safety Peace: 820
 " Even Justice warps to party, laws oppress
 " Their weak Authority protects no more,
 " First broke the Ballance, and then scorn'd the Sword.
 " Thus Nations sink, Society dissolves;
 " Rapine and Guile and Violence break loose, 825
 " Confounding Life, and turning Love to Gall;
 " Man hates the Face of Man, and *Indian* Woods
 " Hide in their savage Haunts no Beast so fell.

" BRITONS!

- " BRITONS! be firm!—nor let luxurious Wants,
" Base minded Av'rice, or unmanly Sloth, 830
" Twine round your Heart indissoluble Chains!
" The Steel of BRUTUS cut the grosser Bonds
" By *Cæsar* cast o'er *Rome*; but still remain'd
" The soft enchanting Fetters of the Mind,
" And other *Cæsars* rose. Determin'd, hold 835
" Your Independence; for, that once destroy'd,
" Unfounded Freedom is a morning Dream,
" That flits aerial from the cheated Eye.
" YET think not that each Elegance of Life,
" Whate'er exalts, embellishes, refines 840
" Or softens humankind, consists not well
" With my strong Spirit, and severe Commands.
" To me the *Mora!* *Graces* all belong:
" On me the *Muses* wait: to deck my Brow
" The *finer Arts* produce their fairest Flowers. 845
" If these, by casual Beams of *Favour* rais'd
" May sometimes in a Tyrant's Garden Bloom,
" How would they flourish, by the potent Juice
" Of Freedom swell'd in *Britain's* happy Fields,
" Did proper Culture nurse their tender Plants! 850
" Forc'd is their Growth when regal Bounty gives,
" Weak without me, a transitory Gleam:
" A while they blossom: then malignant rise
" The Blights of Envy, of these insect Clouds,
" That, blasting Merit, often cover Courts: 855
" Or when *Augustus* dies, *Tiberius* comes,
" With harsh tyrannic Rule, like wintry Frost,
" Each sprig of Genius killing at the Root.
" But when with mine *Imperial Favour* joins,
" Through smiling Ages blows perpetual Spring. 860
" THE times shall come, ev'n now behold them dawn,
" When o'er *Britannia's* favoured Isle, compleat
" My beauteous Works shall in full Lustre Shine:
" Lo! numerous Domes a BURLINGTON confess:
" For

- " For Kings and Senates fit, the Palace see ; 865
 " The Temple breathing a religious Awe ;
 " The private Dwelling *elegantly plain*.
 " SEE ! Sylvan Scenes, where Art but strives to
 " dress
 " Her Mistress Nature and disclose her Charms ;
 " Such as a POPE in Miniature has shown ; 870
 " A BATHURST o'er the widening * Forest spreads ;
 " And such as form a RICHMOND, CHISWICK,
 " STOW.
 " AUGUST, around, what public Works I see !
 " Lo stately Streets ! Lo Squares that court the Breeze,
 " Adorning thee, proud *London*, till with *Rome* 875
 " Shall vie thy Grandeur, and with *Greece* thy Art !
 " Lo ray'd from Cities o'er the brighten'd Land,
 " Connecting Sea to Sea, the solid Road !
 " See ! the proud Arch, in just Proportion strong,
 " With easy Sweep bestrides th' unruffled Flood. 880
 " See ! long Canals, and deepen'd Rivers join
 " Each part with each, and with the circling
 " Main
 " The whole enliven'd Isle. Lo ! Ports expand,
 " Free as the Winds and Waves, their sheltering Arms.
 " Lo ! streaming Comfort o'er the troubled Deep, 885
 " On every pointed Coast the Light-house Tow'rs ;
 " And, by the broad imperious Mole repell'd,
 " Hark ! how the baffled Storm indignant roars !"
 " HORRID with Want and Misery no more
 " Our Streets the tender Passenger afflict. 890
 " Nor shivering Age, nor Sickness without Friend,
 " Or Home, or Bed to bear his burning Load,
 " Nor dying Infant, that could ne'er deserve
 " Its guiltless Pangs, I see ! The Stores profuse
 " Which *British* Bounty has to these assign'd, 895
 " No more the sacrilegious Riot swell

Of

* Okely Woods, near Cirencester.

" Of cannibal Devourers ! Right applied,
 " The weak and old they feed, the strong employ.
 " Sweet sets the Sun of stormy Life, and sweet
 " The Morning shines, in Mercy's Dews array'd. 900
 " Lo ! how they rise ! these Families of Heaven !
 " * That ! chief, (but why ye Bigots ! why so
 " late !)
 " Where blooms and warbles glad a rising Age :
 " What Smiles of Praise ! And, while their Song ascends,
 " The listening Seraph lays his Lute aside. 905
 " HARK ! the gay Muses raise a nobler Strain,
 " Where active Nature, warm impassion'd Truth,
 " Engaging Fable, lucid Order, Notes
 " Of various String, and Painting just the bold,
 " With *British* GENIUS *French* CORRECTNESS join. 910
 " Behold ! I see the dread delightful School
 " Of temper'd Passions, and of polish'd Life,
 " Restor'd ; improv'd ! the well-dissembled Scene
 " Calls from embellish'd Eyes the lovely Tear,
 " Or lights up Mirth in modest Cheeks again. 915
 " Lo vanish'd Monster Land. Lo driven away
 " Those that APOLLO's sacred Walks profane ;
 " Their wild Creation scatter'd, where a World
 " Unknown to Nature, CHAOS more confus'd,
 " O'er the brute Scene its § Ouran Outangs pours ; 920
 " Detested forms ! that, on the Mind impress,
 " Corrupt, confound and barbarize an Age.
 " I see the Fountains purg'd, whence Life derives
 " A clear or turbid Flow ; see the young Mind
 " Not fed impure by Chance, by Flattery fool'd, 925
 " Or by Scholastic Jargon bloated proud,
 " But fill'd and nourish'd by the light of Truth.
 " Then (beam'd thro Fancy the refining Ray,
 " And

* *An Hospital for Foundlings.*

§ *A Creature which of all Brutes, most resembles Man.—See Dr. Tyson's Treatise on this Animal.*

“ And pouring on the Heart) the Passions feel
 “ At once informing Light and moving Flame ; 930
 “ ’Till moral, public, graceful Action crowns
 “ The Whole. Behold ! the fair contention glows,
 “ In all that Mind or Body can adorn,
 “ And polish bright. Instead of barren Heads,
 “ Barbarian Pedants, wrangling Sons of Pride, 935
 “ And truth-perplexing metaphysic Wits,
 “ Men, Patriots, Chiefs and Citizens are form’d.
 “ Lo ! Justice, like the liberal Light of Heaven,
 “ Unpurchas’d shines on all, and from her Beam,
 “ Appalling Guilt, retire the savage Crew, 940
 “ That prowl amid the Darkness they themselves
 “ Have thrown around the Laws. Oppression grieves,
 “ See how her legal Furies bite the Lip,
 “ While YORKS and TALBOTS their deep Snares
 “ detect,
 “ And seize swift Justice thro the Clouds they raise. 945
 “ Lo ! Princes I behold, whose generous Souls
 “ Burst the Blockade of false designing Men,
 “ Of treacherous Smiles, of Adulation vile,
 “ And of the blinding Clouds around them thrown :
 “ Their jealous Care my Kingdom to maintain ; 950
 “ The public Glory theirs ; unsparing Love
 “ Their endless Treasure ; and their Deeds their Praise.
 “ With me they work. Nought can resist our Force :
 “ Strong spread the Blooms of Genius, Science, Art ;
 “ His bathful Bounds disclosing Merit breaks ; 955
 “ And, big with fruits of Glory, Virtue blows.
 “ Nor ev’n to *Britain* is our Care confin’d :
 “ Lo ! swarming o’er the new discover’d World,
 “ Gay Colonies extend ; the calm Retreat
 “ Of undeserv’d Distress, the better Home 960
 “ Of those whom Bigots chase from foreign Lands :
 “ Not built on Rapine, Servitude and Woe,
 “ And,

" And, in their Turn some petty Tyrant's Prey ;
" But, bound by social Freedom, firm they rise ;
" Of *Britain's* Empire the Support and Strength. 965
" Behold ! still more these happy Seats to blefs,
" The Muses come, and touch the warbling Lyre,
" In Shades that never heard their Voice before.
" See ! other SPENSERS, SHAKESPEARS, POPES
 " arise,
" And to the charm'd * *Savannah* sing my praise. 970
" See ! the wild *Indian* by their Music tam'd,
" His savage Manners quits, and from their Lore
" Mild Wisdom learns, and Arts of polish'd life !
" Lo ! at my pow'rful Word how wide around
" Reforming Science spreads her sacred Light ! 975
" Nought can our Progress stop, nor Mountains pil'd
" Above the Clouds, nor Woods, nor Lakes immense,
" Till all *America's* untutor'd Sons,
" Ev'n they, who now beneath the blood-stain'd Yoke
" Of *Spanish* Tyranny despairing groan, 980
" Feel the blest Influence of my gentle Sway,
" By *England's* Sceptre guarded and sustained."
 As thick to View these varied wonders Rose,
The Vision broke ; and, on my waking Eye,
Rush'd the still Ruins of dejected *Rome*. 985

* *Savannah* is an Indian Word signifying a large extent of Meadow-Ground.

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P O E M,
TO THE
M E M O R Y

Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

L O R D T A L B O T,

Late Chancellor of *Great-Britain*.

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TO THE
MEMORY
Of the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
LORD TALBOT.

Addressed to His Son.

WHILE, with the Public, you my Lord,
lament

A Friend and Father lost ; permit the Muse,
The Muse assign'd of Old a double Theme,
To praise dead worth and humble living Pride,
Whose generous Task begins where int'rest ends, 5
Permit her on a TALBOT's Tomb to lay
This cordial Verse sincere, by Truth inspir'd,
Which means not to bestow but borrow fame.
Yes, she may Sing his matchless Virtues now——
Unhappy that she may.—— But where begin ? 10
How from the Diamond single out each ray,
Whereall, tho trembling with ten thousand Hues,
Effuse one dazling undivided light ?

LET the low-minded of these narrow Days
No more presume to deem the lofty Tale 15
Of antient Times, in pity to their own,
Romance. In TALBOT we united saw

M

The

The piercing Eye, the quick enlighten'd Soul,
The graceful Ease, the flowing Tongue of *Greece*,
Join'd to the Virtues and the Force of *Rome*.

ETERNAL WISDOM, that all-quick'ning Sun,
Whence every Life, in just Proportion, draws
Directing Light, and actuating Flame,
Ne'er with a larger Portion of its Beams
Awaken'd mortal Clay. Hence steady, calm,
Diffusive, deep and clear, his Reason saw,
With instantaneous View, the Truth of Things;
Chief what to human Life and human Bliss
Pertains, that noblest Science, fit for Man:
And hence, responsive to his Knowledge, glow'd
His ardent Virtue. Ignorance and Vice,
In Confort foul, agree; each heightning each;
While Virtue draws from Knowledge brighter Fire.

WHAT grand, what comely, or what tender Sense,
What Talent, or what Virtue was not his;
What that can render Man, or great, or good,
Give useful Worth, or amiable Grace?
Nor could he brook in studious Shade to lie,
In soft Retirement, indolently pleas'd
With selfish Peace. The Syren of the Wise,
(Who steals th' *Aonian* Song, and, in the Shape
Of Virtue, woos them from a worthless World)
Tho' deep he felt her Charms, could never melt
His strenuous Spirit, recollected, calm,
As silent Night, yet active as the Day.
The more the bold, the bustling, and the bad,
Press to usurp the Reins of Pow'r, the more
Behoves it Virtue, with indignant Zeal,
To check their Combination. Shall low Views
Of sneaking Int'rest or luxurious Vice,
The Villain's Passions, quicken more to Toil,
And dart a livelier Vigour thro' the Soul,
Than those that, mingled with our truest Good,

Wid

With present Honour and immortal Fame,
Involve the Good of All? An empty Form 55
Is the weak Virtue, that amid the Shade
Lamenting lies, with future Schemes amus'd,
While Wickedness and Folly, *kindred Powers*,
Confound the World. A TALBOT's, different far,
Sprung ardent into Action; and disdain'd 60
To lose in Death-like Sloth one Pulse of Life,
And her insipid Pleasures, to resign
The Prize of Glory, the keen Sweets of Toil,
And those high Joys that teach the truly Great
To live for others, and for others die. 65

EARLY, behold! he breaks benign on Life.
Not breathing more Beneficence, the Spring
Leads in her swelling Train the gentle Airs.
In him *Astrea*, to this dim Abode
Of ever-wandering Men, return'd again: 70
To bless them his Delight, to bring them back,
From thorny Error, from unjoyous Wrong,
Into the Paths of kind primæval Faith,
Of Happiness and Justice. All his Parts,
His Virtues all, collected, fought the Good 75
Of Human-kind. For *that* he, fervent, felt
The Throb of Patriots, when they modell'd States:
Anxious for *that*, nor needful Sleep could hold
His still-awaken'd Soul; nor Friends had Charms
To steal, with pleasing Guile, one useful Hour; 80
Toil knew no Languor, no Attraction Joy.
Thus with unwearied Steps, by Virtue led
He gain'd the Summit of that sacred Hill,
Where rais'd above black Envy's dark'ning Clouds,
Her spotless Temple lifts its radiant Front. 85

Be nam'd, victorious Ravagers, no more!
Vanish, ye human Comets! shrink your Blaze!
Ye that your Glory to your Terrors owe,
As, o'er the gazing desolated Earth,

You scatter Famine, Pestilence and War ;
 Vanish ! before this vernal Sun of Fame ;
 Effulgent Sweetness, beaming Life and Joy. 90

How the Heart listen'd while he, pleading, spoke !
 While on th' enlighten'd Mind, with winning Art,
 His gentle Reason so persuasive stole,
 That the charm'd Hearer thought it was his own. 95

Ah ! when, ye studious of the Laws, again
 Shall such enchanting Lessons bless your Ear ?
 When shall again the darkest Truths, perplex,
 Be set in ample Day ? when shall the harsh
 And arduous open into smiling Ease ? 100

The Solid mix with elegant Delight ?
 His was the Talent with the purest Light
 At once to pour Conviction on the Soul,
 And warm with lawful Flame th' impassion'd Heart. 105
 That dangerous Gift with him was safely lodg'd
 By Heaven—He sacred to his Country's Cause,
 To trampled Want and Worth, to suffering Right,
 To the lone Widow's and her Orphan's Woes,
 Reserv'd the mighty Charm. With equal Brow, 110
 Despising then the Smiles or Frowns of Power,
 He all that noblest Eloquence effus'd,
 Which generous Passion, taught by Reason, breathes :
 Then spoke the Man ; and, over barren Art,
 Prevail'd abundant Nature. Freedom then 115
 His Client was, Humanity and Truth.

PLAC'D on the Seat of Justice, there he reign'd,
 In a superior Sphere of cloudless Day,
 A pure Intelligence. No Tumult there,
 No dark Emotion, no intemp'rate Heat, 120
 No Passion e'er disturb'd the clear Serene
 That round him spread. A Zeal for Right alone,
 The Love of Justice, like the steady Sun,
 Its equal Ardor lent ; and sometimes rais'd
 Against the Sons of Violence, of Pride, 125
 And

And bold Deceit, his Indignation gleam'd,
Yet still by sober Dignity restrain'd.
As Intuition quick, he snatch'd the Truth,
Yet with progressive Patience, Step by Step,
Self-diffident, or to the slower Kind, 130
He thro the Maze of Falsehood trac'd it on,
Till, at the last, evolv'd, it full appear'd,
And even the Loser own'd the just Decree.

BUT when, in Senates, he, to Freedom firm,
Enlighten'd Freedom, plann'd salubrious Laws, 135
His various Learning, his wide Knowledge, then,
His Insight deep into BRITANNIA'S Weal,
Spontaneous seem'd from simple Sense to flow,
And the plain Patriot smooth'd the Brow of Law.
No specious Swell, no frothy Pomp of Words 140
Fell on the cheated Ear; no study'd Maze
Of Declamation, to perplex the Right,
He darkening threw around: safe in itself,
In its own Force, all-pow'rful Reason spoke;
While on the great the ruling Point, at once, 145
He stream'd decisive Day, and show'd it vain
To lengthen farther out the clear Debate.

BEHOLD him in the Councils of his Prince.
What faithful Light he lends? How rare, in Courts.
Such Wisdom! such Abilities! and join'd 150
To Virtue so determin'd, public Zeal,
And Honour of such Adamantine Proof,
As even Corruption, hopelefs, and o'er-aw'd,
Durst not have *tempted*! Yet of Manners mild,
And winning every Heart, he knew to please, 155
Nobly to please; while equally he scorn'd
Or Adulation to receive, or give.
Happy the State, where wakes a ruling Eye
Of such Inspection keen, and general Care!
Beneath a Guard so vigilant, so pure. 160
Toil may resign his careless Head to rest,

And ever-jealous Freedom Sleep in Peace.
 Ah! lost untimely! lost in downward Days!
 And many a Patriot Counsel with him lost!
 Counsels that might have humbled *Britain's* Foe, 165
 Her native Foe, from eldest Time by fate
 Appointed, as did once a *Talbot's* Arms.

LET Learning, Arts, let Universal worth,
 Lament a Patron lost, a Friend and Judge.
 Unlike the Sons of Vanity, that veil'd 170
 Beneath the Patron's prostituted Name,
 Dare sacrifice a worthy Man to Pride,
 And flush Confusion o'er an honest Cheek.
 When he confer'd a Grace, it seem'd a Debt
 Which he to Merit, to the Public, paid, 175
 And to the great all-bounteous Source of good.
 His sympathizing Heart itself receiv'd
 The generous Obligation he bestow'd.
 This, this indeed is patronising Worth.
 Their kind Protector him the Muses own, 180
 But scorn with noble Pride the boasted Aid
 Of tasteless Vanity's insulting Hand.
 The gracious Stream, that cheers the letter'd World,
 Is not the noisy Gift of Summer's Noon.
 Whose sudden Current, from the naked Root, 185
 Washes the little Soil which yet remain'd,
 And only more dejects the blushing Flowers:
 No, 'tis the soft-descending Dews at Eve,
 The silent Treasures of the vernal Year,
 Indulging deep their Stores, the still Night long; 190
 Till, with returning Morn, the freshen'd World
 Is Fragrance all, all Beauty, Joy and Song.

STILL let me view him in the pleasing Light
 Of private Life, where Pomp forgets to glare,
 And where the Plain unguarded Soul is seen. 195
 There, with that truest Greatness he appear'd,
 Which thinks not of appearing; kindly veil'd

In the soft Graces of the friendly Scene,
 Inspiring social Confidence and Ease.
 As free the Converse of the Wise and Good, 200
 As joyous, disentangling every Power,
 And breathing mixt improvement with delight,
 As when amid the various-blossom'd Spring,
 Or gentle-beaming Autumn's pensive Shade,
 The philosophic Mind with Nature talks. 205
 Say ye, his *Sons*, his dear Remains with whom
 The Father laid superfluous State aside,
 Yet rais'd your filial Duty thence the more,
 With Friendship rais'd it, with Esteem, with Love,
 Beyond the Ties of Blood, Oh! speak the Joy, 210
 The pure Serene, the chearful Wisdom mild,
 The virtuous Spirit, which his vacant Hours,
 In Semblance of Amusement, thro the breast
 Infus'd. And thou, * *O Rundle!* lend thy Strain,
 Thou darling Friend! thou Brother of his Soul! 215
 In whom the Head and Heart their Stores unite:
 Whatever Fancy paints, invention pours,
 Judgment digests, the well-tun'd Bosom feels,
 Truth Natural, Moral, or Divine, has taught,
 The Virtues dictate, or the Muses sing. 220
 Lend me the Plaint, which to the lonely Main,
 With Memory conversing, you will pour,
 As on the pebbled Shore you, pensive, stray,
 Where *Derry's* Mountains a bleak Crescent form,
 And mid the ample round receive the Waves, 225
 That from the frozen Pole, resounding, rush,
 Impetuous. Tho from native Sun-shine driven,
 Driven from your Friends, the Sun shine of the Soul,
 By slanderous Zeal, and Politics infirm,
 Jealous of Worth; yet will you Bless your Lot, 230
 Yet will you Triumph in your glorious Fate,
 Whence *Talbot's* Friendship glows to future Times,

M 4

Intrepid,

* *Dr. Rundle late Bishop of Derry in Ireland.*

Intrepid, warm ; of kindred Tempers born ;
 Nurs'd, by Experience, into slow Esteem,
 Calm confidence unbounded, Love not blind, 235
 And the sweet Light from mingled Minds disclos'd,
 From mingled chymic Oils as bursts the Fire.

I too remember well that chearful Bowl,
 Which round his Table flow'd. The serious there
 Mix'd with the sportive, with the learn'd the plain ; 240
 Mirth soften'd Wisdom, candour temper'd Mirth ;
 And Wit its honey lent, without the Sting.
 Not simple nature's unaffected Sons,
 The blameless *Indians*, round their Forest-cheat,
 In sunny Lawn or shady Covert set, 245
 Hold more unspotted converse : nor, of old,
Rome's awful Consuls, her Dictator-swains,
 As on the product of their *Sabine* Farms
 They fared, with stricter Virtue fed the Soul :
 Nor yet in *Athens*, at an *Attick* Meal, 250
 Where *Socrates* presided, fairer Truth,
 More elegant Humanity, more Grace,
 Wit more refin'd, or deeper Science reign'd.

BUT far beyond the little vulgar Bounds
 Of Family, or Friends, or native Land 255
 By just Degrees, and with proportion'd Flame,
 Extended his Benevolence : a Friend
 To human-kind, to parent nature's Works.
 Of free Access, and of engaging Grace,
 Such as a Brother to a Brother owes, 260
 He kept an open judging Ear for all,
 And spread an open Countenance, where smil'd
 The fair Effulgence of an open Heart ;
 While on the Rich, the Poor, the High, the Low,
 With equal Ray, his ready goodness Shone : 265
 Their Grief or Bliss he made his own, and deem'd
 Himself concerned in all that touch'd Mankind.

Thus to a dread Inheritance, my Lord,

And

And hard to be supported, you succeed :

But, kept by Virtue, as by Virtue gain'd,

270

It will, thro' latest Time, enrich your Race,

When grosser Wealth shall moulder into Dust,

And with their Authors in Oblivion sunk

Vain Titles lie, the servile Badges oft

Of mean Submission, not the meed of Worth.

275

True genuine Honour its large Patent holds

Of all Mankind, thro' every Land and Age,

Of universal reason's various Sons,

And even of God himself, sole perfect Judge !

Yet know these noblest Honours of the Mind

280

On rigid Terms descend : the high-plac'd heir,

Scan'd by the public Eye, that, with keen Gaze,

Malignant seeks out Faults, cannot thro' Life,

Amid the nameless Insects of a Court,

Unheeded steal : but, with his Sire compar'd,

285

He must be glorious, or he must be scorn'd.

This truth to you, who merit well to bear

A name to *Britons* dear, th' officious Muse

May safely Sing, and Sing without reserve.

VAIN were the Complaint, and ignorant the Tear

290

That should a *Talbot* mourn. Ourselves, indeed,

Our country robb'd of her Delight and Strength,

We may lament. Yet let us, grateful, joy,

That we such Virtues knew, such Virtues felt,

And feel them still, teaching our views to rise

295

Thro' ever-bright'ning Scenes of future Worlds.

Be dumb, ye worst of Sophists ! ye that, prone

To thoughtless Dust, renounce that generous hope,

Whence every Joy below its Spirit draws,

And every Pain its Balm : a *Talbot's* light,

300

A *Talbot's* Virtues claim another source,

Than the blind Maze of undesigning Blood ;

Nor when that vital Fountain plays no more,

Can they be quench'd amid the gelid Stream.

METHINKS I see his mounting Spirit, freed 305
 From tangling Earth, regain the realms of Day,
 Its native Country, whence, to bless Mankind,
 Eternal Goodness, on this darksome Spot,
 Had ray'd it down a while. Behold! approv'd
 By the tremendous Judge of Heaven and Earth, 310
 And to th' Almighty Father's presence join'd,
 He takes his rank, in Glory, and in Bliss,
 Amid the human Worthies. Glad around
 Croud his compatriot Shades, and point him out,
 With joyful pride, *Britannia's* blameless boast. 315
 Ah! who is he, that with a fonder Eye
 Meets thine enraptur'd?—'Tis the best of Sons!
 The best of Friends!—Too soon is realiz'd
 That hope, which once forbade thy Tears to flow!
 Mean-while the kindred Souls of every Land, 320
 (Howe'er divided in the fretful Days
 Of Prejudice and Error) mingled now,
 In one selected never-jarring State,
 Where GOD himself their only Monarch reigns,
 Partake the joy; yet, such the Sense that still 325
 Remains of earthly Woes, for us below,
 And for our Loss, they drop a pitying Tear.
 But cease presumptuous Muse, nor vainly strive
 To quit this cloudy Sphere that binds thee down:
 'Tis not for mortal hand to trace these Scenes, 330
 Scenes, that our gross ideas groveling cast
 Behind, and strike our boldest Language dumb.

FORGIVE, immortal shade! if aught from Earth,
 From dust low-warbled, to those Groves can rise,
 Where flows celestial Harmony, forgive 335
 This fond superfluous Verse. With deep-felt Voice,
 On every Heart impress'd, thy Deeds themselves
 Attest thy Praise. Thy Praise the widow's Sighs,
 And Orphan's tears embalm. The good, the bad,
 The sons of Justice and the sons of Strife, 340

305 All that or Freedom or that Interest prize,
A deep-divided nation's Parties all,
Conspire to swell thy spotless Praise to Heaven.
Glad heav'n receives it, and seraphic Lyres
With Songs of Triumph thy Arrival hail.
10 How vain this Tribute then ! this lowly Lay !
Yet nought is Vain which Gratitude inspires.
The Muse, besides, her Duty thus approves
To Virtue, to her Country, to Mankind,
To ruling Nature, that, in glorious Charge,
15 As to her Priestesses, gives it her, to Hymn
Whatever good and excellent she forms.

345

350

C

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A

THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.
AN
ALLEGORICAL POEM.

7

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Poem being writ in the Manner of Spenser, the obsolete Words, and a simplicity of Diction in some of the Lines, which borders on the Ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect. And the Stile of that admirable Poet, as well as the Measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by Custom to all allegorical Poems writ in our Language; just as in French the Stile of Marot, who lived under Francis I., has been used in Tales, and familiar Epistles, by the politeſt Writers of the Age of Louis XIV.

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EXPLANATION of the obsolete words
used in this POEM.

Archimage—*The chief, or greatest of magicians or
enchanters.*

Apaid—*paid.*

Appall—*affright.*

Atween—*between.*

Ay—*always.*

Bale—*sorrow, trouble, misfortune.*

Benempt—*named.*

Blazon—*painting, displaying.*

Breme—*cold, raw.*

Carol—*to sing songs of joy.*

Caucus, *the north-east wind.*

Certes—*certainly.*

Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*

Deftly—*skilfully.*

Depainted—*painted.*

Drowsy-head—*drowsyness.*

Eath—*easy.*

Eftsoons—*immediately, often, afterwards.*

Eke—*also.*

Fays—*fairies.*

Gear or Geer—*furniture, equipage, dress.*

Glaive—*sword. (Fr.)*

Glee—*joy, pleasure.*

282 *Explanation of the obsolete Words*

Han—*have.*

Hight—*named, called; and sometimes it is used for is called. See Stanza vii.*

Idlefs—*Idleness.*

Imp—*Child, or offspring; from the Saxon impan, to graft or plant.*

Kest—*for cast.*

Lad—*for led.*

Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*

Libbard—*leopard.*

Lig—*to lie.*

Lofel—*a loose idle fellow.*

Louting—*bowing, bending.*

Lithe—*loose, lax.*

Mell—*minge.*

Moe—*more.*

Moil—*to labour.*

Mote—*might.*

Muchel or Mochel—*much, great.*

Nathlefs—*nevertheless.*

Ne—*nor.*

Needments—*necessaries.*

Nourfling—*a child that is nursed.*

Noyance—*harm.*

Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*

Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*) *an old oath.*

Prick'd thro' the forest—*rode thro' the forest.*

Sear—*dry, burnt up.*

Sheen—*bright, shining.*

Sicker—*sure, surely.*

Soot—*sweet, or sweetly.*

Sooth—*true, or truth.*

Stound—*misfortune, pang.*

Sweltry—*sultry, consuming with heat.*

Swink—*to labour.*

Smackt—*savoured.*

Thrall—*slave.*

Transmew'd—*transform'd.*

Vild—*vile.*

Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorn'd.*

Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*

Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*

Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*

Wight—*Man.*

Wis, for Wist—*to know, think, understand.*

Wonne - (a Noun) *Dwelling.*

Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The Letter Y is frequently placed in the Beginning of a Word, by Spenser, to lengthen it a Syllable, and en at the End of a Word, for the same Reason, as withouten, casten, &c.

Yborn—*born.*

blent, or blent—*blended, mingled.*

Yclad—*clad.*

Ycleped—*called, named.*

Yfere—*together.*

Ymolten—*melted.*

Yode (*preter tense of yede*) *went.*

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THE
CASTLE
OF
INDOLENCE.

*The Castle height of Indolence,
And its false Luxury ;
Where for a little Time, alas !
We liv'd right Jollily.*

I.

O Mortal Man, who livest here by Toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard Estate ;
That like an Emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad Sentence of an ancient Date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason Great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy Star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly Passions, and Diseases pale.

II.

In lowly Dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody Hill o'er Hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting Wizard did abide,
 Than whom a Fiend more fell is no where found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of Ground ;
 And there a season atween *June* and *May*,
 Half prankt with Spring, with Summer half im-
 A listless Climate made, where, sooth to say, (brown'd,
 No living Wight could work, ne cared even for play.

III.

Was nought around but Images of rest :
 Sleep soothing Groves, and quiet Lawns between ;
 And flowery Beds that slumbrous influence kest,
 From Poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant Green,
 Where never yet was creeping Creature seen.
 Mean time unnumber'd glittering Streamlets play'd,
 And hurled every-where their Waters sheen ;
 That, as they bicker'd through the Sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling Murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the Prattle of the purling Rills,
 Were heard the lowing Heards a long the Vale,
 And Flocks loud-bleating from the distant Hills,
 And vacant Shepherds piping in the Dale :
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves plain amid the Forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the finging Gale ;
 And still a coil the Grasshopper did keep :
 Yet all these Sounds yblent inclined all to Sleep.

V.

Full in the Passage of the Vale, above,
A fable, silent, solemn Forest stood ;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move,
As *Idie's* fancy'd in her dreaming mood,
And up the Hills, on either side, a Wood
Of blackening Pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy Horror through the Blood ;
And where this Valley winded out, below,
The murmuring Main was heard, and scarcely heard,
to flow.

VI.

A pleasing Land of drowsy-head it was :
Of Dreams that wave before the half-shut Eye ;
And of gay Castles in the Clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a Summer-Sky :
There eke the soft Delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the Breast,
And the calm Pleasures always hover'd nigh ;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious Nest.

VII.

The Landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where INDOLENCE (for so the Wizard hight)
Close-hid his Castle mid embowering Trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of chequer'd Day and Night.
Mean while, unceasing at the massy Gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd ; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour, harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's Estate.

VIII.

VIII.

Thither continual Pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the Roads of Earth that pass there by :
 For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring Hill,
 The freshness of this Valley smote their Eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh ;
 'Till clustering round th' enchanter false they hung,
 Ymolten with his Syren Melody ;
 While o'er th' enfeebling Lute his Hand he flung,
 And to the trembling Chords these tempting Verses sung:

IX.

" Behold ! ye Pilgrims of this Earth, behold !
 " See all but Man with unearn'd Pleasure gay.
 " See her bright Robes the Butterfly unfold,
 " Broke from her wintry Tomb in prime of *May* !
 " What youthful Bride can equal her Array ?
 " Who can with her for easy Pleasure vie ?
 " From Mead to Mead with gentle Wing to stray,
 " From Flower to Flower on balmy Gales to fly,
 " Is all she has to do beneath the radiant Sky.

X.

" Behold the merry Minstrels of the Morn,
 " The swarming Songsters of the careless Grove,
 " Ten thousand Throats ! that, from the flowering
 " Thorn,
 " Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of Love,
 " Such grateful kindly Raptures them emove :
 " They neither plough, nor sow ; ne, fit for Flail,
 " E'er to the Barn the nodding Sheaves they drove.
 " Yet theirs each Harvest dancing in the Gale,
 " Whatever crowns the Hill, or smiles along the Vale.

XI.

" Outcast of Nature, Man! the wretched Thrall
" Of bitter-dropping Sweat, of sweltry Pain,
" Of Cares that eat away thy Heart with Gall,
" And of the Vices, an inhuman Train,
" That all proceed from savage Thirst of Gain :
" For when hard-hearted *Interest* first began
" To poison Earth, *Astræa* left the Plain ;
" Guile, Violence, and Murder seiz'd on Man,
" And, for soft milky Streams, with Blood the Rivers ran.

XII.

" Come, ye, who still the cumbrous Load of Life,
" Push hard up Hill ; but as the farthest Steep
" You trust to Gain, and put an End to Strife,
" Down thunders back the Stone with mighty sweep,
" And hurls your Labours to the Valley deep,
" For-ever Vain : come, and, withouten Fee,
" I in Oblivion will your Sorrows steep,
" Your Cares, your Toils, will steep you in a Sea
" Of full Delight : O come, ye weary Wights, to me !

XIII.

" With me, you need not rise at early Dawn,
" To pass the joyless Day in various Stounds :
" Or, louting low, on upstart Fortune fawn,
" And sell fair Honour for some paltry Pounds ;
" Or through the City take your dirty Rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and visit pay,
" Now Flattering base, now giving secret Wounds ;
" Or proul in Courts of Law for human Prey,
" In venal Senate thieve, or rob on broad Highway.

XIV.

“ No Cocks, with me, to rustic Labour call,
 “ From Village on to Village sounding clear;
 “ To tardy Swain no shrill-voic’d Matrons squall;
 “ No Dogs, no Babes, no Wives, to stun your Ear;
 “ No Hammers thump; no horrid Blacksmith fear,
 “ Ne noisy Tradesman your sweet Slumbers start,
 “ With Sounds that are a Misery to hear:
 “ But all is calm, as would delight the Heart
 “ Of *Sybarite* of old, all Nature, and all Art.

XV.

“ Here nought but Candour reigns, indulgent Ease,
 “ Good-natur’d lounging, sauntering up and down:
 “ They who are pleas’d themselves must always
 “ please;
 “ On others’ Ways they never squint a Frown,
 “ Nor heed what haps in Hamlet or in Town.
 “ Thus, from the Source of tender Indolence,
 “ With milky Blood the Heart is overflown,
 “ Is sooth’d and sweeten’d by the social Sense;
 “ For Interest, Envy, Pride, and Strife are banish’d hence.

XVI.

“ What, what, is Virtue? but repose of Mind,
 “ A pure ethereal Calm, that knows no Storm;
 “ Above the Reach of wild Ambition’s Wind,
 “ Above those Passions that this World deform,
 “ And torture Man, a proud malignant Worm!
 “ But here, instead, soft Gales of Passion play,
 “ And gently stir the Heart, thereby to form
 “ A quicker Sense of Joy; as Breezes stray
 “ Across th’ enliven’d Skies, and make them still more
 “ gay.

XVII.

- " The best of Men have ever lov'd Repose :
" They hate to mingle in the filthy Fray ;
" Where the Soul sow'rs, and gradual Rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peevish Day to Day.
" Even those whom Fame has lent her fairest Ray,
" The most renown'd of worthy Wights of Yore,
" From a base World at last have stol'n away :
" So SCIPIO, to the soft *Cumæan* Shore
" Retiring, tasted Joy he never knew before.

XVIII.

- " But if a little Exercise you chuse,
" Some Zest for Ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the Groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the Blooms, and deck the vernal Year ;
" Or softly stealing, with your watry Gear,
" Along the Brooks, the crimson-spotted Fry
" You may delude : The whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse Stream, and now the Zephir's sigh,
" Attuned to the Birds, and woodland Melody.

XIX.

- " O grievous Folly ! to heap up Estate,
" Losing the Days you see beneath the Sun ;
" When, sudden, comes bind unrelenting Fate,
" And gives th' untasted Portion you have won,
" With ruthless Toil, and many a Wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to *Plato's* Reign,
" There with sad Ghosts to pine, and Shadows dun :
" But sure it is of Vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling Ears retain'd
 The deep Vibrations of his witching Song ;
 That, by a kind of magic Power, constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the listening Throng.
 Heaps pour'd on Heaps, and yet they slip't along,
 In silent Ease : As when beneath the Beam
 Of Summer Moons, the distant Woods among,
 Or by some Flood all silver'd with the Gleam,
 The soft-embodied Fays through airy portal Stream :

XXI.

By the smooth Demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful Bounty first began :
 Though some there were who would not further pass,
 And his alluring Baits suspected han.
 The wise distrust the too-fair spoken Man.
 Yet through the Gate they cast a wishful Eye :
 Not to move on, perdie, is all they can ;
 For do their very best they cannot fly,
 But often each Way look, and often sorely sigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked Wizard saw,
 With sudden Spring he leap'd upon them strait ;
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd Paw,
 They found themselves within the cursed Gate ;
 Full hard to be repass'd, like that of Fate.
 Not stronger were of old the Giant Crew,
 Who sought to pull high *Jove* from regal State ;
 Though feeble Wretch he seem'd, of fallow Hue :
 Certes, who bides his Grasp, will that Encounter rue.

XXIII

XXIII.

For whomsoe'er the Villain takes in Hand,
Their Joints unknit, their Sinews melt apace ;
As lithe they grow as any Willow-wand,
And of their vanish'd Force remains no Trace :
So when a Maiden fair, of modest Grace,
In all her buxom blooming *May* of Charms,
Is seized in some Lofel's hot Embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
Then sighing yields her up to Love's delicious Harms.

XXIV.

Wak'd by the Croud, slow from his Bench arose
A comely full-spread Porter, swoln with Sleep :
His calm, broad, thoughtless Aspect breath'd repose ;
And in sweet Torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himself from ceaseless Yawning keep ;
While o'er his Eyes the drowsy Liquor ran,
Thro which his half-wak'd Soul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black Staff he call'd his Man,
And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

XXV.

The Lad leap'd lightly at his Master's Call.
He was, to weet, a little roguish Page,
Save Sleep and Play who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught Triplings of his Age.
This Boy he kept each Band to disengage,
Garters and Buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave Personage,
And which his portly Paunch would not permit,
So this same limber Page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Mean Time the Master-Porter wide display'd
 Great Store of Caps, of Slippers, and of Gowns;
 Wherewith he those who enter'd in, array'd
 Loose, as the Breeze that plays along the Downs,
 And waves the Summer Woods when Evening frowns.
 O fair undress, best dress! it checks no Vein,
 But every flowing Limb in Pleasure drowns,
 And heightens Ease with Grace. This done, right fain,
 Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

XXVII.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the Fountain sped,
 That in the middle of the Court up threw
 A Stream, high-spouting from its liquid Bed,
 And falling back again in drizzly Dew:
 There each deep Draughts, as deep he thirsted, drew.
 It was a Fountain of *Nepenthe* rare: [grew,
 Whence, as Dan HOMER sings, huge Pleasaunce
 And sweet Oblivion of vile earthly Care;
 Fair gladsome waking Thoughts, and joyous Dreams
 more fair.

XXVIII.

This Rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
 Withouten Tromp, was Proclamation made.
 "Ye Sons of INDOLENCE, do what you will;
 "And wander where you list, through Hall or Glade!
 "Be no Man's Pleasure for another's staid;
 "Let each as likes him best his Hours employ,
 "And curs'd be he who minds his Neighbour's Trade!
 "Here dwells kind Ease and unreprieving Joy:
 "He little merits Bliss who others can annoy."

XXIX.

XXIX.

Strait of these endless Numbers, swarming round,
As thick as idle Motes in sunny Ray,
Not one effsoons in View was to be found,
But every Man stroll'd off his own glad Way.
Wide o'er this ample Court's blank Area,
With all the Lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living Creature could be seen to stray ;
While Solitude, and perfect Silence reign'd :
So that to think you dreamt you almost was constrain'd.

XXX.

As when a Shepherd of the * *Hebrid-Isles*,
Placed far amid the melancholy Main,
(Whether it be lone Fancy him beguiles ;
Or that aerial Beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our Senses plain)
Sees on the naked Hill, or Valley low,
The whilst in Ocean *Phæbus* dips his Wain,
A vast Assembly moving to and fro :
Then all at once in Air dissolves the wondrous Show.

XXXI.

Ye Gods of Quiet, and of Sleep profound !
Whose soft Dominion o'er this Castle sways,
And all the widely-silent Places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling Pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal Lays.
But how shall I attempt such arduous String,
I who have spent my Nights and nightly Days,
In this soul-deadening Place, loose-loitering ?
Ah ! how shall I for this uprear my moulted Wing ?

* *Those islands on the western Coast of Scotland called the Hebrides.*

XXXII.

Come on, my Muse, nor stoop to low Despair,
 Thou Imp of *Jove*, touch'd by celestial Fire !
 Thou yet shalt sing of War, and Actions fair,
 Which the bold Sons of *Britain* will inspire ;
 Of ancient Bards thou yet shalt sweep the Lyre ;
 'Thou yet shalt tread in tragic Pall the Stage,
 Paint Love's enchanting Woes, the Heroe's Ire,
 The Sage's Calm, the Patriot's noble Rage,
 Dashing Corruption down through every worthless Age.

XXXIII.

The Doors, that knew no shrill alarming Bell,
 Ne curst Knocker ply'd by Villain's Hand,
 Self open'd into Halls, where, who can tell
 What Elegance and Grandeur wide expand
 The Pride of *Turkey* and of *Persia* Land ?
 Soft Quilts on Quilts, on Carpets Carpets spread,
 And Couches stretch around in seemly Band ;
 And endless Pillows rise to prop the Head ;
 So that each spacious Room was one full-swelling Bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd Tables stood,
 With Wines high-flavour'd and rich Viands crown'd,
 Whatever sprightly Juice or tasteful Food
 On the green Bosom of this Earth are found,
 And all old Ocean genders in his round :
 Some Hand unseen these silently display'd,
 Even undemanded by a Sign or Sound ;
 You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
 Fair-rang'd the Dishes rose, and thick the Glasses play'd.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Here Freedom reign'd, without the least alloy ;
Nor Gossip's Tale, nor ancient Maiden's gall,
Nor faintly Spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd Tongue our pleasure pall.
For why ? there was but one great Rule for all ;
To wit, that each should Work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the Time in Love, or wake the Lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muses might inspire.

XXXVI.

The Rooms with costly Tapestry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle Tale ;
Such as of old the rural Poets sung,
Or of *Arcadian* or *Sicilian* vale :
Reclining Lovers, in the lonely Dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly-tortured Heart ;
Or fighting tender passion, swell'd the Gale,
And taught charm'd Echo to resound their smart ;
While Flocks, Woods, Streams, around, Repose and-
Peace impart.

XXXVII.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning Hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal Age ;
What Time Dan *Abraham* left the *Chaldee* Land,
And pastur'd on from verdant Stage to Stage,
Where Fields and Fountains fresh could best engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild Beasts the silvan War to wage,
And o'er vast Plains their Herds and Flocks to feed :
Blest Sons of Nature they ! true golden Age indeed !

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the Pencil, in cool Airy halls,
 Bade the gay bloom of vernal Landskips rise,
 Or Autumn's varied Shades imbrown the Walls:
 Now the black Tempest strikes the astonish'd Eyes;
 Now down the Steep the flashing Torrent flies;
 The trembling Sun now plays o'er Ocean blue,
 And now rude Mountains frown amid the Skies;
 Whate'er *Lorrain* light-touch'd with softening hue,
 Or Savage *Rosa* dash'd, or learned *Pouffin* drew.

XXXIX.

Each sound too here to languishment inclin'd,
 Lull'd the weak Bosom, and induced Ease,
 Aerial Music in the warbling Wind,
 At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
 Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the Trees
 It hung, and breath'd such soul dissolving Airs,
 As did, alas! with soft Perdition please:
 Entangled deep in its enchanting Snares,
 The listening Heart forgot all Duties and all Cares.

XL.

A certain Music, never known before,
 Here lull'd the pensive melancholy Mind;
 Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
 But fidelong, to the gently-waving Wind,
 To lay the well tun'd Instrument reclin'd;
 From which, with airy flying Fingers light,
 Beyond each mortal Touch the most refin'd,

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The God of Winds drew Sounds of deep Delight :
Whence, with just Cause, * *The Harp of Æolus* it hight.

XLI.

Ah me ! what Hand can touch the Strings so fine ;
Who up the lofty Diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn Airs divine,
Then let them down again into the Soul ?
Now rising Love they fan'd ; now pleasing dole
They breath'd, in tender Musings, through the Heart ;
And now a graver sacred Strain they stole,
As when seraphic Hands an Hymn impart :
Wild warbling Nature all, above the reach of Art !

XLII.

Such the gay Splendor, the luxurious State,
Of *Caliphs* old, who on the *Tygris*' Shore,
In mighty *Bagdat*, populous and great,
Held their bright Court, where was of Ladies store ;
And Verse, Love, Music still the Garland wore :
When Sleep was coy, † the Bard, in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone Midnight with the Muse's lore ;
Composing Music bade his Dreams be fair,
And Music lent new Gladness to the Morning Air.

XLIII.

* *This is not an imagination of the Author ; there being in Fact such an Instrument, called Æolus's Harp, which when placed against a little rushing or current of Air produces the effect here described.*

† *The Arabian Caliphs had Poets among the Officers of their Court whose Office it was to do what is here mentioned.*

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
 Soft tinkling Streams, and dashing Waters fell,
 And sobbing Breezes sigh'd, and oft began
 (So work'd the Wizard) wintry Storms to swell,
 As Heaven and Earth they would together mell :
 At Doors and Windows, threatening, seem'd to call
 The Demons of the Tempest, growling fell,
 Yet the least Entrance found they none at all ;
 Whence sweeter grew our Sleep, secure in massy Hall.

XLIV.

And hither *Morpheus* sent his kindest dreams,
 Raising a World of gayer Tinct and grace ;
 O'er which were shadowy cast elysian gleams,
 That play'd, in waving Lights, from place to place,
 And shed a roseate smile on Nature's face.
 Not *Titian's* pencil e'er could so Array,
 So Fleece with Clouds the pure ethereal space ;
 Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
 As loose on flowery Beds all languishingly lay.

XLV.

No fair Illusions ! artful Phantoms, no !
 My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land :
 She has no Colours that like you can glow ;
 'Fo catch your vivid Scenes too gross her hand.
 But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
 Than these same guileful angel-seeming Sprights,
 Who thus in Dreams, voluptuous, soft, and bland,
 Pour'd all th' *Arabian Heaven* upon our nights,
 And bless'd them oft besides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in sooth a most enchanting train,
Even feigning Virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with Pleasure pain.
But for those Fiends, whom Blood and Broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to Hell outright,
Down down black Gulphs, where sullen Waters sleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful Night
On beetling Cliffs, or pent in Ruins deep:
They, till due time should serve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian Spirits, to whom Man is dear,
From these foul Demons shield the midnight gloom;
Angels of Fancy and of Love, be near,
And o'er the blank of Sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred Shades of *Greece* and *Rome*,
And let them Virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while O lend us from the Tomb
Those long-lost Friends for whom in Love we smart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the Heart.

XLVIII.

Or are you sportive—— Bid the Morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the Days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth;
To cares estrang'd, and Manhood's thorny ways.
What transport, to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The Woods, the Mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!——But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muse, resume the Task that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

XLIX.

One great amusement of our Household was,
 In a huge crystal magic Globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill Earth ; where constantly
 Of idly busy Men the restless Fry
 Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures Vain that from them fly,
 Or which obtain'd the Caitiffs dare not taste :
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste ?

L.

Of vanity the Mirror This was call'd.
 Here you a muckworm of the Town might see,
 At his dull Desk, amid his Legers stall'd,
 Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
 Most like to Carcase parch'd on Gallow-tree.
A Penny saved is a Penny got :
 Firm to this scoundrel Maxim keepeth he,
 Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
 Till it has quench'd his Fire, and banished his Pot.

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low Grub, behold !
 Comes fluttering forth a gaudy spendthrift Heir,
 All glossy gay, enamel'd all with Gold,
 The silly Tenant of the Summer-Air,
 In folly lost, of nothing takes he care ;
 Pimps, Lawyers, Stewards, Harlots, Flatterers vile,
 And thieving Tradesmen him among them share :
 His Father's Ghost from Limbo-lake, the while,
 Sees this, which more damnation does upon him pile.

LII.

LII.

This Globe pourtray'd the race of learned Men,
Still at their Books, and turning o'er the Page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they snatch the Pen,
As if inspir'd, and in a *Thespian* rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage,
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling sore?
To lose the present, gain the future Age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when uselefs worldly store.

LIII.

Then would a splendid City rise to view,
With Carts, and Cars, and Coaches roaring all:
Wide-pour'd abroad behold the giddy Crew;
See how they dash along from Wall to Wall;
At every Door, hark how they thundering call!
Good Lord! what can this giddy rout excite;
Why, on each other with fell Tooth to fall;
A neighbour's Fortune, Fame, or Peace, to blight,
And make new tiresome Parties for the coming Night.

LIV.

The puzzling Sons of party next appear'd,
In dark Cabals and nightly Juntos met;
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging rear'd
Th' important Shoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling Eyes were inward set.
No sooner * *Lucifer* recalls affairs,
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret;
When lo! push'd up to Power, and crown'd their Cares,
In comes another set, and kicketh them down stairs.

LV.

* *The Morning Star.*

LV.

But what most shew'd the Vanity of Life,
 Was to behold the Nations all on Fire,
 In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife :
 Most Christian Kings, inflam'd by black desire,
 With honourable Ruffians in their hire,
 Cause War to Rage, and blood around to pour :
 Of this sad Work when each begins to tire,
 They sit them down just where they were before,
 Till for new Scenes of woe Peace shall their force restore.

LVL

To Number up the thousands dwelling here,
 An useless were, and eke an endless Task ;
 From Kings, and those who at the Helm appear,
 To Gipsies brown in Summer glades who bask.
 Yea many a Man perdie I could unmask,
 Whose Desk and Table make a solemn show,
 With Tape ty'd trash, and suits of Fools that ask
 For Place or Pension, laid in decent row ;
 But these I passen by, with nameless Numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle Tenants of the place,
 There was a Man of special grave remark :
 A certain tender Gloom o'erspread his Face,
 Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark,
 As soot this Man could sing as Morning-Lark,
 And teach the noblest Morals of the Heart :
 But these his Talents were ybury'd stark ;
 Of the fine Stores he nothing would impart,
 Which or boon Nature gave, or nature painting Art.

LVIII.

LVIII.

To noontide Shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the Brook with sleep-inviting Sound ;
Or when Dan *Sol* to slope his Wheels began,
Amid the Broom he bask'd him on the Ground,
Where the wild Thyme and Camomoil are found :
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of Light sat trembling on the welkin's bound
Then homeward through the twilight shadows stray,
Sauntering and slow. So had he pass'd many a Day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtless Slumber were they past :
For oft the heavenly Fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping Embers, mounted fast,
And all its native Light anew reveal'd :
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean Field,
And markt the Clouds that drove before the Wind,
Ten Thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten Thousand great Ideas fill'd his Mind ;
But with the Clouds they fled, and left no tract behind.

LX.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent Walk,
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shyder still, who quite detested talk :
Oft, stung by Spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of Pine, and broad o'ershadowing Oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd Word, save when first shone
The glittering Star of Eve—"Thank heaven! the Day
is done."

LXI.

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
 For forty Years, ne face of mortal seen ;
 In Chamber brooding like a loathly Toad :
 And sure his Linnen was not very clean.
 Through secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
 Near to his Bed, his Dinner vile he took ;
 Unkempt, and rough, of squalid Face and Mein,
 Our Castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy nook,
 We drove the Villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One Day there chaunc'd into these Halls to rove
 A joyous Youth, who took you at first sight ;
 Him the wild wave of Pleasure hither drove,
 Before the sprightly tempest tossing Light :
 Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social Glee, and wit humane though keen,
 Turning the Night to Day and Day to Night :
 For him the merry Bells had rung, I ween,
 If in this nook of quiet Bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not even Pleasure to excess is good :
 What most elates then sinks the Soul as low :
 When Spring-tide Joy pours in with copious Flood,
 The higher still th' exulting Billows flow,
 The farther back again they flagging go,
 And leave us groveling on the dreary Shore :
 Taught by this son of Joy, we found it so ;
 Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay Uproar
 Our madden'd Castle all, th' abode of Sleep no more.

LXIV.

LXIV.

As when in prime of *June* a burnish'd Fly,
Sprung from the Meads, o'er which he sweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital Sky,
Tunes up amid these airy halls his Song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he tips their Bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their Beds among,
And scares their tender Sleep, with trump profound ;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another Guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his Mind,
As little touch'd as any Man's with bad :
Him through their inmost walks the Muses lad,
To him the sacred love of Nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our Valley glad ;
Whenas we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly Message sent.

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us ! true Son of Virtue, come !
" But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade,
" To lie content beneath our peaceful Dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet Glade ;
" Yet when at last thy Toils but ill apaid
" Shall dead thy Fire, and damp its heavenly Spark,
" Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,
" There to indulge the Muse, and nature mark :
" We then a Lodge for thee will rear in HAGLEY-
" PARK."

LXVII.

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 LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Esopus * of the Age ;
 But call'd by Fame, in soul ypricked deep,
 A noble pride restor'd him to the Stage,
 And rous'd him like a Gyant from his Sleep.
 Even from his Slumbers we advantage reap :
 With double Force th' enliven'd Scene he wakes,
 Yet quits not nature's Bounds. He knows to keep
 Each due decorum : Now the Heart he shakes,
 And now with well-urg'd Sense th'enlighten'd Judg-
 ment takes.

LXVIII.

A Bard here dwelt, more fat than Bard beseems;
 † Who void of Envy, guile, and lust of gain,
 On virtue still, and nature's pleasing Themes,
 Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
 The world forsaking with a calm Disdain
 Here laugh'd he careless in his easy Seat ;
 Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous Train,
 Oft moralizing Sage : his Ditty sweet
 He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy Feet our ground was trod,
 Of Clerks good plenty here you mote espy,
 A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
 Was one I chiefly mark'd among the Fry :
 He had a roguish twinkle in his Eye,
 And shone all glittering with ungodly Dew,
 If a tight Damsel chaunc'd to trippen by ;
 Which when observ'd, he shrunk into his Mew,
 And strait would recollect his Piety anew. LXX.

* Mr. Quin.

† *The following Lines of this Stanza were writ by a
 Friend of the Author.*

LXX.

Nor be forgot a Tribe, who minded nought
(Old Inmates of the place) but state-affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their Brow sat every nation's Cares.
The World by them is parcel'd out in Shares,
When in the *Hall of Smoak* they congress hold,
And the sage berry sun-burnt *Mocha* bears
Has clear'd their inward Eye : then, smoak-enroll'd,
Their Oracles break forth mysterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid Beauty kept her pale-fac'd Court :
Bevies of dainty Dames, of high Degree,
From every quarter hither made resort ;
Where, from gross mortal care and business free,
They lay, pour'd out in Ease and Luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal Bloom ;
But far is cast the Distaff, Spinning-Wheel, and Loom.

LXXII.

Their only Labour was to kill the Time ;
And labour dire it is, and weary Woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle Rhyme ;
Then, rising sudden, to the Glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tottering Step and slow :
This soon too rude an Exercise they find ;
Strait on the Couch their Limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god soft-breathing in the Wind.

LXXIII.

Now must I mark the Villainy we found,
 But ah! too late, as shall eftsoons be shewn.
 A place here was, deep, dreary, under Ground;
 Where still our Inmates, when unpleasing grown,
 Diseas'd, and loathsome, privily were thrown.
 Far from the light of Heaven, they languish'd there,
 Unpity'd uttering many a bitter Groan;
 For of these Wretches taken was no Care:
 Fierce friends, and hags of Hell, their only Nurses
 were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from scenes of Joy and Rest,
 To this dark Den, where sickness tofs'd alway.
 Here *Lethargy*, with deadly Sleep oppress'd,
 Stretch'd on his back, a mighty Lubbard, lay,
 Heaving his sides, and snored Night and Day;
 To stir him from his Traunce it was not Eath,
 And his half-open'd Eyne he shut strait way:
 He led, I wot, the softest way to Death,
 And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the Breath.

LXXV.

Of Limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
 Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the *Hydropsy*:
 Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
 For ever fed with watery Supply;
 For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
 And moping here did *Hypochondria* sit,
 Mother of Spleen, in Robes of various dye,
 Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
 And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd a
 Wit.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

A Lady proud she was, of ancient Blood,
Yet oft her Fear her Pride made crouchen low :
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering Mood,
All the Diseases which the Spittles know,
And sought all Physick which the Shops bestow,
And still new Leaches and new Drugs would try,
Her Humour ever wavering to and fro ;
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes cry,
Then sudden waxed wroth, and all she knew not why.

LXXVII.

Fast by her side a listless Maiden pin'd,
With aching Head, and squeamish heart-burnings ;
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate Mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden Things.
And here the *Tertian* shakes his chilling Wings ;
The sleepless *Gout* here counts the crowing Cocks,
A Wolf now gnaws him, now a Serpent stings ;
Whilst *Apoplexy* cramm'd intemperance knocks
Down to the Ground at once, as Butcher selleth Ox.

C A N T O II.

*The Knight of Arts and Industry,
And his Atchievements fair ;
That, by this Castle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and Crowned were.*

I.

ESCAP'D the Castle of the fire of Sin,
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a Dwelling find ?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of Goodness favouring and a tender Mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another Strain,
Of doleful Note, alas ! remains behind :
I now must sing of Pleasure turn'd to pain,
And of the false inchanter INDOLENCE complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muse,
 And fence for her *Parnassus*' barren Soil?
 To every Labour its rewards accrues,
 And they are sure of Bread who swink and Moil;
 But a fell Tribe *th' Aonian bive* despoil,
 As ruthless Wasps oft rob the painful Bee:
 Thus while the Laws not guard that noblest Toil,
 Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
 They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
 You cannot rob me of free nature's Grace;
 You cannot shut the windows of the Sky,
 Through which *Aurora* shews her brightening Face;
 You cannot bar my constant Feet to trace
 The Woods and Lawns, by living Stream, at Eve:
 Let health my Nerves and finer Fibres brace,
 And I their Toys to the *great Children* leave:
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me Bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muse, and raise a bolder Song;
 Come, lig no more upon the Bed of Sloth,
 Dragging the lazy languid Line along,
 Fond to begin, but still to finish loth,
 Thy half-writ Scrolls all eaten by the Moth:
 Arise, and sing that generous imp of Fame,
 Who with the Sons of softness nobly Wroth,
 To sweep away this human Lumber came,
 Or in a chosen Few to rouse the lumbering Flame.

V.

In *Fairy-Land* there liv'd a Knight of old,
Of feature Stern, *Selvaggio* well yclep'd,
A rough unpolish'd Man, robust and bold,
But wondrous Poor : he neither Sow'd nor Reap'd,
Ne Sores in Summer for cold Winter heap'd ;
In Hunting all his Days away he wore ;
Now scorch'd by *June*, now in *November* steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting *January* fore,
He still in Woods pursu'd the Libbard and the Boar.

VI.

As he one Morning, long before the Dawn,
Prick'd through the Forest to dislodge his Prey,
Deep in the winding Bosom of a Lawn,
With Wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's Ray,
That from the beating Rain, and wintry fray,
Did to a lonely Cott his steps decoy ;
There, up to earn the needments of the Day,
He found dame *Poverty*, nor fair nor coy :
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty Boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood Shade this Boy was bred,
And grew at last a Knight of muchel Fame,
Of active Mind and vigorous lustyhed,
THE KNIGHT OF ARTS AND INDUSTRY by name.
Earth was his Bed, the Boughs his Roof did Frame ;
He knew no Beverage but the flowing Stream ;
His tasteful well-earn'd Food the silvan Game,
Or the brown Fruit with which the wood-lands teem :
The same to him glad Summer, or the Winter breme.

VIII.

So pass'd his youthful Morning, void of Care,
 Wild as the Colts that through the commons run:
 For him no tender Parents troubled were,
 He of the Forest seem'd to be the Son,
 And Certes had been utterly undone;
 But that *Minerva* pity of him took,
 With all the Gods that love the rural wonne,
 'That teach to tame the Soil and rule the Crook;
 Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

IX.

Of fertile Genius him they nurtur'd well,
 In every Science, and in every Art,
 By which Mankind the thoughtless Brutes excel,
 That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,
 Disclosing all the powers of Head and Heart:
 Ne were the goodly Exercises spar'd,
 'That brace the Nerves, or make the Limbs alert,
 And mix elastic Force with firmness hard:
 Was never Knight on ground Mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early Morn, he mounted Gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the Dale,
 And drew the roseat Breath of orient Day;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret Vale,
 Yclad in Steel, and bright with burnish'd Mail,
 He strain'd the Bow, or toss'd the sounding Spear,
 Or darting on the Goal outstrip'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the Chariot in its mid-career,
 Or strenuous wrestled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through nature's Store,
 What'er she in th' etherial round contains,
 What'er she hides beneath her verdant Floor,
 The Vegetable and the Mineral reigns ;
 Or else he scann'd the Globe, those small Domains,
 Where restless mortals such a Turmoil keep,
 Its Seas, its Floods, its Mountains, and its Plains ;
 But more he search'd the Mind, and rous'd from Sleep
 Those moral Seeds whence we heroic Actions reap.

XII.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heavenly Truth, and Praefise what she taught.
 Vain is the Tree of Knowledge without Fruits.
 Sometimes in hand the Spade or Plough he caught,
 Forth-calling all with which boon Earth is Fraught ;
 Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic Tool,
 Or rear'd the Fabrick from the finest Draught ;
 And oft he put himself to *Neptune's* school,
 Fighting with Winds and Waves on the vext ocean Pool.

XIII.

To solace then these rougher Toils, he try'd
 To touch the kindling canvafs into Life ;
 With nature his creating Pencil vy'd,
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife :
 Or, to such shapes as grac'd *Pygmalion's* Wife
 He hew'd the Marble ; or, with vary'd fire,
 He rous'd the Trumpet and the martial fife,
 Or bade the Lute sweet tenderness inspire,
 Or Verses fram'd that well might wake *Apollo's* Lyre.

XIV.

Accomplish'd thus he from the Woods issu'd,
 Full of great Aims, and bent on bold Emprize ;
 The work, which long he in his Breast had brew'd,
 Now to perform he ardent did devise ;
 To wit, a barbarous World to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless Forest wild ;
 Nought to be seen but savage Wood, and Skies ;
 No Cities nourish'd Arts, no Culture smil'd.
 No Government, no Laws, no gentle Manners mild.

XV.

A rugged wight, the worst of Brutes, was Man :
 On his own wretched kind he, ruthless, prey'd :
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;
 In every Country mighty Robbers sway'd,
 And guile and ruffian Force were all their Trade.
 Life was a scene of Rapine, Want, and Woe ;
 Which this brave Knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the Rascal rout o'erthrow,
 For, by the powers Divine, it should no more be so !

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my Song,
 'To say how this *best Sun*, from orient Climes
 Came beaming Life and Beauty all along,
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth Arts and Virtues with his ray :
 Then *Egypt*, *Greece* and *Rome* their golden times,
 Successive, had ; but now in Ruins grey
 They lie, to slavish sloth and tyranny a Prey.

XVII.

XVII.

To crown his toils, SIR INDUSTRY then spread
The swelling sail, and made for BRITAIN'S coast.
A sylvan Life till then the Natives led,
In the brown Shades and green-wood Forest lost,
All careless rambling where it lik'd them most :
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing through the
Glade ;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;
Save Spear, and Bow, withouten other aid ;
Yet not the *Roman* steel their naked breast dismay'd.

XVIII.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement Skies,
He lik'd the verdant Hills and flowery Plains.
Be this my great, my chosen Isle (he cries)
This, whilst my labours LIBERTY sustains,
This queen of Ocean all assault disdains.
Nor lik'd he less the genius of the Land,
To Freedom apt and persevering pains,
Mild to Obey, and generous to Command,
Temper'd by forming HEAVEN with kindest firmest hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
Whatever Arts and Industry can frame ;
Whatever finish'd Agriculture knows,
Fair queen of Arts ! from heaven itself who came,
When *Eden* flourish'd in unspotted fame :
And still with her sweet innocence we find,
And tender Peace, and Joys without a name.
That, while they ravish, tranquillize the mind :
Nature and Art at once, delight and use combin'd.

XX.

Then Towns he quicken'd by mechanic Arts,
 And bade the fervent City glow with Toil ;
 Bade social Commerce rise renowned Marts,
 Join Land to Land, and marry Soil to Soil,
 Unite the Poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either *Ind* the gorgeous Stores ;
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants Tremble on remotest Shores,
 While o'er th'encircling deep *Britannia's* thunder Roars,

XXI.

The drooping Muses then he Westward call'd,
 From the fam'd City * by *Propontick* Sea,
 What time the *Turk* th'enfeebled *Grecian* thrall'd ;
 Thence from their cloister'd Walks he set them Free,
 And brought them to another *Castaliv*,
 Where *Iffs* many a famous nourishing breeds ;
 Or where old *Cam* soft-paces o'er the Lea
 In pensive Mood, and tunes his *Doric* Reeds,
 The whilst his Flocks at large the lonely Shepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine Arts were what he finish'd least.
 For why ? They are the quintessence of all,
 The growth of labouring Time, and flow increast ;
 Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall,
 That mighty patrons the coy Sitters call
 Up to the Sun-shine of uncumber'd ease,
 Where no rude care the mounting Thought may thrall,
 And where they nothing have to do but Please :
 Ah ! gracious God ! thou know'st they ask no other Fees.

XXIII.

* *Constantinople.*

XXIII.

But now, alas ! we live too late in Time :
Our Patrons now even grudge that little Claim,
Except to such as seek the soothing Rhyme ;
And yet, forsooth, they wear MÆCENAS' Name,
Poor Sons of puffed-up Vanity, not Fame.
Unbroken Spirits, cheer ! still, still remains
Th' *Eternal Patron*, LIBERTY ; whose Flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest Strains,
The best, and sweetest far, are toil-created Gains.

XXIV.

Whenas the Knight had fram'd, in BRITAIN-LAND,
A matchless Form of glorious Government,
In which the sovereign Laws alone command,
Laws stablish'd by the public free Consent,
Whose Majesty is to the Sceptre lent ;
When this great Plan, with each dependant Art,
Was settled firm, and to his Heart's Content,
Then sought he from the toilsome Scene to part,
And let Life's vacant Eve breathe quiet thro the Heart.

XXV.

For this he chose a Farm in *Deva's Vale*,
Where his long Alleys peep'd upon the Main.
In this calm Seat he drew the healthful Gale,
Here mix'd the Chief, the Patriot, and the Swain.
The happy Monarch of his sylvan Train,
Here, sided by the Guardians of the Fold,
He walk'd his Rounds, and cheer'd his blest Domain :
His Days, the Days of unstain'd Nature, roll'd,
Replete with Peace and Joy, like Patriarch's of old.

XXVI.

Witness, ye lowing Herds, who gave him Milk ;
 Witness, ye Flocks, whose woolly Vestments far
 Exceed soft *India's* Cotton, or her Silk ;
 Witness, with Autumn charg'd, the nodding Car,
 That homeward came beneath sweet Evening's Star,
 Or of *September-Moons* the Radiance mild.
 O hide thy Head, abominable War !
 Of Crimes and Russian Idleness the Child ! [Vild !
 From Heaven this Life ysprung, from Hell thy Glories

XXVII.

Nor from his deep Retirement banish'd was
 Th' amusing Care of rural Industry.
 Still, as with grateful Change the Seasons pass,
 New Scenes arise, new Landscips strike the Eye,
 And all th' enliven'd Country beautify :
 Gay Plains extends where Marishes slept before ;
 O'er recent Meads th' exulting Streamlets fly ;
 Dark frowning Heaths grow bright with Ceres' Store,
 And Woods imbrown the Steep, or wave along the Shore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his Farm you made approach,
 He polish'd Nature with a finer Hand :
 Yet on her Beauties durst not Art incroach ;
 'Tis Art's alone these Beauties to expand.
 In graceful Dance immingled, o'er the Land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and *Pomona* play'd :
 Here too brisk Gales the rude wild Common fan'd
 An happy Place ; where free, and unafraid,
 Amid the flowering Brakes each coyer Creature stray'd.

XXIX.

XXIX.

But in prime Vigour what can last for ay ?
 That soul-ensfeebling Wizard INDOLENCE,
 I whilom sung, wrought in his Works decay :
 Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd Influence ;
 Of public Virtue much *he* dull'd the Sense,
 Even much of private ; eat our Spirit out,
 And fed our rank luxurious Vices ; whence
 The Land was overlaid with many a Lout ;
 Not, as old Fame reports, wise, generous, bold and stout.

XXX.

A Rage of Pleasure madden'd every Breast,
 Down to the lowest Lees the Ferment ran :
 To his licentious Wish each must be blest,
 With Joy be fever'd ; snatch it as he can.
 Thus *Vice* the Standard rear'd ; her Arr'er-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the Word,
 " Mind, mind yourselves ! why should the vulgar Man,
 " The Lacquey be more virtuous than his Lord ?
 " Enjoy this Span of Life ! 'tis all the Gods afford."

XXXI.

The Tidings reach'd to where in quiet Hall,
 The good old Knight enjoy'd well-earn'd Repose.
 " Come, come, Sir Knight ! thy Children on thee call ;
 " Come, save us yet, ere Ruin round us close !
 " The Demon INDOLENCE thy Toils o'erthrows."
 On this the noble Colour stain'd his Cheeks,
 Indignant, glowing through the whitening Snows
 Of venerable Eld ; his Eye full-speaks
 His ardent Soul, and from his Couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

XXXII.

I will, (he cry'd) so help me, God ! destroy
 That Villain Archimage.—His Page then strait
 He to him call'd, a fiery-footed Boy,
 Benempt *Dispatch*. “ My Steed be at the Gate ;
 “ My Bard attend ; quick, bring the Net of Fate.”
 This Net was twisted by the Sisters three :
 Which when once cast o'er harden'd Wretch, too late
 Repentance comes : replevy cannot be
 From the strong iron Grasps of vengeful Destiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the Bard, a little Druid-wight,
 Of wither'd Aspect ; but his Eye was keen,
 With sweetness mix'd. In russet Brown bedight,
 As is his * Sister of the Copses green,
 He crept along, unpromising of Mien.
 Gross he who judges so. His Soul was fair,
 Bright as the Children of yon azure Sheen.
 True Comeliness, which nothing can impair,
 Dwells in the Mind : all else is Vanity and Glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the Knight) a Voice has reach'd mine
 The Demon INDOLENCE threatens overthrow [Ear :
 To all that to Mankind is good and dear :
 Come, PHILOMELUS ; let us instant go,
 O'erturn his Bowers, and lay his Castle low.
 Those Men, those wretched Men ! who *will* be Slaves,
 Must drink a bitter wrathful Cup of Woe :
 But some there be, thy Song, as from their Graves,
 Shall raise, Thrice happy he ! who without Rigour saves.

XXXV.

* *The Nightingale.*

XXXV.

Issuing forth, the Knight bestrode his Steed,
Of ardent Bay, and on whose Front a Star
Shone blazing bright : sprung from the generous Breed
That whirl of active Day the rapid Car,
He pranc'd along, disdaining Gate or Bar.
Mean time, the Bard on milk-white Palfrey rode ;
An honest sober Beast, that did not mar
His Meditations, but full softly trode :
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

XXXVI.

They talk'd of Virtue, and of human Bliss.
What else so fit for Man to settle well ?
And still their long Researches met in this,
This *Truth of Truths*, which nothing can refel :
“ From Virtue's Fount the purest Joys out-well,
“ Sweet Rills of Thought that chear the conscious Soul ;
“ While Vice pours forth the troubled Streams of Hell,
“ The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
“ Will thro the tortur'd Breast their fiery Torrent roll.

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal Valley gay, [rear ;
O'er which high wood-crown'd Hills their Summits
On the cool Height awhile our Palmers stay,
And spite even of themselves their Senses chear ;
Then to the Vivard's Wonne their Steps they steer.
Like a green Isle, it broad beneath them spred,
With Gardens round, and wandering Currents clear,
And tufted Groves to shade the Meadow-bed,
Sweet Airs and Song ; and without hurry all seem'd g'ad.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

- “ As God shall judge me, Knight, we must forgive
 “ (The half-enraptur’d *PHILOMELUS* cry’d)
 “ The frail good Man deluded here to live,
 “ And in these Groves his musing Fancy hide.
 “ Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny’d,
 “ That Virtue still some ‘Tincture has of Vice,
 “ And Vice of Virtue. What should then betide,
 “ But that our Charity be not too nice?
 “ Come, let us those we can to real Bliss entice.

XXXIX.

- Ay, sicker, (quoth the Knight) all Flesh is frail,
 “ To pleasant Sin and joyous Dalliance bent;
 “ But let not brutish Vice of this avail,
 “ And think to scape deserved Punishment.
 “ *Justice* were cruel weakly to relent;
 “ From *Mercy*’s self she got her sacred Glaive:
 “ Grace be to those who can; and will, repent;
 “ But Penance long, and dreary, to the Slave,
 “ Who must in Floods of Fire his gross foul Spirit lave.

XL.

Thus, holding his Discourse, they came to where
 The cursed Carle was at his wonted Trade;
 Sill tempting heedless Men into his Snare,
 In witching wise; as I before have said.
 But when he saw, in goodly Geer array’d,
 The grave majestic Knight approaching nigh,
 And by his Side the Bard so sage and staid,
 His Countenance fell; yet oft his anxious Eye
 Mark’d them, like wily Fox who roosted Cock doth spy.

XLI.

XLI.

Nathless, with feign'd Respect, he bade give back
 The Rabble rout, and welcom'd them full kind ;
 Struck with the noble Twain, they were not slack
 His Orders to obey, and fall behind.
 Then he resum'd his Song ; and, unconfin'd,
 Pour'd all his Music, ran through all his Strings :
 With magic Dust their Eyne he tries to blind,
 And Virtue's tender Airs o'er weakness flings.
 What Pity bafe his Song who so divinely sings !

XLII.

Elate in Thought, he counted them his own,
 They listen'd so intent with fix'd Delight :
 But they instead, as if transmew'd to Stone,
 Marvel'd he could with such sweet Art unite
 The Lights and Shades of Manners, wrong and right.
 Mean Time, the silly Croud the Charm devour,
 Wide pressing to the Gate. Swift, on the Knight
 He darted fierce, to drag him to his Bower, [Power.
 Who backning shun'd his Touch, for well he knew its

XLIII.

As in throng'd Amphitheatre, of old,
 The wary * *Retiarius* trap'd his Foe ;
 Even so the Knight, returning on him bold,
 At once involv'd him in the *Net of Woe*,
 Whereof I mention made not long ago.
 Inrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a Jail,
 And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro ;
 But when he found that nothing could avail,
 He sat him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter Nail.

* *A Gladiator, who made use of a Net, which he threw
 over his Adversary.*

XLIV.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the Place
 Rais'd rueful Shrieks and hideous Yells around;
 Black stormy Clouds deform'd the welkin's Face,
 And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
 As of infernal Sprights in Cavern bound;
 A solemn sadness every Creature strook,
 And Lightnings flash'd, and Horror rock'd the ground,
 Huge crouds on crouds out pour'd, with blemish'd look,
 As if on Time's last Verge this Frame of Things had
 [shook.

XLV.

Soon as the short-liv'd Tempest was yspent,
 Steam'd from the Jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
 And hush'd the Hubbub of the rabblement,
 SIR INDUSTRY the first calm Moment stole.
 " There must, (he cry'd) amid so vast a Shoal,
 " Be some who are not tainted at the Heart,
 " Not poison'd quite by this fame Villain's bowl:
 " Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
 " Touch Soul with Soul, till forth the latent Spirit start.

XLVI.

The Bard obey'd; and taking from his Side,
 Where it in seemly Sort depending hung,
 His *British* Harp, its speaking Strings he try'd,
 The which with skilful Touch he deftly strung,
 Till tinkling in clear Symphony they rung.
 Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
 Light o'er the Chords his raptur'd Hand he flung,
 And play'd a prelude to his rising Song:
 The whilst, like midnight Mute, ten thousands round
 him throng,

XLVII.

XLVII.

Thus, ardent, burst his Strain.——

- “ Ye hapless Race,
“ Dire-labouring here to smother Reason's Ray,
“ That Lights our Maker's Image in our Face,
“ And gives us wide o'er Earth unquestion'd Sway ;
“ What is th' ador'd SUPREME PERFECTION, say ?
“ What, but eternal never-resting Soul,
“ Almighty Power, and all-directing Day ;
“ By whom each Atom stirs, the Planets roll ;
“ Who fills, surrounds, informs, and agitates the Whole.

XLVIII.

- “ Come, to the beaming God your Hearts unfold !
“ Draw from its Fountain Life ! 'Tis thence, alone,
“ We can excel. Up from unfeeling Mold,
“ To Seraphs burning round th' ALMIGHTY's Throne,
“ Life rising still on Life, in higher Tone,
“ Perfection forms, and with Perfection Bliss.
“ In universal Nature this clear shewn,
“ Not needeth Proof : To prove it were, I wis,
“ To prove the beauteous World excels the brute Abyss.

XLIX.

- “ Is not the Field, with lively Culture green,
“ A sight more joyous than the dead Morass ?
“ Do not the Skies, with active ether clean,
“ And fan'd by sprightly Zephirs, far surpass
“ The foul November-fogs, and slumbrous Mists,
“ With which sad Nature veils her drooping Face ?
“ Does not the Mountain-stream, as clear as Glass,
“ Gay-dancing on, the putrid Pool disgrace ?
“ The same in all holds true, but chief in human Race

L.

L.

- " It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 " That GREECE obtain'd the brighter palm of Art,
 " That soft yet ardent ATHENS learn'd to please,
 " To keen the Wit, and to sublime the Heart,
 " In all supreme ! compleat in every part !
 " It was not thence majestic ROME arose,
 " And o'er the Nations shook her conquering dart :
 " For Sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 " Renown is not the Child of indolent repose.

LI.

- " Had unambitious Mortals minded nought,
 " But in loose Joy their Time to wear away ;
 " Had they alone the Lap of dalliance sought,
 " Pleas'd on her Pillow their dull Heads to lay,
 " Rude Nature's State had been our State To day ;
 " No Cities e'er their towery Fronts had rais'd,
 " No Arts had made us opulent and gay ;
 " With Brother-Brutes the human Race had graz'd ;
 " None e'er had soar'd to Fame, none Honour'd been,
 none prais'd.

LII.

- " Great HOMER's Song had never fir'd the breast
 " To thirst of Glory, and heroic Deeds ;
 " Sweet MARO's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
 " Had silent Slept amid the *Mincian* Reeds :
 " The Wits of modern Time had told their beads,
 " And monkish Legends been their only strains ;
 " Our MILTON's *Eden* had lain wrapt in Weeds,
 " Our SHAKESPEAR stroll'd and laugh'd with *War-*
 wick Swains,
 " Ne had my Master SPENSER charm'd his *Mulla's*
 plains.

LIII.

LIII.

- " Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,
" And perish'd all the Sons of antient fame ;
" Those starry lights of Virtue, that diffuse
" Through the dark depth of Time their vivid flame,
" Had all been lost with such as have no Name.
" Who then had scorn'd his ease for others' good ?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious Men to tame ?
" Who in the publick breach devoted stood ?
" And for his Country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

LIV.

- " But should to fame your Hearts unfeeling be,
" If right I read, you pleasure all require :
" Then hear how best may be obtain'd this fee,
" How best enjoy'd this Nature's wide desire.
" Toil, and be glad ! let industry inspire
" Into your quicken'd Limbs her buoyant breath :
" Who does not Act is dead ; absorpt entire
" In miry Sloth, no pride no joy he hath :
" O Leaden hearted Men, to be in Love with death !

LV.

- " Ah ! what avail the largest gifts of HEAVEN,
" When drooping Health and Spirits go amiss ?
" How tasteless then whatever can be given ?
" Health is the vital principle of bliss,
" And exercise of Health. In proof of this,
" Behold the Wretch, who flugs his Life away,
" Soon swallow'd in disease's sad Abyss ;
" While he whom Toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as Air each Limb, each thought as clear as
day.

LVI.

LVI.

- " O who can Speak the vigorous joys of health !
 " Unclogg'd the Body, unobscur'd the Mind :
 " The Morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth,
 " The temperate Evening falls serene and kind.
 " In health the wiser Brutes true gladness find.
 " See ! how the Younglings frisk along the Meads,
 " As May comes on, and wakes the balmy Wind ;
 " Rampant with Life, their joy all joy exceeds :
 " Yet what but high strung Health this dancing pleasure breeds ?

LVII.

- " But here, instead, is foster'd every ill,
 " Which or distemper'd Minds or Bodies know.
 " Come then, my kindred Spirits ! do not spill
 " Your Talents here. This Place is but a shew,
 " Whose charms delude you to the Den of woe:
 " Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 " Where pleasure's Roses, void of Serpents, grow,
 " Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,
 " And you will bless the Day that brought him to your fight.

LVIII.

- " Some he will lead to Courts, and some to Camps ;
 " To Senates some, and public sage Debates,
 " Where, by the solemn gleam of Midnight Lamps,
 " The World is pois'd, and manag'd mighty States ;
 " To high discovery some, that new-creates
 " The face of Earth ; some to the thriving mart ;
 " Some to the rural Reign, and softer Fates :
 " To the sweet Muses some, who raise the Heart :
 " All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all Art.

LIX.

LIX.

- “ There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
“ Who wretched sigh for Virtue, but despair.
“ All may be done, (methinks I hear them say)
“ Even Death despis’d by generous Actions fair;
“ All, but for those who to these Bowers repair,
“ Their every Power dissolv’d in Luxury,
“ To quit of torpid sluggishness the Lair,
“ And from the powerful Arms of Sloth get free.
“ ’Tis rising from the Dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX.

- “ Would you then learn to dissipate the band
“ Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
“ That in the weak Man’s way like Lions stand,
“ His Soul appall, and damp his rising Fire?
“ Resolve, resolve, and to be Men aspire.
“ Exert that noblest privilege, alone,
“ Here to Mankind indulg’d: controul desire:
“ Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign Throne,
“ Speak the commanding Word—*I will!*--and it is done.

LXI.

- “ Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shameful wise,
“ Your few important Days of Tryal here?
“ Heirs of Eternity! yborn to rise
“ Through endless States of being, still more near
“ To Bliss approaching, and perfection clear,
“ Can you renounce a Fortune so sublime,
“ Such glorious Hopes, your backward Steps to steer,
“ And roll, with vilest Brutes, through Mud and Slime?
“ No! no!—Your heaven-touch’d Hearts disdain the
 fordid crime!”

LXII.

LXII.

“ Enough! enough! they cry’d”—strait, from the
 Croud,
 The better sort on Wings of Transport fly.
 As when amid the lifeless Summits proud
 Of *Alpine* Cliffs, where to the gelid Sky
 Snows pil’d on Snows in wintry Torpor lie,
 The rays Divine of vernal *Phæbus* play;
 Th’ awaken’d Heaps, in Streamlets from on high,
 Rous’d into Action, lively leap away,
 Glad warbling through the Vales, in their new Being
 gay.

LXIII.

Not less the Life, the vivid Joy serene,
 That lighted up these new-created Men,
 Than that which Wings th’ exulting Spirit clean,
 When, just deliver’d from this fleshly Den,
 It soaring seeks its native Skies agen.
 How light its Essence! how unclogg’d its Powers,
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal Pen!
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful Bowers,
 Even such enraptur’d Life, such energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater Part, with Rage inflam’d,
 Dire-mutter’d Curses, and blasphem’d high Jove.
 “ Ye Sons of hate! (They bitterly exclaim’d)
 “ What brought you to this feat of Peace and Love?
 “ While with kind Nature, here amid the Grove,
 “ We pass’d the harmless Sabbath of our Time,
 “ What to disturb it could, fell Men, emove
 “ Your barbarous Hearts? Is happiness a Crime?
 “ Then do the Fiends of Hell rule in yon Heaven sub-
 lime.

XLIX.

LXV.

“ Ye impious wretches, (quoth the Knight in wrath
“ Your happiness behold!”—Then strait a Wand
He wav’d, an anti-magic Power that hath,
Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
Sudden the Landskip sinks on every Hand ;
The pure quick Streams are marshy Puddles found ;
On baleful Heaths the Groves all blacken’d stand ;
And, o’er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, Adders, Toads, each loathsome creature crawls
around.

LXVI.

And here and there, on Trees by lightning scath’d,
Unhappy Wights who loathed life yhung ;
Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath’d,
They weltering lay ; or else, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy Flood, while Ravens sung
The funeral dirge, they down the Torrent rowl’d
These, by distemper’d blood to madness flung,
Had doom’d themselves ; whence oft, when Night
controul’d
The world, returning hither their sad Spirits howl’d.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving Scene was open laid ;
‘That Lazar-house, I whilom in my lay
Depeinted have, its Horrors deep-display’d,
And gave unnumber’d wretches to the Day,
Who tossing there in squalid misery lay.
Soon as of sacred light th’ unwonted smile
Pour’d on these living Catacombs its ray,
Through the drear Caverns stretching many a Mile,
The Sick up-rai’d their Heads, and dropp’d their woes
awhile.

LXII.

LXVIII.

- “ O Heaven ! (they cry'd) and do we once more see
 “ Yon blessed Sun, and this green Earth so fair ?
 “ Are we from noisome Damps of Pest-house free ?
 “ And drink our Souls the sweet ethereal Air ?
 “ O thou ! or Knight, or God ! who holdest there
 “ That Fiend, Oh keep him in eternal Chains !
 “ But what for us, the Children of despair,
 “ Brought to the brink of Hell, what hope remains ?
 “ Repentence does itself but aggravate our pains.”

LXIX.

- The gentle Knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his Silver beard some Tears,
 “ Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace,
 “ T'undo the past, and eke your broken Years :
 “ Nathless, to nobler Worlds Repentance rears,
 “ With humble hope, her Eye ; to her is given
 “ A Power the truly contrite Heart that cheers ;
 “ She quells the brand by which the Rocks are riven ;
 “ She more than merely softens, she rejoices HEAVEN.

LXX.

- “ Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
 “ And by these sufferings purify the mind ;
 “ Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd :
 “ Or pious die, with penitence resign'd !
 “ And to a Life more happy and refin'd,
 “ Doubt not, you shall, new Creatures, yet arise.
 “ Till then, you may expect in me to find,
 “ One who will wipe your sorrow from your Eyes,
 “ One who will soothe your Pangs, and wing you to the
 Skies.”

LXXI.

They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in Tears.
“ For you (resum'd the Knight with sterner Tone)
“ Whose hard dry Hearts th' obdurate Demon fears,
“ That villain's Gifts will cost you many a Groan ;
“ In dolorous Mansion long you must bemoan
“ His fatal Charms, and weep your Stains away ;
“ Till, soft and pure as infant-goodness grown,
“ You feel a perfect Change : then, who can say,
“ What Grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal
“ Day ?”

LXXII.

This said, his powerful Wand he wav'd anew :
Instant, a glorious angel-train descends,
The Charities, to-wit, of rosy Hue
Sweet Love their Looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with seraphic Flame compassion blends.
At once, delighted, to their Charge they fly :
When lo ! a goodly Hospital ascends ;
In which they bade each lenient Aid be nigh,
That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad Company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edifying Sight,
And gives to human kind peculiar Grace,
To see kind Hands attending Day and Night,
With tender Ministry, from Place to Place.
Some prop the Head ; some, from the pallid Face
Wipe off the faint cold Dews weak nature sheds ;
Some reach the healing Draught : the whilst, to chase
The fear Supreme, around their soften'd Beds,
Some holy Man by Prayer all opening Heaven dispreeds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming Train,
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping Hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight ; and, to his Hall again
 Soft-pacing, fought of Peace the mossy Cell :
 Yet down his Cheeks the gems of Pity fell,
 'To see the helpless Wretches that remain'd,
 There left through Delves and Deserts dire to yell ;
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale Dismay were stain'd,
 And spreading wide their Hands they meek Repentance
 feign'd.

LXXV.

But ah ! their scorn'd day of Grace was past :
 For (horrible to tell !) a desert wild
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and vast ;
 With Gibbets, Bones, and Carcases defil'd.
 There nor trim Field, nor lively Culture smil'd ;
 Nor waving Shade was seen, nor Fountain fair ;
 But Sands abrupt on Sands lay loosely pil'd,
 Through which they slo undering toil'd with painful
 Care,
 Whilst *Phæbus* smote them fore, and fir'd the cloudless
 Air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyless Land of Bogs,
 The sadden'd Country a grey waste appear'd ;
 Where nought but putrid Streams and noisome Fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly *Auster's* beard ;
 Or else the Ground by piercing *Caurus* fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with Frost, or heap'd with glazed Snow :
 Through these Extremes a ceaseless round they steer'd,
 By cruel Fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt *Beggary*, and *Scorn*, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

LXXVII.

The first was with base dunghill Rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd Light ;
Of morbid hue his Features, funk, and sad ;
His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly Light ;
And o'er his lank Jaw-Bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough Beard was matted rank and vile ;
Direful to see ! an heart-appalling sight !
Meantime foul Scurf and Blotches him defile ;
And Dogs, where-e'er he went, still barked all the while.

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell despightful Fiend :
Hell holds none worse in baleful Bower below :
By Pride, and Wit, and Rage, and Rancour, keen'd ;
Of Man alike, if good or bad, the foe :
With Nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
As if he smelt some nauseous Scent ; his eye
Was Cold, and Keen, like blast from boreal Snow ;
And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
Such were the Twain that off drove this ungodly Fry.

LXXIX.

Even so through *Brentford* Town, a Town of Mud,
An Herd of brisly Swine is prick'd along ;
The filthy Beasts, that never chew the Cud,
Still grunt, and squeak, and sing their troublous
Song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among :
But ay the ruthless Driver goads them on,
And ay of barking Dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious Moan ;
Ne ever find they Rest from their unrelenting sone.

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

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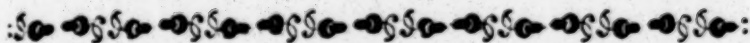
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V E R S E S

Occasioned by the

DEATH of Mr. AIKMAN, a particular
Friend of the AUTHOR'S.

AS those we love decay, we dye in Part,
String after String is sever'd from the Heart;
Till loosen'd Life, at last, but breathing Clay,
Without one Pang is glad to fall away.
Unhappy he, who latest feels the Blow,
Whose eyes have wept o'er every Friend laid low,
Drag'd ling'ring on from partial Death to Death,
Till, dying, all he can resign is Breath.



O D E.

TELL me, thou Soul of her I love,
Ah! tell me, whither art thou fled;
To what delightful World above,
Appointed for the happy Dead?

II.

Or dost thou, free, at pleasure, roam,
And sometimes share thy lover's Woe;
Where, void of thee, his cheerless home
Can now, alas! no comfort know?

III.

Oh ! if thou hover'ft round my Walk,
 While, under ev'ry well known Tree,
 I to thy fancy'd Shadow talk,
 And every tear is full of thee.

IV.

Should then the weary Eye of Grief,
 Besides some sympathetic Stream,
 In Slumber find a short Relief,
 Oh visit thou my soothing Dream!



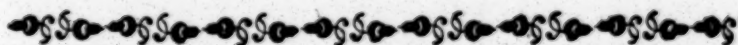
E P I T A P H

O N

MISS STANLEY.

HERE, STANLEY, rest, escap'd this mortal Strife,
 Above the Joys, beyond the Woes of Life.
 Fierce Pangs no more thy lively Beauties stain,
 And sternly try thee with a Year of Pain :
 No more sweet Patience, feigning oft Relief,
 Lights thy sick Eye, to cheat a parent's Grief :
 With tender Art, to save her anxious Groan,
 No more thy Bosom presses down its own :
 Now well-earn'd Peace is thine, and Bliss sincere :
 Ours be the lenient, not unpleasing Tear !

Guard, while 'tis thine, thy Philosophic ease,
 And ask no Joy but that of virtuous Peace;
That bids defiance to the Storms of Fate:
 High Bliss is only for a higher State.



A

P A R A P H R A S E

O N T H E

LATTER PART of the Sixth Chapter of
 St. *M A T T H E W*.

WHEN my Breast labours with oppressive Care,
 And o'er my Cheek descends the falling Tear;
 While all my warring Passions are at Strife,
 Oh, let me listen to the words of Life!
 Raptures deep-felt his Doctrine did impart,
 And thus he rais'd from Earth the drooping Heart.
 Think not, when all, your scanty Stores afford,
 Is spread at once upon the sparing Board;
 Think not, when worn the homely Robe appears,
 While, on the Roof, the howling Tempest bears;
 What farther shall this feeble Life sustain,
 And what shall cloath these shiv'ring Limbs again.
 Say, does not Life its nourishment exceed?
 And the fair Body its investing Weed?

Behold!

Behold ! and look away your low Despair —

Se the light Tenants of the barren Air :
To them, nor Stores, nor Granaries belong,
Nought, but the Woodland, and the pleasing Song ;
Yet your kind heavenly Father bends his Eye
On the least Wing, that flits along the Sky.
To him they sing, when Spring renews the Plain,
To him they cry, in Winter's pinching Reign ;
Nor is their Music, nor their Plaint in vain :
He hears the gay, and the distressful call,
And with unsparing Bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising Lily's snowy Grace,
Observe the various vegetable Race ;
They neither toil, nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush ! how bright they glow !
What regal Vestments can with them compare !
What King so shining ! or what Queen so fair !

If, ceaseless, thus the Fowls of Heaven he feeds,
If o'er the Fields such lucid Robes he spreads ;
Will he not care for You, ye faithless, say ?
Is he unwise ? or, are Ye less than they ?



S O N G.

ONE Day the God of fond Desire,
On Mischief bent, to *Daman* said,
Why not disclose your tender Fire,
Not own it to the lovely Maid ?

II.

The Shepherd mark'd his treacherous Art,
 And, softly sighing, thus reply'd :
 'Tis true, you have subdu'd my Heart,
 But shall not triumph o'er my Pride.

III.

The Slave, in private only bears
 Your Bondage, who his Love conceals ;
 But when his Passion he declares,
 You drag him at your Chariot-Wheels.



S O N G.

HARD is the Fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling Pain,
 But to the sympathetic Groves,
 But to the lonely listening Plain.

Oh ! when she blesses next your Shade,
 Oh ! when her Foot-steps next are seen ;
 In flowery Tracts along the Mead,
 In fresher Mazes o'er the Green.

Ye gentle Spirits of the Vale,
 To whom the Tears of Love are dear,
 From dying Lilies waft a Gale,
 And sigh my Sorrows in her Ear.

Oh !

Oh! tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' Fear my Tongue must ever bind;
 Oh tell her that my virtuous Flame
 Is as her spotless Soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian Angel eyes.
 With chaster Tenderness his Care,
 Not purer her own Wishes rise,
 Not holier her own Sighs in Prayer.

But if, at first, her virgin Fear,
 Should start at Love's suspected Name,
 With that of Friendship sooth her Ear——
 True Love and Friendship are the same.



S O N G.

I.

UNless with my *Amanda* blest,
 In vain I twine the Woodbine Bower;
 Unless to deck her sweeter Breast,
 In vain I rear the breathing Flower:

II.

Awaken'd by the genial Year,
 In vain the Birds around me sing;
 In vain the fresh'ning Fields appear:
Without my Love there is no Spring.



S O N G.

FOR ever Fortune wilt thou prove,
An unrelenting Foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual Heart,
Come in between, and bid us part :

Bid us sigh on from Day to Day,
And wish, and wish the Soul away ;
Till Youth and genial Years are flown,
And all the Life of Life is gone ?

But busy busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless Vow,
The Heart from Pleasure to delude,
To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my Prayer,
And I absolve thy future Care ;
All other Blessings I resign,
Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

S O N G.

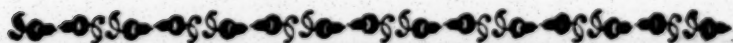


S O N G.

COME, gentle God of soft Desire,
Come and possess my happy Breast,
Not Fury-like in Flames and Fire,
Or frantick Folly's wildness drest;

But come in Friendship's Angel-Guise:
Yet dearer thou than Friendship art,
More tender Spirit in thy Eyes,
More sweet Emotions at the Heart.

O come, with Goodness in thy Train,
With Peace and Pleasure void of Storm,
And wouldst thou me for ever gain
Put on *Amanda's* winning Form.



O D E.

O Nightingale, best Poet of the Grove,
That plaintive Strain can ne'er belong to Thee,
Blest in the full Possession of thy Love:
O lend that Strain, sweet Nightingale, to me!

'Tis mine, alas! to mourn my wretched Fate:
I love a Maid who all my Bosom charms,
Yet lose my Days without this lovely Mate;
Inhuman Fortune keeps her from my Arms.

You, happy Birds ! by Nature's simple Laws
Lead your soft Lives, sustain'd. by Nature's Fare ;
You dwell wherever roving Fancy draws,
And Love and Song is all your pleasing Care :

But we, vain Slaves of Interest and of Pride,
Dare not be blest lest envious Tongues should blame :
And hence, in vain, I languish for my Bride ;
O mourn with me, sweet Bird, my hapless Flame.



TO SERAPHINA.

O D E

THE Wanton's Charms, however bright,
Are like the false illusive Light,
Whose flatt'ring un auspicious Blaze
To Precipices oft betrays :
But that sweet Ray your Beauties dart,
Which clears the Mind, and cleans the Heart,
Is like the sacred Queen of Night,
Who pours a lovely gentle Light
Wide o'er the Dark, by Wanderers blest
Conducting them to Peace and Rest.

A vicious

A vicious Love depraves the Mind,
 'Tis Anguish, Guilt, and Folly join'd;
 But *Seraphina's* Eyes dispense
 A mild and gracious Influence;
 Such as in Visions Angels shed
 Around the Heav'n-illumin'd Head.
 To love Thee, *Seraphina*, sure
 Is to be tender, happy, pure;
 'Tis from low Passions to escape,
 And woo bright Virtue's fairest Shape;
 'Tis Extasy with Wisdom join'd;
 And Heaven infus'd into the Mind.



O D E

O N

ÆOLUS's HARP*.

I.

Æ Thereal Race, Inhabitants of Air,
 Who Hymn your God amid the secret Grove;
 Ye unseen Beings to my Harp repair,
 And raise majestic Strains, or melt in Love.

II.

* *Æolus's Harp, is a musical Instrument, which plays with the Wind, invented by Mr. Oswald; its Properties are fully described in the Castle of Indolence.*

II.

Those tender Notes, how kindly they upbraid
 With what soft woe they thrill the Lover's heart !
 Sure from the hand of some unhappy Maid,
 Who dy'd of Love, these sweet complainings part.

III.

But hark ! that Strain was of a graver Tone,
 On the deep Strings his hand some Hermit throws ;
 Or he the sacred Bard † ; who sat alone,
 In the drear waste, and wept his People's woes.

IV.

Such was the Song which Zion's Children sung,
 When by *Euphrates'* Stream they made their plaint :
 And to such sadly solemn Notes are strung
 Angelic Harps, to sooth a dying Saint.

V.

Methinks I hear the full celestial Choir,
 Thro Heaven's high Dome their awful Anthem raise;
 Now chanting clear, and now they all conspire
 To swell the lofty Hymn, from praise to praise.

VI.

Let me ye wand'ring Spirits of the Wind,
 Who, as wild Fancy prompts you, touch the String,
 Smit with your Theme, be in your Chorus join'd,
 For 'till you cease, my Muse forgets to sing.

SONG.

† *Jeremiah*.



H Y M N

O N

S O L I T U D E.

HAIL, mildly pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise, and good ;
But, from whose holy, piercing Eye,
The Herd of Fools, and Villains fly.

Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd Talk,
Which innocence, and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate Hearts.

A thousand Shapes you wear with ease,
And still in every Shape you please :
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone Philosopher you seem ;

Now quick from Hill to Vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted Sky,
A Shepherd next, you haunt the Plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain.

A Lover now, with all the Grace
Of that sweet Passion in your Face :
Then, calm'd to Friendship you assume
The gentle-looking HARFORD's bloom ;

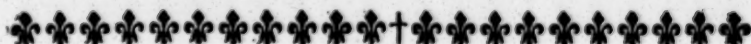
356 *Poems on several Occasions.*

As with her *MUSIDORA*, she,
(Her *MUSIDORA* fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing Vale,
Awakes the rival'd Nightingale.

Thine is the balmy Breath of Morn,
Just as the dew-bent Rose is born :
And while Meridian fervours beat,
Thine is the Woodland dumb retreat ;
But chief, when evening Scenes decay,
And the faint Landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best Hour of musing thine.

Descending Angels bless thy train,
The Virtues of the Sage, and Swain ;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless Head :
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy Glooms with light divine :
About thee sports sweet Liberty :
And rapt *Urania* sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret Cell !
And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
Perhaps from *Norwood's* Oak-clad Hill,
When Meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless Eyes
Where *London's* spiry Turrets rise,
Think of its Crimes, its Cares, its Pain,
Then shield me in Woods again.



THE

RETURN from the FOX-CHACE*.

A BURLESQUE POEM, in the Manner of
Mr. *Philips*.

THE Fox is kill'd—Dogs, Steeds, and Men return
In weary Triumph. Foremost rides *the Squire*,
And leads to ghostly Halls of grey renown
With woodland Honours grac'd, the Fox's fur
Descending decent from the Roof, and spread
O'er the drear Walls with antic Figures fierce
The Stag's large Front. Hark! the sonorous Horn
Their near approach proclaims: the joyous Troop
Mix their loud hollows, till the crazy Dome
Beneath their Uproar shakes——Not more disturb'd
Were *Ossa's* Caverns, or old *Pelion's* Dens,
When, with disorder'd Mirth, to Midnight Bowls,
Theſſalian Centaurs from the Chace return'd.
Behold the fuel'd Chimney blazes wide;
The Tankards foam, and the strong Table groans
Beneath the vast Sirloin, *Britannia's* boast;
In which, with desperate knife, her hardy Sons
Make deep Incision, and exulting talk
Of *England's* Glory, ne'er to be defac'd,
While hence they borrow Vigour; or amain

Into

* *The greater Part of these Verses were formerly inserted in Mr. Thomson's AUTUMN; but being of a different Character and Stile from the rest, and rather belonging to the Mock Heroick, or Burlesque way of writing, it has been judg'd proper to leave them out there in the present Edition, and insert them here, by themselves.*

Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,
 (If Stomach keen can intervals allow)
 Relate at large the wonders of the Day :
 He then is loudest heard who topt the Chace,
 Who every maze evolv'd, and every guile
 Disclos'd ; who knows the Merits of the pack ;
 Who saw the Villain seiz'd, and dying hard
 Without complaint, tho by an hundred Mouths
 Relentless torn : O glorious he beyond
 His daring Peers ! oft have his fractured Bones
 And dislocated Joints his Virtue shewn,
 And generous Ardour for heroic deeds :
 Before him now, to recompense his Toils,
 The Chine immense, or goodly Pudding smoaks.
 Then sated Hunger bids his Brother Thirst
 Produce the might Bowl ; the mighty Bowl,
 Swell'd high with fiery Juice, steams liberal round
 A potent Gale, delicious as the breath
 Of *Maia*, to the love-sick Shepherdess,
 On Violets diffus'd, while soft she hears
 Her panting Shepherd stealing to her Arms.
 Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn
 Mature and perfect, from its dark retreat
 Of thirty years : the *British* nectar now
 Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
 Even with the Vineyard's noblest boast to vie.
 Then thoughtful *Whist*, beneath a cloud of smoke,
 Wreath'd fragrant from the Pipe, each graver Head
 A while composes : but the jollier Train
 Of youthful Sportsmen beat the Brick-pav'd Hall
 With vigorous dancing to the shrill voic'd Pipe
 And sounding Tabor ; or romp-loving Mifs
 Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust,
 At last these puling idlenesses laid
 Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan

Close in firm Circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,
Nor sober Shift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming Bowls
Lave every Soul, the Table floating round,
And Pavement, faithless to the fuddled Foot.
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty Tongues,
Reels fast from Theme to Theme; from Horses, Hounds,
To Church or Mistress, Politics or Ghost,
In endless Mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous Heart:
That Moment touch'd is each congenial Soul;
And, opening in a full mouth'd cry of Joy,
The laugh, the slap, the jocund curse goes round;
While from their Slumbers shook, the kennel'd Hounds
Mix in the Music of the Day again.
As when the Tempest, that has vex'd the deep
The dark Night long, with fainter Murmurs falls:
So gradual sinks their Mirth. Their feeble Tongues,
Unable to take up the cumbrous Word,
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin Eyes,
Seen dim and blue, the double Tapers dance,
Like the Sun wading thro the misty Sky.
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glasses and Bottles, Pipes and Gazetteers,
As if the Table even itself was drunk,
Lie a wet broken Scene! and wide, below,
Is heap'd the social Slaughter: where astride
The lubber Power in filthy Triumph sits,
Slumbrous, inclining still from Side to Side,
And sleeps them drench'd in potent Sleep till Morn.

Perhaps

360 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Perhaps some Doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Awful and deep, a black Abyss of Drink,
Out-lives them all ; and from his bury'd Flock
Retiring, full of rumination sad,
Laments the Weakness of these latter Times.

The End of the first Volume.



